Confessions of a Fuchsia Folf

This manuscript is a collection of three novellas starring Flora, one of my primary characters in the *Into the Black* series of role-plays. Other authors' characters make occasional appearances and are used with permission, but for the most part these are completely divorced from the core narrative and simply writing exercises to explore her character and delve into unseen parts of her backstory.

All characters depicted are 18 years of age or older.

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Breakfast at Yiffany's

"Try it now Foley!" the heavily-augmented fox called down, balancing on the safe house roof precariously.

"Nope! Nothing!" a human shouted back from inside.

"How much longer do we have to stand up here?" the fuchsia folf next to the vulpine griped loudly. She was holding a bundle of wires over her head, wires traveling from Foley's diverse technical array in the foyer to the portable satellite dish her gangmate was holding over the edge of the roof.

Nairda shifted his balance. "Does this thing have to be so far over the edge? I'm right over a dumpster."

"Yes!" Foley shouted up. "The more northwest, the more likely we can make the signal!"

"Why the hell aren't you up here?" Flora shivered in the wind. "You're just staring at a stupid screen that says no signal, I could've done that!"

"Stop moving!" Foley chastised. "You keep jostling the router!"

"It's freezing!" Flora shouted back.

"It's not that cold, Flora," Nairda tried to reassure, and then screamed and buckled when she kicked him in the crotch. Hitting the side of the roof he tumbled into the dumpster where the satellite dish landed on his head with a sickening crunch.

* * *

Emilena marched Flora into her office and practically threw her into the hot seat. "What the hell was that out there?" she seethed.

Flora looked down at the floor. "I got a little angry," she conceded in a small voice. "I wasn't even mad at Nairda."

"Well you're lucky he's okay!" The vixen slammed the door shut, sending her red wavy hair bouncing. "You've actually been pretty shitty for about a week now. If I didn't know better about your biology, I'd guess it was that time of month. What's up?" She folded her arms when Flora didn't answer for a minute. "Seriously, I need to know. This can't keep happening."

Flora sighed. "I'm…pent up, Okay? I have needs." Her gang leader glanced at her with as much exasperation as she could muster. "I do!" Flora defended. "Do you know how hard it is to have two genders worth of hormones throttling me constantly with unfulfilled desires?"

"No," sighed Emilena, "but I'm guessing you're about to—"

"—*really fucking hard*!" Flora interjected. "And ever since they enacted that new law, all the X-rated theaters got shut down and the bars all card! What's a girl supposed to do?"

"Why don't you…screw Nairda or something, I don't know," Emilena offered. "He's in a coma right now, he can't say no."

Flora cocked her head. "Aren't you the one who always says relationships and co-workers shouldn't mix?"

"God, you're right, forget I said that." Emilena paused. "Hmmm. You know…" A wicked smile played across her face. "I actually think I've got the perfect solution. A really remote place where you can just take a weekend off…"

* * *

As the sunlight faded from the barren fields of a small moss farm outside Lanthae, the farmer was busy caring for a different sort of bush.

"Oh, you fucking tease…" moaned the wife as she strained with the bonds that kept her tied spreadeagle to the bed. Emile grinned and ran his tongue along both of her inner thighs, stopping right before reaching the part she wanted most.

"I don't know…" he chuckled, "I don't think you've been a good enough girl to deserve this…"

"Mmmph! Please! I'll do anything!" Lena strained and tried to shift her weight to force his tongue in, but it danced away. "I promise I'll suck you off after! I'll hum, I'll deep throat, you can take your time—" her words caught in her throat as he playfully stroked her clit exactly once.

"Hmmmm…" he thought, smiling. "Nah. I can get all that whenever I want." He stepped backwards, leaving her squealing with wide eyes. "It couldn't be as sexy as watching you want it so badly."

"Nnnngh!" She arched her back. "Please! Don't leave me like this again!" She yelped as he rubbed his erection between her legs for a few fleeting seconds.

"You survived the first twenty-four hours, didn't you?" Emile teased. "What's one more?" He began stroking himself. "But I may leave you with one small present all over your pretty face."

"Mmmm, you're so awful," Lena panted, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out as he climbed on top of her. "Thinking about yourself before your mmmmhmmfph…"

All of a sudden their external perimeter sensor went off and both foxes cried out in surprise.

"It's almost midnight…" muttered Emile in alarm, leaping off the bed and throwing a pair of sweatpants on. "Who the hell would…"

"Hey, untie me!" Lena strained at her bonds legitimately. "Hey! Dammit, I'm serious this time!"

But Emile had already grabbed his sniper pistol from where it hung on the wall and dashed out of the bedroom. Sliding his westside window to the "one-way glass" setting, he quickly sighted the intruder, approaching from the far side of the farm and closing in at a rapid pace.

His finger tightened around the trigger, but something was telling him the intruder wasn't attacking. Its pace was fast, but also devoid of stealth or tact. If he had to guess, he'd say they were almost…skipping.

As soon as they were in range he clicked the floodlights on, revealing a female teenage canid starting with fright and almost falling over. She wore a simple city outfit and carried only a lightly-packed handbag, but the most remarkable part of her was the bright fuchsia fur and bleached-white head hair. He didn't see anything to indicate she was armed.

He tucked the pistol into a hidden holster on the inside of his pants and crossed to the door. Opening it cautiously, he shielded his eyes from the light and called out, "Hello. Can I help you?"

"Oh, hi there!" The teenager focused on the front door and dashed forward. "Thank you thank you, I couldn't see! The cab kicked me out back on the road when my credit chip ran out and I've just been wandering ever since! You're the first house I've seen!"

"And you won't be finding any others." Emile looked a bit surprised when she invited herself into the house. "We're the only farm for miles."

"Can I stay with you for one night?" the teenager asked earnestly, looking around the living room with awe. "Pleeeease? Your farm is so homely!"

"That would be fine," Emile acquiesced. He was regarding her behavior and working hard to prevent his suspicions from showing on his face. Something was off about this…

"Thank you! I'm so glad I found somewhere to stay!" the girl clapped happily. Then, completely unashamedly, her aquamarine eyes traveled down his torso and she gasped. "Looks like you're happy to see me too," she giggled.

Emile instinctively pulled his pants up higher. "Excuse me, I need to go talk to my wife about this," he said quickly, face turning red. He quickly retreated back into the bedroom.

Who the hell is that? Lena mouthed urgently, straining to get a glimpse into the living room.

"She's just a hitchhiker, but she's definitely got some sort of gene splice," Emile whispered under his breath while untying her. "Or a really impressive dye job, but it don't look like it. She's not normal."

"Yeah okay, but what is she doing here?" Lena whispered back, massaging her arm muscles and grabbing her bathrobe off the floor.

"She just wants a place to stay for the night." Emile recognized the frustration playing across his wife's face; she was almost certainly feeling the same dull pains he was developing from blue-balling after so much buildup. "Where else should she go?" He grabbed a baggy shirt and threw it on.

"No…I know…" Lena sighed. "Let's try to get her to bed soon, though? And you're getting me off first thing after that…" She walked to the door with a slight hobble, cinching her robe around herself.

Both gasped when they re-emerged into the living room to find the girl had opened the cupboard under the television and was staring in awe at a huge collection of sex toys scattered around her.

"What does this do?" she breathed, holding up a very tight pair of clamps. "Are these for your nipples?"

"What the hell are you…?" Emile leapt forward and snatched the object out of her grasp. "Do you normally go rummaging through people's private drawers the second they let you in?"

"I'm just curious…" The girl's lip tremored. "They're so small, it doesn't look like you could even reach both boobs."

Farmer and wife were at a loss for words. Finally Lena broke the ice and extended a hand. "We, uh, haven't met. My name is Lena. What's yours?"

"Flora." Flora took her hand and unashamedly stared for several solid seconds at the fox's chest. "I'm from Corona. I visited a friend in Lanthae and ran out of credits on the cab home. I just need a place to stay the night…"

"And how do I know you won't start searching our house for curios the second we leave you alone again?" Emile folded his arms.

"I don't do this normally, I just saw one poking out and…they're something of an interest of mine. I won't look at anything else, promise!" Flora made the largest puppy eyes she could.

Emile and Lena glanced at each other again. Emile could see in Lena's eyes that she felt something was off too. "…How about I throw some catfish burgers on the stove?" she said slowly, exiting into the kitchen.

"Sure! I love catfish!" Flora bounced after her. "I was afraid you guys ate moss or something when I saw your fields! Thank god!"

"That's not moss out there," Emile couldn't help pointing out. "It's algae. High-grade too."

"Wow!" Flora groped his arm muscle. "You must be *sooo* buff…"

Emile yanked his arm away and stepped backward, fighting to keep his face neutral. Has this teenager no sense of personal space?

"Flora," said Lena kindly, "perhaps you want to take a shower or something after your travels? I'll have the catfish burgers done in a few minutes, but you have time to wash off."

"Okay! Thanks!" Flora quickly headed towards the bathroom, shedding her clothes as she skipped. The last thing they saw was her bright pink derriere as it rounded the corner. A few minutes later the shower started running.

"I don't think she's here by accident…" Emile said in a low voice, and Lena poured vegetable oil on the catfish pan so the crackling could further mask their conversation.

"There's something off, yeah…" Lena frowned. "But she's not an assassin. She's not even *trying* to act normal."

Emile checked the door scanner and returned to the kitchen. "Scanner says she has no augments or metallic parts. And her body shows no sign of training, she's not even fit."

"What about her stuff?" Lena glanced at the trail of clothes.

Emile rifled through her pockets and checked her handbag. "Nothing even approaching a weapon. Hell, unless she wore only a single pair of clothes she's missing all the basic travel supplies."

"Well, what's in there?" Lena asked, flipping the catfish.

"Ummm….a scarf and a plastic toothbrush." Emile fished out a tube of gel, opened it and sniffed inside. "And lube…"

"Emile…" Lena narrowed her eyes. "Do you think she's mentally ill?"

Emile thought. "Maybe…we'll have to keep an eye on her. She's going to have to explain herself at dinner, because right now I'm not ready to sleep with her in the house." He grimaced as his testicles winced painfully; blue balls were kicking in something fierce.

Lena nodded. "Keep an eye on the fish, will you?" She crossed to the bathroom door, which Flora had left open. "Flora, how is your shower going?"

"Good!" shouted the canid back.

"Can I get you anything?"

"Well….now that you mention it…you got any of those really big sponges? All plushy and yellow?"

Lena blinked. "Umm…not for bathing. But Emile does use sponges as filters for his mold moisturizers. We might have some spares in storage."

"That would be great! I *loooove* sudsing my legs with those!"

Lena darted outside, found a large porous sponge among the spare moisturizer equipment and brought it back in. "Here you are," she reached around the curtain with the sponge, then yelped as Flora's hand shot out between the drapes and grabbed her breast.

"Sorry!" Flora pulled the curtain aside as Lena stumbled backward, clutching her chest. "I didn't know you were gonna reach around! I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No no, I'm…fine…" This time Lena found herself staring. Nestled snugly between Flora's thighs was an unmistakable pink penis. "It's…okay…just be careful next time."

"I will!" Flora beamed and laughed, sending her breasts jiggling. Lena felt a warmth deep in her abdomen and quickly looked away, wrapping her bathrobe tighter around her. She exited the bathroom as quickly as she could.

"She's got a cock," Lena told her husband before he could open his mouth.

His eyes bugged. "What?"

"You heard me. And balls." Lena took a few deep breaths. Her body was still clamoring for release after being rudely wrenched from the bed, and this new discovery wasn't helping.

"What the hell is she?" Emile wondered aloud, but then the shower clicked off and they both quickly hushed. The stove, sensing that the fish was done, turned off on its own and drained the excess oil from the self-cleaning pan.

About a minute later Flora came skipping out of the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around her waist. "That was *sooo* good!" she sighed, stretching and causing both spouses to avert their eyes from her exposed chest. "Your shower is amazing! You could make love in there!"

"Heheh, we do," chuckled Lena before thinking, and then her hand flew to her mouth. Emile gave her a sideways look.

"I'm not surprised! Do you do it with the jets on?" Flora asked earnestly. "If I weren't so hungry for those burgers I'd probably still be there rubbing those jets against my—"

"—How about we set the table and start eating, before the burgers get cold?" Emile interrupted hastily. Sliding the fish onto a plate, he brought them with a bowl of buns over to the kitchen table and the women followed suit.

"So, Flora…" Lena sat down next to her husband and applied a healthy dollop of ketchup to her burger, "if you don't mind me asking, you have a very peculiar appearance. Is your fur dyed?"

Sitting across the table from them, Flora giggled between mouthfuls of fish. "Nope!"

"Then are they gene grafts?"

"Nuh-uh!" Flora cut her fish daintily into squares with a fork.

Emile swallowed an entire burger in one bite. "Then what?"

"Would you believe I was born this way?" Flora grinned. "It's amazing what they can do with breeding these days."

Emile paused before reaching for another burger. "You mean to say you were *bred* for that fur color? I don't think…" his words suddenly caught in his throat and he grunted. His wife looked over quizzically.

“Something like that.” Flora had her foot playfully dancing around his. “When I was young, I looked like a totally normal wolf boy. Then the fuchsia feminine foxy features grew in as I went through puberty. No clue why.” Her toe beans danced mischievously up his inner leg. When he looked wide-eyed at her, she smiled playfully and shifted in her seat so that her breasts jiggled. He felt himself unwillingly hardening. "I don't know much about where I came from. I think I was some sort of genetic proof of concept,” she explained cheerfully, masterfully making no obvious indications she was currently engaged in footsies. "Just to see if they could do it. Oops!" Her fork clattered out of her hand and bounced under the table. "I got it!"

"I could grab another…" Lena offered, but Flora had already disappeared under the table cloth. Emile tried to meet his wife's eye to send her a silent signal, but got distracted when he felt Flora kneel between his legs. Seconds later he felt her hands reaching into his baggy sweatpants and flipping his now-solid erection over the waistline.

"It's okay!" Flora reassured Lena even while fondling her husband. "I can clean it with my towel!" Emile squirmed as Flora played daintily with his aching testicles and ran her fingers delicately along the length of his shaft.

Seconds later she reappeared above the table with her fork, leaving Emile's head spinning. "All clean!" she announced cheerfully. "So, what was I talking about?"

"I…uh…don't remember." Lena finished the last bite of her burger. Emile was focused on catching his breath.

"Oh yeah!" Abruptly Flora's foot was back, only this time it ran playfully up the side of his leg to nestle warmly onto his crotch. "My past! Though that’s all I really got, to be honest." Her rough pawpads ground softly against his skin. He unwillingly let out another grunt. "I try to fill in the blanks every so often, but I've done that so many times I don't know what's a memory and what I'm just making up! Whoever bred me, they apparently liked hybrids though. My species is actually a folf!" Flora could not wipe an enormous and mischievous grin off her face. Emile had no idea how Lena hadn't noticed what was going on. "I bet I'm the first folf you've ever met!"

"That's—" Lena let out a moan of her own, and abruptly both spouses realized at the same time that Flora was fondling them with one foot each.

As soon as Flora realized the gig was up she leaned backwards in her chair, laughing uncontrollably. The chair tipped and sent her sprawling on the ground in her towel while husband and wife leapt up in shock, quickly readjusting their clothing.

"Alright, this has gone far enough!" Emile noticed he wasn't the only one with a raging stiffie. "I find it VERY unlikely you wound up here by accident! You better start explaining yourself!"

Lena nodded, re-cinching her bathrobe and blushing furiously. "Your answer will determine if you get to spend the night, because at the moment we don't trust you enough to sleep with you in our house!"

"Okay, okay…" Flora wheezed hastily, catching her breath and sitting up. "Emi sent me. You know Emi, right?"

"Emilena?" Both of them started at the name of their wayward daughter.

"I run drugs with her!" Flora informed brightly. "But I was super pent-up because Corona just passed laws banning X-rated theaters, *right* when I turn old enough to go to them, and I'm hopelessly clueless about sex and she said that I should talk to you two about that!"

Nobody said anything for a few minutes.

"Oh please let me stay the night!" Flora crawled on her hands and knees, tearing up. "I don't mean to be a bother, you can do whatever you want! You can make love, you can walk around naked, don't let me stop you from doing anything!" She grabbed Emile by the foot and curled up into a solemn ball.

Emile was at a loss for words. Lena, on the other hand, decided to take control of the situation and stepped in front of her husband.

"Okay Flora," she smiled. "You can stay the night. But, you're going to have to pay us a night's rent."

"Rent?" Flora looked up at her. "You know I don't have any money…"

"Then maybe…" Lena undid her bathrobe and let it slip to the floor, "you can pay for your quartering in another way…"

Flora's eyes lit up, fixated on every curve of the older woman's body. "You m-mean it? I-I can…?" she squealed breathlessly.

"She can?" repeated Emile, but then Flora's hands were pulling down his sweatpants and wrapping around his shaft and any further objections of his were replaced with a long drawn-out moan. After several seconds of rhythmic rubbing, Flora brought her lips in on the action. Emile's legs shook as her tongue scraped roughly along his scrotum and up the length of his shaft.

Lena folded her arms angrily. "Hey, just 'cause he's the man of the house doesn't mean you pay rent only to him!" Flora obligingly reached over and multi-tasked handjobs. Lena arched her back and sighed happily as Flora's fingers brushed her clitoris while the tips slid in and out of her labia.

Emile noticed Flora smiling up at him. Wordlessly she opened wide and wrapped her lips around the base of his cock. He felt a familiar pressure building up as her teeth scraped his shaft and his tip pressed against the back of her throat. She began sliding her mouth up and down and Emile felt an uncontrollable wave crest through his abdomen. With a last groan he felt his cock unleash a thick spurt of cum, painting the inside of the folf's mouth with hot white seed.

"Jesus, already?" Lena raised an eyebrow as Emile staggered backwards, rubber-legged and rapidly going limp. "Well good, now it's my turn."

Emile staggered off to the bathroom as Lena dragged Flora onto the ground with her. "You got your own cooch hidden behind that package? Can I finally get someone who knows how to treat one right?"

Flora's eyes glinted. "No to the first question, but yes to the second." Starting with Lena's chest, Flora suckled and fondled the fox's breasts and slowly trailed a line down her stomach, leaving Lena squirming with anticipation.

Flora's mind lit up as she stroked Lena's clitoris with her tongue. She felt the older woman tense up with each lap. "Oh god…I'm not going to last long either…" the fox admitted. With her encouragement, Flora slid her tongue into Lena's inner folds. She could hardly contain her own excitement at finally getting to explore a vagina. Running her tongue along the inner walls, she massaged the clitoris with her thumbs and felt Lena wriggle and strain for release.

Flora stretched her tongue as far as it went and marveled at how deep she could go. She noticed with surprise that it was angled a lot more downward than she'd always expected. *How have all those pornos prepared me so little for this?* Switching to a figure-8 pattern, she was about to slide her fingers in when Lena's eyes flew open and her muscles tensed. With a thrashing cry, Lena screamed and climaxed messily before pushing Flora urgently away and curling her legs together.

Time seemed to stand still as Lena caught her breath. Her hammering heartbeat sent her breasts bobbing rhythmically, catching the undivided attention of both the others in the room. "Oh god…oh fucking god I needed that…" Her tongue rolled out of her mouth and she sat up with a satisfied stretch. "You're a keeper," she smiled at the folf.

Flora's eyes lit up. "You liked it? I actually lied, that was my first time eating pussy."

"Seriously?" Lena gasped. "Give Emile lessons! He still hasn't figured out that his tongue can move in more directions than up and down!"

"Okay now," Emile warned, folding his hands. "Before we get too friendly, I've got a few other questions."

"Emile!" chastised Lena, standing up abruptly. "You just blew your load in her mouth, is that not *friendly* enough for you? You're being so rude right now, I can't believe it!"

"Lena, calm down—" Emile defended himself, but Flora interrupted with a worried cry. "Please don't fight on my behalf!" she exclaimed, remaining subserviently bowed. "It's okay, I don't mind. Just don't be angry." She smiled weakly, tears glimmering in her eyes. Emile had to respect her acting ability. "Let's all just be happy. I want to make you happy."

"Yeah, but what's the catch?" demanded Emile. "Nothing in life is free. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop. You're giving us sex, but what are you hoping to get out of it in return?"

Flora shifted her weight ever so slightly, causing Emile to notice her still-throbbing erection. "I haven't found sex as easy to find as you…" she explained. "I'm not married. Nobody will date me cause I look so weird. And while Emilena's a great boss, she doesn't exactly encourage a sex-positive work environment." The folf smiled hopefully. "Believe me, even what we've already done is payment enough. It feels like…like somebody loves me."

"Emile," Lena said in a low voice. "Our room. Now." Not giving her husband a chance to disagree, she dragged him by the shoulder and then, when he resisted, the balls.

"Ow, ow, hey!" he stammered, wrenching himself free the second they were in the bedroom. "What the fuck?"

"You're being literally the worst host I've ever seen!" Lena's eyes flashed. "I know men think with their dicks, but that's no excuse for turning into an interrogator the second you've gotten your rocks off and can think clearly again!"

"Well, excuse me for my biology!" Emile massaged his scrotum and winced. "They're legitimate concerns, no matter what happened before I realized it! There's no such thing as a free lunch."

"Were you even listening to her?" Lena threw her bathrobe in the closet. "She's inexperienced and sexually frustrated. That story makes sense enough to me. Just think about what happens to *you* every month while I'm on my period. Hey, speaking of forced abstinence, there's only one person in this house who *hasn't* cum yet, and I think that gives you an opportunity to apologize."

“Me?” protested Emile. “How about you do it?”

“Who says I won’t?” Lena smiled. “I owe her too. But you’re going to help.”

Emile conceded. “Yeah, you’re right. Let’s go.”

They found Flora again ensconced in their drawer of sex toys. “Sorry!” she exclaimed, throwing the same tiny clamps from before back inside. “You were just taking a long time, so I thought I’d peek, and—”

“It’s okay,” smiled Emile. He and his wife encircled their guest. “Why are you so interested in these clamps anyway?”

“I uh…don’t know…” Flora looked at them as he took them out. “They’re just so…small, I was trying to get it to my nipples but they don’t reach, and my boobs are even smaller than Lena’s.”

“They’re not for your boobs,” Lena chuckled. Taking the clamp, she set it on the softest setting and attached them around the folf’s testicles. “They’re for a…different degree of sexual play.”

Flora’s eyes went wide. “You mean….*BDSM*?”

“If you want,” Emile prodded a switch and the clamps started vibrating. “They do electricity, but they can also just massage.” Flora let out a high-pitched, strained moan and collapsed backwards on the floor. Lena trailed her fingers along Flora’s shaft, tracing the glans with rhythmic circles. At the same time, Emile rubbed the girl’s inner groin muscles, causing the folf to spread her legs wide and whimper louder.

“So, Flora…” Lena asked, “We both owe you a blow job, what would you say to a tag-team?”

The folf was too entranced to answer, eyes wide open and unfocused. Both couldn’t help but chuckle at the loud yelps she was making, a clear sign she had completely lost the ability to control her mouth.

“Let’s take that as a yes, honey.” Emile went first, running his rough tongue along Flora’s length before closing his lips around the tip. Flora’s yelps got even more high-pitched and drawn out. Lena started on the scrotum, sucking around the vibrating clamps and working her way up the shaft. After a few seconds she switched places with her husband.

“Ohhh…oh! I’m—!” Flora’s pupils dilated and she screamed, “*Oh, god, I’m going to—!!!”*

“Not yet,” smirked Emile, flicking a shallow button on the side of the clamps. Flora gasped as the clamps tightened around her balls. Suddenly there was a slight pinching feeling and she started squealing. “What was…what….?” she stammered.

“On this setting, the clamps don’t let you cum until we take them off,” grinned Emile. “Lie back, we’re not done with you yet.”

Lena was still running the length of her mouth up and down Flora’s cock, and Emile decided to branch out somewhat. Running his tongue slowly up her flank, he came to rest at the base of her breast and slowly licked his way to her peaked nipple. Flora was straining her arms and legs in throes of ecstasy, moaning loudly enough to shudder the curtains.

Lena wrapped her hand around Flora’s cock and pumped rhythmically, joining her husband at the folf’s chest and taking the left nipple into her mouth. Emile let his hand trail back down to Flora’s crotch, joining his wife in masturbating their guest in tandem.

After ten minutes Flora was squirming and soaked with sweat, arching her back as every muscle in her body strained for release. Her stimulators’ eyes met and silently agreed the time had come.

Without warning, Emile flicked the clamps off, and with a strangled gasp Flora screamed at the top of her lungs. Propelled by the pent-up force of anticipation, her cock squirted thick ropy streams of cum all over the three of them.

“Ohhhhhhh!!!” Flora spasmed as a second burst splattered on her face. “Oh my god!” she panted heavily, dripping with sweat and semen, before every muscle in her body collapsed at the same time.

Lena and Emile looked at each other and smiled. Without warning they leaned over the folf’s prone figure and made out passionately, licking the cum off of each other’s faces and french-kissing with all the love they could.

“Emile…” whispered Lena, breaking the kiss after what felt like a lifetime. “I think she’s passed out.”

Emile realized Flora’s cock had grown soft in their hands and the folf was lying unconscious as her hosts made out on top of her. “I think it was too much for the poor girl,” he chuckled. “Maybe we should have taken things slower.”

“Nonsense,” scoffed Lena as the pair hoisted the slippery body into a carrying position. “It was her first sexual experience. Not many people get an amazing first time, but goddamn did we give her one.”

“You’re right.” Emile hoisted the folf over his shoulder and out of the thick puddle of sweat she’d left on the carpet. “I think she needs another shower. I’ll give her one. Care to join?”

“I will in a minute.” Lena grabbed the blow-dryer and a rag. “We need to clean this carpet up or there’ll be a huge stain. We have any more of the purple stuff?”

* * *

Flora’s mind was buzzing with dreams of lights, nature and sound. She was incorporeal and there was nothing resembling an actual reality; she was a being of pure bliss, manifesting in a swirl of color and fantasy.

Slowly her brain grew alert enough to realize she was asleep, and upon that realization she snapped awake. The morning sun shone softly through gossamer curtains and the sound of birds chirped outside.

For a moment, Flora wondered if she was still dreaming. The bed she found herself in was soft and fluffy and entirely unfamiliar. As was the shape of the pillow, she thought, until she realized there was a breast pressed against her face.

Lena stirred at the notice of movement. “Well…hello sweetie,” she smiled, noticing her guest had awoken. “Did you sleep well?”

Flora nestled back down happily into the blankets. She had absolutely no qualms about remaining in bed with Lena and Emile pressed on both sides of her. “I…I can’t even tell you how well I slept…” her eyes teared up with emotion as memories of last night slowly came back to her.

Emile stirred on the other side, but ultimately nothing came of it other than shifting his position so his penis pressed against Flora’s flank. Lena chuckled. “Welcome to sleeping with Emile. Get used to it.”

Flora didn’t mind. “I can’t believe how lucky you two are…” she said breathlessly. “You get to live like this every day…you get to *fuck* like this every day…how did you two find each other?”

Lena smiled. “We were practically born for each other.” She pushed the blankets aside and stretched. Flora gazed transfixed at her breasts jiggling in the morning light. “How does your body feel?” the fox continued, getting to her feet.

Flora tried to follow suit and realized that wasn’t happening. “Oh god…” her eyes widened in concern. “I can’t move…”

“That’s normal,” Lena assured her. “You aren’t used to a workout like the one you got last night.” She wandered into the connected bathroom and touched up her face.

“It’s *so* worth it though…” Flora sighed. “Holy fuck, I can’t even explain how amazing that was.”

“You don’t have to.” Lena patted her head motherly. “Stay in bed as long as you need. I’ll go make brunch.”

“Brunch?” Flora glanced at the bedside clock as the fox left for the kitchen. It was 3:30 in the afternoon. “Oh my…” Her first day of the weekend was practically over already…

She suddenly noticed that Emile’s penis felt thicker than before. In a few seconds, his full erection pressed awkwardly into her side and he was stirring. Grasping her boob with a sleepy murmur, he rolled on top of her and pressed his stiffie into her crotch. Not finding Lena’s vagina like he was expecting, he opened his eyes in surprise.

Flora smiled. “Good morning.”

Emile drunkenly poked a few more times before his brain caught up to things and he rolled back onto his side. “Morning…” he murmured.

“You don’t have to stop,” Flora encouraged him. “I don’t have the energy to help, but that means you can do whatever you want with my body…”

Emile thought about it for all of five seconds before re-mounting her. Pressing his erection against her own rapidly-expanding one, he wrapped his hands around both and masturbated the two of them at the same time with hard dedicated strokes.

“Mmmmm…” Flora shuddered and focused on the feeling of his balls bouncing roughly on hers. She knew there was no possible way she was recharged from the marathon session last night, but it amazed her to see how quickly he was ready to pop again.

Sure enough, after fifteen minutes of furious rubbing Emile grunted and shot a thick load all over Flora’s breasts and neck. Then he rolled back over onto his side of the bed.

“Heheh…have a good sleep,” Flora giggled as the man’s breathing grew steady and rhythmic again. She craned her neck to get a good view of his round butt. It wasn’t as bubbly as Lena’s, but it looked very firm. Almost without thinking, she reached a hand out and grabbed it.

“There we go!” encouraged Lena, walking back into the room with two hot steaming plates of synthetic eggs, hashbrowns and bacon. “You’re getting your energy back! Oh good lord,” she pursed her lips when she saw the mess on Flora’s chest. “Honestly, Emile? Christ. One moment, Flora.”

“It’s no big deal,” Flora assured her, helping herself to bacon as Lena mopped her up with a warm washcloth. “Hey…have you ever…” she trailed off, embarrassed to ask.

“Have I what?” Lena sat on the edge of the bed and sprinkled hot sauce on her hashbrowns.

“Just wondering. Have you ever…buttfucked Emile with a strapon?” Flora blushed bright red at the question.

Lena choked on her hashbrowns, but recovered quickly. “The better question is, what size?” she laughed. “Dear, we’ve done *every*thing.”

“I can believe it.” Flora stared at Emile’s tight butt again. “So then…does he do anal? Like…receiving it?”

Lena’s eye twinkled. “Not in years. Why, you wanna see if he’s up for it?” She pushed her husband further over, making his rear more accessible. Emile muttered something that didn’t discourage the effort.

“Oh, I don’t know if I’m ready,” blushed Flora an even deeper shade of crimson. “I’m not recharged…”

Lena massaged the folf’s erection back to full mast. “Sex isn’t just about orgasm, Flora.” Grabbing a bottle of lube from a drawer in the side of the bed, she prepared both Flora and Emile for penetration. “It’s about the connection. It’s about being bonded to another person intimately.”

Flora got nervously to her knees and pushed Emile's tail out of the way, observing how the white fur cresting his buttocks framed his dark sphincter invitingly. Pressing her tip against it, she shuddered with pleasure as the lube helped the glans slide in without resistance. She tried to push in delicately, but with a surprised yelp she misjudged the slipperiness and immediately buried her cock to the hilt.

Emile's eyes flew open in surprise. "Fuck!" Acting reflexively, he spun around, catching his assailant between his legs and flipping them off the bed. His higher foot swung an incapacitating blow at the dazed folf on the ground, but Lena shouted and caught his leg beforehand.

Time grew still as Flora rubbed her forehead in shock. As Emile pieced things together with a sinking feeling in his stomach, the folf teared up and began sobbing on the floor of the bedroom.

"Emile, what the fuck?!" his wife exclaimed.

"Flora, I'm sorry—" he started, stepping towards the fallen teenager, but Flora scrambled away from him in fright. Covering her face for protection, the fuchsia folf sprinted out of the room, yelping in a frightened panic. He heard the front door to the house slam shut.

"*What the fuck was that?!*" his wife snapped, absolutely livid.

"She startled me! I wasn't expecting to wake up from a dick in my ass!" Emile blocked an angry jab at his crotch. "Why didn't you warn me or rouse me first?"

"We thought you were awake, you fucking idiot!" Lena shouted, trying once again to kick him in the nuts. "You were conscious enough to blow a load all over her face, you made a noise when I lubed you up, and even if you were asleep, it's not alright to fucking assault someone when there's nobody here but me and our guest!"

"I said I was sorry!" Emile snapped. He glanced out the window, then screeched and dropped to his knees cradling his testicles when Lena took the opportunity for one of her scissor kicks to strike home. "We were highly trained cyber-soldiers during the war," he grimaced, "we can't exactly turn our reflexes off! We need to go find her and make sure she's okay."

"That's twice now, Emile…" Lena balled her fists. "Twice that you've fucked our houseguest and then acted like a jerk when it was their turn! How many times you gonna punish the girl for being horny until she's just as sexually repressed as when she's stuck back in society?"

Emile staggered to his feet without answering. Gingerly slipping a pair of shorts on, he grabbed a T-shirt while making his way to the front door.

"If she's wounded *at all*, you better enjoy your fucking balls until next time I've got you tied up…" his wife growled angrily, dressing in her bathrobe and following behind him.

* * *

After scouring the barren black deserts surrounding the farm, the couple spotted Flora hiding under a peaked rock shielding her from the sun.

"Flora!" Emile was a quicker sprinter. "I am so, so sorry!"

The young folf noticed them and waved, but Emile noticed she kept her legs folded to her chest and her arms wrapped protectively around herself. "It's okay," she smiled weakly, "Honest. I get it, I startled you."

Lena knelt down next to her. "Are you injured?" she asked urgently, as Emile took his shirt off and offered it.

"I'm fine." Flora took the shirt but didn't put it on. "I mean, my head hurts, but nothing's broken. I'm sorry for running, I just got scared."

Emile sat down. "That's not how I normally treat our guests…" he locked eyes with her. "I mean it, you didn't do anything to apologize for. What I did was inexcusable, and I don't want you to get any wrong ideas about us."

“I don’t, I don’t. Don’t worry…” Flora looked up, and Emile detected the barest hint of a smile. “Do you…really consider me your guest?”

“Of course we do!” Lena smiled, flanking the rock and patting her head (surreptitiously checking for lumps or contusions). “You can stay as long as you want!” Emile nodded his head vigorously in agreement.

Flora squealed in happiness. “I’m so glad to hear that!” She stretched her legs and wrapped an arm around each of them. “How do I keep winding up in between you two?” she teased.

Emile sat down next to her. “To be honest, we’re both taking advantage of your presence as much as we can.”

Lena nodded. “A fresh face is always so new and novel, really shakes things up. Especially when they’re as energetic and open-minded as you.”

Flora smiled and gave Emile his shirt back. “Here, I don’t need it. I actually really like being naked outside.” She looked out at the glassy rockscape around them. “I can’t believe you aren’t naked right now. There’s nobody for miles, you could run as far as you wanted, make love anywhere out here and never be bothered!”

Emile chuckled. “I kinda associate the outside with work, and when you work in a moss farm you need to wear protection.”

“But while we’re out here, you need to see the sights.” Lena helped Flora to her feet. “Especially the Rise.”

“The what?” Flora brushed the blackened dirt from her backside. Lena and Emile hiked her through the desert for several hours. Luckily as twilight approached, the gravel grew cool under their feet and a warm evening breeze punctuated the still air.

“Now there’s not much to see out here,” admitted Lena. “Seeing as how it’s an artificially-barren wasteland after it got glassed during the Scorched Earth Wars, but up ahead is a fault line, and inside…”

Flora squinted in the fading light, but the only clues they’d reached some sort of landmark was a distinct spike in humidity and the faint sound of crackling.

“Behold the Rise!” Emile flourished, and Flora gasped as she looked down and saw a bubbling pool of glowing water, created by a jagged crack in the ground almost ten feet wide. “It’s a hot spring, created by water trickling up from the planet’s core.”

“Why does it glow?” asked Flora breathlessly. Cautiously she dipped a toe in, then yelped when Lena cannonballed and drenched her.

“That was our contribution,” grinned Emile. “I crossbred a non-native bioluminescent algae with a local prokaryotic extremophile, and planted the result in the walls. It took a few years to grow this far, and it’ll only get brighter with time.”

Lena surfaced with a whoop and splashed them playfully. “What are you waiting for?” she teased. Without further ado Flora jumped into the water with an excited cry. Emile quickly removed his clothes and followed suit.

The three swam and relaxed for hours. As the sun finally disappeared and plunged the sky into blackness, Emile and Lena sat by the side of the pool, letting their feet hang and watching languidly as Flora splashed and dove with seemingly endless energy.

“The water tastes so…sweet!” Flora said in awe, switching from treading water to floating spread-eagle on the surface.

“Very high mineral content,” Emile nodded. “It’s actually quite healthy to swim here.”

“How deep does it go?” asked Flora, rolling onto her back and peering into the abyss.

“You know, I’m not sure,” Emile realized. “You can try it out. Shouldn’t swim too much deeper than the luminescent moss, though.”

Flora nodded excitedly, took a deep breath, and submerged.

Emile started counting the seconds to see how long she stayed down, but got distracted when he caught the coy look on his wife's face. "You've gone oddly silent," he noted in a low voice, scooting closer.

Lena purred. "You know what the water here always does to me." Wrapping her arm around his neck and drawing his face closer, she pressed her lips hungrily against his. Emile reciprocated, grasping her breast roughly and driving his tongue into her mouth. Panting with excitement, Lena grasped his cock and pumped it to full mast, then pushed him to the ground underneath her.

Flora surfaced behind them. "It goes really, really—" she started to report, but cut off when she saw them.

Lena pressed her fists against her husband's chest and kept him down. "You're not going anywhere…" she growled, grinning and mounting him. Positioning herself so that only his tip slid in, she waited a pregnant beat for his sharp intake of breath. She loved how he got when she took her sweet time with penetration. Sliding down less than an inch, she smiled wickedly and pulled back up, drinking in his anticipation.

Emile gave off a deep pitiful growl. His eyes pleaded silently with her.

She repeated the tease. "You've been a very bad boy, Emile…" she smirked, swatting his hand when he tried to fondle her breast again. "I don't think you deserve any mercy."

"Mmmm…but, Lin…" Emile thrust desperately, but she danced her crotch out of the way.

"You'll get your release when I'm good and ready," she whispered, trailing her finger down his snout condescendingly. Behind them, Flora climbed wordlessly out of the hot spring, watching them with wide eyes and undivided attention.

Emile strained pitifully, putty in his wife's hands. Just when Lena saw the light go out of his eyes, she acquiesced and let him slide abruptly into her. Emile's breath caught in his throat and he let out an unrestrained moan. Lena shuddered with pleasure and increased the speed thrusting up and down on top of him, feeling his thick cock warm her insides.

Emile closed his eyes and focused on the sensation. Their breathing grew in tandem, heavy panting interspersed with low moans of pleasure.

Flora was so focused that she barely noticed when low yearning whine escaped the back of her throat. Her fur stood on end when both stopped and looked at her. "Flora!" exclaimed Lena when she noticed the folf's swollen hard-on. "Come over here, don't be shy."

Flora crawled forward, staring with unbridled interest at the spot where they were joined. Lena tried to slide off her husband, but he held her in place. "Come on Emile, give the guest a turn," she chastised.

"She can do the other hole!" Emile pleaded urgently, keeping his cock right where it was.

Flora twitched. "You mean…anal?"

"Erm…that gets a bit complicated when they're done at the same time…" Lena interrupted hastily. "Tell you what. Come get some oral lovin' until Emile here finishes, and then I'll give you the real deal."

Flora wasted no time in straddling Lena's face and letting the vixen run her tongue along her tip. Lena smiled as she heard Flora's sharp intake of breath precede her characteristic high-pitched yelps. Below her, Emile resumed thrusting with renewed spirit.

Flora's legs shook as Lena's lips ran along the length of her shaft. Quivering uncontrollably, the folf mewed pitifully as her lover's lips and tongue stimulated her nerves past anything she could imagine.

Emile's thrusts were growing harder and his panting grew ragged. Lena flexed her abdominal muscles, anticipating the ending and fighting to tighten her hold on his member

before she lost it. With a sharp exhale that sent a wash of hot air up Flora's tail, Emile stiffened up and slid out of his wife milliseconds before splattering a jet of hot cum all over her nether regions.

"Mmmph!" Lena gasped in surprise. "Emile!" She paused her blowjob long enough to let her husband out from under her. "Way to make a mess! Flora was about to use that, you know!"

"No," Emile shook his head. "It's time for me to make up for this morning." Dropping to his knees, he presented his hindquarters to Flora. "Ready to finish what you started?"

Flora couldn't hide her interest. "Is it okay to do without lubricating it first?"

Lena crawled to her bathrobe and fished a small bottle out of the pocket. "One of the other perks to bringing clothes outdoors," she smirked. Flora shuddered as Lena rubbed lotion into her privates. And then it was the moment of truth again. Placing her hands on Emile's buttocks and pressing her tip once again into his backdoor, Flora took a deep breath and slid in, this time ensuring she did so slowly.

Emile gritted his teeth and squinted his eyes shut. Lena couldn't keep a huge smile off her face. "There you go…" she encouraged. "Take your time. But go as fast as you want."

Flora's legs felt wobbly with emotion as her nerves alighted with every thrust. *It's so…tight…* she gasped as the base of her cock pressed against his butt. "Ohhhhhh…" Slowly, as delicately as possible, she slid back out and then thrusted again. *I never thought it would be so tight…*

Fuck me, I've gotten tight, grimaced Emile. Balling his fists, he kept silent as Flora rammed him again and again. *I'm out of practice in this*…Lena noticed, and reached around to fondle his balls. "There you go…" she cooed in his ear. "Good boy…"

Flora grew bolder, sliding in and out with ever more powerful thrusts. "Mmmm…uhhhh…" she gasped for breath, squinting her eyes shut and tearing up. She couldn't believe how roughly the ribs of his canal scraped against her erection's delicate skin. *Does vaginal sex feel like this?* she thought in wonder, and the thought only spurred her to new levels of excitement.

Emile bit his lip and arched his back. "Oh…oh god, there it is…" Flora was pushing deep enough to reach the prostate. Relaxing greatly, he let his tongue loll out and sighed happily. His wife, emboldened by his new attitude, rubbed his scrotum harder and traced his foreskin with her other hand's fingers.

Flora was starting to make high-pitched yelps again. "Oh! Oh, Oh! I'm going to—!!!" Her words grew unintelligible and her leg muscles tightened as she felt the unmistakable signs of orgasm roaring up. Her panting grew louder and her yelps stretched out into a long drawn-out squeal as her pounding reached a peak. Seconds later she cried out and dug her fingers into his buttocks, feeling her ejaculation crest through her lower body like a wave.

Emile felt it too. "Whoof…" As soon as he felt her go limp, he collapsed onto the ground. "I…need a swim…" He crawled toward the pool.

"We all do," smiled Lana. She glanced at Flora, who had ended roughly in the same prone position as Emile. "Your first penetrative sex!" she congratulated. "How did it feel?"

Flora gasped for air. Hoisting herself to her knees, she crawled to Lena and hugged her for support. "It…was…*amazing*…"

Lena helped her to the pool, and laid the folf so her lower half dragged in the water. "Just float there for a bit, regain your strength," she recommended, sliding into the water herself to wash herself off. "We've got a long walk ahead of us home."

Flora stretched and wiggled her toes in the water. "Mmmm…can we still get home?" she asked with a yawn. "When it's so dark?"

Lena glanced at Emile. "Yeah, we can," he assured her. "Don't worry. I know every inch of this desert. We'll be home in no time."

But it was thirty minutes of walking later that they still hadn't seen any sign of the farm. Three different times Emile was so focused on keeping the correct direction that he almost lost Flora because the folf was sleepily lagging behind the other two.

"Hey, Flora," he said softly after almost losing her around an outcropping of boulders.

"Mm?" Flora blinked. "Oh!" She gave a slight yelp of surprise as he picked her up in his arms and carried her. Acquiescently she wrapped her arms around his neck and breathed contentedly in his ear. By the time they'd reached the farm, the folf was fast asleep.

* * *

Flora was surprised when she drearily arose from her dreamless slumber to find herself alone in Emile's and Lena's bed. Rubbing her eyes sleepily, she flopped over and decided to fall back asleep.

Her body had a dull ache from yesterday's hike, but it was a good sort of hurt. Indeed, Flora felt happier than she'd ever been. *Maybe Emi will let me visit her parents every weekend*, she thought with an excited yawn.

It was an urgent need to piss that finally spurred her to crawl out of bed and follow the sound of running water in the connected bathroom. "Hello?" she asked, pushing the door aside. "Flora!" Lena's voice responded excitedly from behind the shower curtain. "Come in!"

Flora used the toilet, then daintily stepped into the bathtub and observed her host lathering herself with soap. "Good morning!" Lena beamed, offering her the shampoo. The shower was set to a delicate massaging cycle, just strong enough to send droplets of water glinting off of Lena's glistening fur. "Or should I say, afternoon?"

Flora groaned. "Did I really sleep over half the day again?"

"I'm amazed you're not sleeping longer," Lena teased. Squirting some shampoo into her hand, she stepped closer and lathered Flora's hair for her. Flora felt a tingle of excitement when Lena's breasts brushed her back. "I bet you're getting more exercise this weekend than in the last month."

"And a lot more fun too!" Flora shuddered as Lena's firm fingers massaged her scalp. "Mmmmm…"

Lena smiled as she ran her hands through Flora's hair with dedicated strokes. "Emile likes massages, so I've had a lot of practice."

"Where is Emile?" Flora felt her nether regions stir as Lena left Flora's hair and ran her hands along Flora's breasts.

"Unfortunately Emile can only take one day off from work at a time. The algae fields needed tending to." Lena pressed her fingers into Flora's nipples. "It always makes me so sad, waking up all alone…it was nice having you there this morning."

Flora closed her eyes and focused on the sensitivity of her chest. Lena pressed herself into Flora's back and slid her hands down further, pressing her hand gently into Flora's groin muscles. "You know…" Lena whispered in Flora's ear, "Last night, you and Emile got to orgasm, but I was left out in all the excitement."

Flora gasped and her hand flew to her mouth. "Oh my, you're right! I'm so sorry!"

Lena pressed her fingers into Flora's scrotum and stroked upward along her shaft. "It's all right," she assured her stiffening guest, "But with Emile gone, maybe you could help me with that…"

Flora purred in agreement, but then she bit her lip. "Do…you mean *vaginal sex*?"

Lena pressed her breasts into Flora's back and stroked her erection with renewed purpose. "Maybe if you play your cards right," she whispered in a low voice. "But for now, I'm going to take my time with you." Her fingers left Flora's genitals and trailed around her flank,

pressing into her buttocks. “Emile never lets me foreplay as long as I like. But you’re my little prey, and you can’t say no…”

Flora arched her back. “I really like when you talk like that…” she admitted. “When you’re like…a predator.”

Lena grinned. “Then lay down on the ground, where prey like you belongs,” she commanded.

Flora obeyed. The bathtub was just long enough to allow her to stretch out completely. Quickly the vixen swooped down on top of her, running her tongue along Flora’s stomach. Flora’s legs locked in anticipation as it drew towards her crotch, but Lena bypassed it with a knowing smile.

“Don’t start whining yet,” she chuckled as Flora let out an involuntary whimper. “Need to get you cleaned up first.” Grasping the soap, Lena lathered every inch of the folf’s body, paying special attention to her armpits, breasts and crotch. Flora squeezed her eyes shut and purred as Lena’s slippery fingers fondled her testicles, but all too soon it was over and Lena was rolling her onto her front. “Now for your back,” the vixen announced cheerfully, relishing Flora’s preoccupation with her front.

Flora gasped when she felt Lena push her buttocks apart and brush her sphincter. “Ooh, you’re a tight one,” Lena chuckled. “You better look out around Emile, he’s going to want a turn in there.”

Flora whimpered again, but it was one of longing and not apprehension. Lena turned her back onto her front. “Time to get that soap off!” She pulled the shower head out the wall, where it became a handheld spigot on a hose. Turning the dial to “Circular”, she gently sprayed the soap out of Flora’s fur.

“Oh!” Flora gasped in surprise as Lena sprayed rhythmic jets of water against her sensitive regions. *Holy fuck…I am making Emilena buy one of these for the safe house…*

Once her guest was completely scrubbed clean, Lena crawled on top of her. “You ready?” she cooed in Flora’s ear.

Flora gulped and her breath caught in her throat as she realized Lena’s pussy was hovering over her erection. “I am…but…I’m not sure if I’m recharged yet…” she admitted nervously.

Lena lowered herself an inch, pressing Flora’s tip against her opening flaps. “Honey, did you forget? This is for *my* pleasure…” Drinking in the folf’s wide-eyed excitement, Lena slid herself onto Flora’s cock. “I *want* you to stay hard forever…”

Flora stared in amazement at their union, every cell in her brain on overdrive. *Oh my god, I’m actually having sex! Does this mean I’m not a virgin?!* she thought wildly. Every thrust of Lena’s sent the folf to higher levels of ecstasy, barely able to process the indescribable sensations of her cock sliding through the wet folds of Lena’s pussy.

Lena tightened her muscles and relished Flora’s yelp as she registered the change in pressure. It felt so *freeing* to be fucking someone other than her husband…Lena savored every little thing Flora did differently from Emile, the way her breasts bobbed and her hands dug into Lena’s thighs, her high-pitched yelps and the sheer energy of her thrusts.

Time grew still as the pair pumped away with increasing speed. Lena’s tongue flopped out of her mouth and her panting grew uncontrollable as she felt her muscles tightening of their own accord. *Here it comes…*

Flora was in a world of her own, having forgotten everything but the sensations of sex. When Lena began moaning and slamming herself into Flora, the folf was brought back to reality with a shock. Blinking sweat out of her eyes, she watched with shock as Lena’s eyes rolled back

into her head and she shrieked, her fists grasping Flora's hips and her abdomen pressing Flora's cock as deep as it would go.

All of a sudden Lena relaxed and languidly collapsed onto her lover. Before either could say anything Lena wrapped her lips around Flora's. The two made out passionately and Flora resumed thrusting with renewed spirit.

Fifteen minutes later, Flora's leg muscles gave out and she slumped onto the bathtub ceramic. "I'm…sorry…." she panted, glancing at Lena with a vivid red blush. "I actually don't think I'm recharged…"

Lena kissed her one more time. "I know, that's why I had us make love in the shower," she whispered with a smile. "Men take forever to cum in the shower. I wanted to be able to finish, after all."

Despite having just had her first failed sexual encounter, Lena's attitude was so chipper that Flora didn't feel ashamed. Returning the smile, Flora hugged the vixen, tearing up with emotion. "I still really enjoyed myself…"

"I know," Lena hugged her back. "And you can keep going as long as you want."

Flora tried a few more thrusts, and her legs immediately resumed feeling like they were on fire. "Oh my…I don't know if…" Her mouth felt so thirsty…

Lena slid off of her. "How about you just enjoy the rest of your shower," she advised warmly. "There's still plenty of day left. Can I get you anything?"

Flora nodded dizzily. "A glass of water?"

Lena filled one up from the bathroom sink. "Take your time," she advised, plugging the bathtub. "Here, have a relaxing bath. Once you're fully charged, I'll still be here."

Flora gratefully quenched her thirst and slumped down in the warm water. Her head was still spinning, now with questions instead of fatigue. *Am I still a virgin?* she wondered. *I mean, yeah I had sex, but I wasn't able to finish. It only counts if you finish, at least that's what Emilena said that one time to Nairda. I guess I still am a virgin…*

But for once the thought didn't fill her with shame. *There's still some day left…* she thought sleepily to herself. *And Lena said she's ready when I am…*

Lena's eyes looked warmly at her, inviting her to join them on the bed. Emile was underneath her, his dick buried in his wife's pussy. Her ass was in the air, tail lifted and waiting for her. Shivering with excitement, Flora mounted the vixen and thrusted, her motions in tandem with Emile's…

Flora's next conscious thought was of slowly coming to in lukewarm bathwater. *I fell asleep again!* she realized in a panic leaping up. *How late is it?*

Scrambling out of the water quickly, she almost immediately grasped her crotch and her knees buckled, collapsing her into a damp mess on the bathroom floor.

"Flora?" Two voices exclaimed at once. Emile and Lena were making love on the bed.

Flora moaned in pain. "Oh god, my balls!" Both testicles ached with a dull, deep thudding.

"Did you hit them or something?" Emile asked, worried.

"Did you not masturbate?" Lena asked.

Flora shook her head, tears coming to her eyes.

"Oh, it's blue balls!" realized Lena. "You poor thing!" she tried to push Emile off of her. "Honey, give Flora a turn. She needs to cum fast!"

"No, that's okay," Flora said hastily, staggering to her feet. "I was thinking…" she crawled onto the bed, her dream from the bathtub fresh in her mind. "Let's do both…if we can…"

Lena bit her lip. "You mean anal? Erm…that'll be a bit…"

"No, let's do it," Emile agreed. He rolled over so Lena was on top. "Come on, honey, the guest said so."

“Oh all right,” acquiesced his wife. “Lube me up first, Flora.”

It was just like in her dream. Flora shivered in excitement as she spread the gooey gel on her crotch and between Lena’s buttocks.

“You’ve got something of an anal fetish, don’t you?” Emile grunted, hands on his wife’s hips and prepared to start thrusting as soon as he could.

“I think I do…” Flora admitted. Positioning herself, she took a deep breath and plunged in.

Lena gasped as another slab of meat slid into her. At first Emile and Flora had trouble getting the timing down, but before long they had the rhythm of alternating thrusts and had things working well enough. Flora realized that she could feel Emile’s cock every time it slid past hers. Her testicles initially throbbed with every bounce, but slowly the pain subsided as her sexual excitement grew.

Emile was the first to grit his teeth and feel the beginnings of orgasm building up within him. It took longer than usual due to the slower circumstances, but that made it all the sweeter. Grunting happily, he heard Flora gasp as she registered him fill Lena’s pussy with cum. Lena purred and settled down to a more comfortable position as Emile languidly relaxed and ceased actively participating.

Flora for her part was nearing her own release, but circumstance seemed to be denying her over and over. Her hands, still slippery from bath water and sweat, couldn’t seem to get enough friction to let her push with the force she needed. Her legs were beginning to burn but she didn’t want to stop. Attempting to hoist herself to a more perched position, her eyes went wide and she squawked as something in her hamstring knotted. “Oh god! Oww!”

“What is it now?” gasped Lena, looking over in alarm as her guest rolled over clutching her leg.

“Cramp…” whimpered Flora through teary eyes. “I’m sorry…”

“That’s a Charley horse,” Emile noted, grabbing her and hoisting her out of the bed. “Gotta walk it off. Come on, there you go.”

Flora limped around the bed, slowly regaining her motor control. Her face was blushed bright red. “It wasn’t the anal, there was nothing wrong with it,” she whimpered, embarrassed. “It felt *really* great, really.”

Lena was already helping the young folf back onto the bed. “Don’t worry, it happens,” she cooed, massaging Flora’s lower legs. “The angle was weird. I warned you about that position.”

Flora sighed, muscles relaxing as Lena firmly rubbed them to a comfortable state. “It actually…your butt felt…really different from Emile’s,” she muttered dreamily. “It was really… I don’t know. Different.”

“Heh, it was looser,” Emile chuckled, returning from the bathroom carrying some moist towelettes. “Because her derriere gets used a fair bit more often than mine.” He threw one to Lena.

Flora looked over quizzically, but the towelette’s use immediately became apparent when Lena wrapped it around Flora’s cock and began scrubbing. “It’s very important to maintain good hygiene after anal,” Lena grinned coyly, enjoying the view as Flora stretched reflexively and squirmed under her touch. “Plus, I don’t think you got to finish yet…”

Flora’s tongue lolled happily out of her mouth as Lena ran the scented fabric roughly up and down her shaft.

“I don’t think you’ve gotten to experience one of my award-winning handjobs…” Lena’s eyes flashed mischievously as the younger girl melted into putty under her. Emphasizing the glans, Lena began stroking slowly but firmly, maintaining constant but regular pumping. In her experience, her two best tricks to a good handjob was a strong rhythmic pattern and

emphasizing the glans. It was certainly working on Flora. The young girl's eyes glazed over as the sensations from her crotch overtook the rest of her body.

It wasn't long at all before she squealed pitifully and shot a load all over herself. "Hehe…ohhh…I think I'm gonna need more than one towel…" she admitted as Lena tried in vain to clean her off. Wincing, Flora got up and limped tenderly into the bathroom.

"Anyone else starving?" Emile asked bluntly as the folf stumbled past him.

"Oooh, yes!" Flora piped up right before turning on the sink and splashing water and soap down her front.

When she emerged a few minutes later after drying herself off, she found Emile and Lena in the kitchen cooking dinner. "We figured if you were as hungry as we are, you'd be okay with going for fast and uncomplicated," Emile grinned, carrying a steaming microwave vegetarian pizza.

Flora's stomach growled loudly. "Oh god yes…" Grabbing the largest slice, she scarfed it down in just a few bites. "You guys must burn so many carbs, fucking like this day after day…"

"Don't eat too fast now," Lena warned. "If you get a stomachache, you won't be able to do anything."

Flora nodded in agreement. "Do you really think there's time for another session?" She glanced out the window, the sun was very low in the sky. "It's Sunday night, I need to be back at the safe house by Monday."

Emile glanced at Lena. "Flora…" he started. "That's something we've wanted to talk to you about."

"Have you considered…" Lena bit her lip. "..staying with us?"

Flora's pizza crust fell out of her hand.

"You are…well, frankly you're amazing," Emile admitted. "You're an incredible houseguest, we'd be happy to let you live here indefinitely."

"Just think of the last few nights," Lena urged. "How much fun you've had. We could do that forever."

Flora was silent.

"I mean, wouldn't you be happy?" Emile pressed. "You're *full* of sexual energy! You told us yourself you've felt unfulfilled in the city."

"We love our daughter, but Emilena…" Lena winced at the recollection, "She's kind of hard to live with. She doesn't seem like the right type for you."

Flora looked down at her feet. Everyone was silent for almost a minute.

Then finally she looked up. "I see what you're saying. I would definitely be very happy here. And you two are amazing, wonderful hosts. Seeing you two look at each other, you…give me hope." A single tear appeared in her eye. "You've shown me that people *can* find a truly compatible person to spend their lives with. That there probably is someone out there for me, who can complete me like you two complete each other." Flora's hands shook and she looked away. "But I need to find them. And I won't be able to find them out here…"

Emile and Lena hung their heads sadly. "I understand…" Emile said slowly.

"Flora…you…aren't trying to make Emilena that person, right?" Lena asked delicately.

Flora shrugged. "I'm not sure. I really like Emilena, there's something about how headstrong she is. She knows what she wants and she gets it."

"Yes, but…" Lena chose her words carefully. "There's no way she's ever going to want you."

"I know," nodded Flora. "Not sexually, at least. She's got Nairda for that. But I do like the relationship we have right now, even just as companions. Sure she's rude, she's mean, she

prioritizes herself, and she sometimes gets physical if you push her too far, but…" Flora trailed off, trying to figure out where she was going with this.

"…but you like that?" Emile finished.

Flora thought about that. "Yeah…maybe I do. Is that bad?"

Lena shrugged uneasily. "We could kinda see that you're a bit of a masochist…" she admitted. "You seem a bit more into the painful stuff than is normal. And being dominated."

"And that's all well and good in the bedroom," Emile chimed in. "But if you let people take advantage of you in real life, you're setting yourself up for some real bad situations."

"But that's what's nice about Emi!" Flora explained. "I know exactly what she wants from me, and I'm happy to give her that, and that's never going to change. She protects me from all those other people."

Emile and Lena could see the logic behind this. "One last question then, and we can switch topics." Lena finished her slice of pizza and walked her plate to the sink. "If you *could* have Emilena do anything to you, what would it be?"

Flora felt a warmth in her abdomen just from thinking about that topic. "Ummmm, well, it would be nice to have sex with her just once. Just to try it."

Emile cocked an eyebrow. "Just sex, then?"

"Yeah. Ummm, well…" Flora revised her answer. "Well, when I think of a sexual encounter with Emi, it never just starts with us having sex. Usually, she's gotten really mad at me for some reason, and this time she's…you know, she's had enough for once. This time she's *really* going to show me…so she pulls me onto her bed, bends me over her knee and—"

"Hold on," interrupted Emile. "What's an example of something she'd be mad at you for?" He was looking at something behind Flora, but the folf was too busy thinking of the best answer to his question to notice.

"Hmmm…" she mulled it over. "Probably mad that I failed to do my chores. Like not cleaning the bathroom, that's the one I'm worst at—" Finally she noticed Emile was distracted and in curiosity turned around to see what.

Lena had slipped on a kinky police outfit. With the aggressive way she stood and the furious flash in her annoyed gaze, she did an amazing job channeling her wayward daughter.

"*Flora,*" she snapped, hands curled into hostile fists. "How many times do I have to fucking tell you?"

Flora's mouth fell open. Stepping backwards, she tried to speak but no words came out.

"You have *very few* jobs in this goddamn safehouse," Lena strode towards her unflinchingly, and Flora staggered back until she hit a wall. "I pay the rent, I keep you safe, I bring you all the drugs you could ever want, and *this* is how you repay me?"

"I…I'm sorry!" gasped Flora. "I'm sorry Emi!"

Lena grabbed her by the arm and marched her into the bathroom. "Look at this place!" she snarled. "Look at this mirror! Does this look clear to you?"

The mirror shone spotlessly. Flora fidgeted nervously. "I…I mean…kinda…"

"*Kinda?*" Lena roared, sending her cowering. "I can barely see my beautiful figure!" To demonstrate she bent close, letting Flora get a good look of her buttcrack peeking under her skirt. Flora blushed, but before she should fully enjoy the view Lena had her face mashed into the floor. "*Look at this floor!*" Lena exclaimed. "Look at how dirty it is! You disgust me!"

"I'm sorry Emi!" cried Flora, trembling as she felt the older female's weight bearing down on her. With dawning dread she felt Lena draw her hand back behind Flora's bent-over form.

SMACK! Flora cried out in shock as Lena's open palm clapped painfully against her buttocks. "You disappointing, filthy, *disgusting* girl!" Lena snarled, spanking her again with every adjective.

“I’m sorry!” Flora cried again, tears of intense emotion running down her face. She howled as Lena spanked her raw. “Emi! That hurts!”

“*You* hurt *me* with your insolence!” Lena growled, dropping the folf dismissively onto her stomach. Flora rolled over instinctively to protect her reddened cheeks, then yelped as Lena took the opportunity to grasp her throbbing erection. “*What the hell is this?”* the fox whispered in a low voice. “You…pervert! Were you getting…*turned on by this*?”

Flora’s other cheeks flushed ruby red, and she squirmed shamefully on the cold bathroom tiles.

“That’s just so pathetically typical…” Lena sighed. “Well, you certainly won’t be able to clean the bathroom in this state.” She began pumping the younger girl’s cock firmly and rhythmically.

“Ohhhh…” Flora’s eyes rolled back into her head. “Emi…”

“Don’t get any funny ideas!” Lena snapped. “I’m just doing this because I know you won’t clean the bathroom otherwise. Which you’re doing the *second* you cum. Understand?”

Flora nodded weakly, unable to concentrate. Her knees locked instinctively as she stretched her leg muscles, surrendering herself to the sensations Lena was giving her. One hand was still forcibly pumping her shaft and the other trailed down to massage her balls, sending Flora into bouts of heavy panting and squealing.

After some time, Lena grabbed a pouch of lube from the bathroom drawer and lubed Flora up. “Gotta speed you up…don’t have all day to waste on your cock…” she shot a dirty glance at the folf as she slid into her. “You better not tell Nairda about this…”

“I promise, Emi…” Flora’s eyes watered, and she glanced submissively at the fox having her way with her. As Lena shifted to keep her balance without breaking her commanding eye contact, Flora glanced at her cock sliding in and out of Lena’s pussy; and something dawned on her overstimulated mind; it was actually quite funny, the image of Emilena angrily staring at her while fucking her on the bathroom floor.

She bit her lip quickly, but Lena noticed, and raised an eyebrow. This made it even harder for Flora to keep a straight face, and slowly she felt her infectious grin passing to her sex partner. Before long both women collapsed on the bathroom floor howling with laughter.

“That’s…not exactly how I expected that to end,” Emile pointed out wryly, folding his arms from the doorway.

“I’m-*pant*-so sorry…” wheezed Flora, struggling for breath. “It was awesome, I just…your expression…while you were fucking me…”

Lena was clutching her side. “It’s all right,” she grinned. “It’s all fun and games.” Crawling to the shower, she turned the bath on and helped Flora into the hot water. “What we just did was role-playing, and it’s super healthy. It lets you act out your fantasies safely with partners you can trust.”

Flora nestled down into the bathwater and felt it pool over her skin. “Do you role-play a lot?”

“All the time,” Emile nodded. “We were actually in the middle of it when you first visited.”

Flora’s erection slowly subsided from the water’s warm embrace, but she was too relaxed to care. “What are some role-plays you really like?” she asked them breathlessly.

Emile and Lena thought. “I’m a fan of patient/doctor,” Emile suggested. “One of us is in the hospital and the other gives them a physical. Or tries to find out why…” he smirked, “…*certain body parts* are hurting.”

Lena grinned wickedly. “As you may have noticed, I’m way more into dominance and submission. Like a prisoner, tied up, and the police officer is molesting them to get them to rat out where their gang hideout is.”

Flora's pupils dilated. "Who gets to be the prisoner?"

"We take turns," Lena licked her lips. "The possibilities are endless. We've acted out animals, children, characters from television…we might even role-play *you*, after you've left."

Flora's hand flew to her mouth. "Me?"

Emile chuckled. "Your personality is so endearing. You're so curious and eager to please. Plus *I'd* get to play you, because you wouldn't be you without your girlhood."

Flora giggled, staring at his penis as it lengthened just from his thoughts. "*That*? Being mine? Maybe if I took, like, a whole bottle of male enhancement pills!"

The three shared a laugh. Emile sat down next to his wife on the floor.

Before much more time could pass, Flora got up and steadied herself as she left the bathtub and grabbed a towel. She could see the skyline darkening through the window curtains, and she needed to start gathering her scarce belongings into her backpack. She winced as the soft fabric of the towel sent her testicles jostling.

Lena noticed. "Oh no, feeling a bit tender?"

"It's nothing," Flora assured her, but when Emile cupped her scrotum gently, she couldn't help but catch her breath.

"It's because you didn't cum," Emile pointed out. "You'll need to pop one more time before you go." He rubbed them between his massive hands, sending her knees shaking.

"Flora," asked Lena, wrapping her arms around her husband encouragingly. "You seemed to like role-playing, specifically playing the submissive. You should try being dominant. Just once."

"Oh no!" Flora dropped her towel in surprise. "People don't seem to like that…I don't think I could…."

"But that's the point of role-playing," urged Emile. "It lets you be something you're not." He stood up, exposing himself. "Show me."

Flora's mouth hung open. "…you mean…?"

Emile nodded. "Be rough with me. Pick an authority character and rape me. Be whatever you want, but make sure you're in charge."

Flora grabbed the bathroom door for support. "But…what if I hurt you?"

Both vulpines chuckled. "I was a cyborg mercenary," Emile reminded her good-naturedly. "I can take it."

Flora hesitated, but then she steeled herself. "Okay. Lena, me and Emile are your prisoners. Throw us in jail."

Lena stood up crisply and grabbed both by separate arms. "You two are coming with me," she commanded, and dragged them to the bedroom and threw them on the bed, locking the door behind her.

"Great fucking job Nairda!" shouted Flora angrily, scrambling to catch her bearings and extricate herself from the tangled sheets. "I told you to watch for cops!"

Emile's ears drooped and he hunched his shoulders. "I'm sorry, ma'am…" he stammered, then grunted as Flora let loose a gentle slap to the face.

"Not this time, my idiotic husband!" Flora jumped on Emile and pinned him hungrily. "Guess what Nairda?" she hissed carnivorously, baring her teeth. "This time you've gone too far. There's something you didn't know about me, Nairda…"

Emile's eyes bulged. "What's that…dearest Emilena?"

Flora mashed her cock into his. "I've actually had a *penis* this *whole time!!!*"

"What?" gasped Emile in horror. "Where did you get that—?" he broke off with an oof as Flora slapped him in the face again.

“That’s right, Nairda, *I’m* the man in this relationship!” Flora rubbed her growing erection on his chest assertively, pushing him deeper into the mattress. “And you’re going to be my bitch even more than you already are!”

Emile gulped and desperately moved to block as Flora’s hands went for his crotch, but she swatted them away and forced his legs apart. Digging her nails into his cock like a victorious predator, Flora mashed her genitals into his face until he took the hint and started sucking. “Mmmph, *deeper* you slut!” she crowed, mounting him in the 69 position. “Suck it better than you ever sucked mine!”

Emile gagged as Flora stuffed her cock as far as it could go. Closing her eyes, Flora rested her incisors delicately on his cockhead and relished his restrained wince. “What’s the matter Nairda? Don’t like being penetrated like a woman?” she teased as she felt her balls roughly slapping against his snout. “Well you shouldn’t have married *me!*”

Emile mumbled something meek that somehow perfectly encapsulated Nairda’s normal apologetic and frightened stammers. Flora marveled at how well the fox was role-playing someone he’d never met, at least as far as she knew.

But she felt so *powerful*. With Emile’s acting and her own sexual urges motivating her, Flora as herself melted away, surrendering to the identity of someone tantalizingly in control, giving her the freedom to be the assertive and domineering Emilena. On a whim, she decided to mix it up, and shifted around and on top of Emile’s upper half. Pressing her spit-covered member into his face, she began masturbating furiously. “No looking away Nairda…” she warned, as his lip trembled. “I’m gonna cum all over your pretty face…”

Emile obeyed, giving her the biggest, saddest puppy eyes he could muster, and somehow it turned her on even more. As her grip tightened and her speed increased, she gasped for breath, buckled forward, and shot a stream of thick ropy seed. Emile closed his eyes in alarm as it splashed messily over his face and pillow.

Exhausted, Flora collapsed onto her side of the bed, and Lena leaped up and started clapping. “Bravo, bravo!” she cheered. “That was *amazing*, Flora!”

Flora’s tongue lolled happily onto the sheets as Emile stumbled out of bed and into the bathroom. “Did I do good?” she murmured dreamily.

“When you find your special someone, they *better* be into role-play, because you’re a natural!” Lena’s police outfit has disappeared somehow, and from her flushed nether regions Flora suspected she’d been doing more than simply watching.

“You two were pretty good actors too,” Flora complimented, propping herself onto her elbows as the bathroom sink turned off and Emile returned. “Especially you Emile, have you even met Nairda before?”

Both foxes laughed. “We knew him when he was…young…” Emile chuckled. “Hey where are you going?”

Flora was heading into the living room. “It’s seven,” she noted, glancing at the alarm clock on the bedside table. “My cab reaches the nearest road at eight, and it’s an hour-long hike from here…I wouldn’t want to miss it and be lost out in the Wastelands at night.”

Emile and Lena looked at each other sadly, but after a brief nod they dressed for the farewell. Flora had made her decision.

Five minutes later the three met outside the front door. Flora had her shirt and jeans on again, Emile was in his boxers, and Lena had returned to her skimpy white bathrobe. “Promise us you’ll come visit again,” Lena teared up as she hugged Flora goodbye.

“I can’t wait,” Flora returned the hug happily, and then shifted attention when Emile took something out from behind his back.

“Here,” he said softly. “Something to tide you over until you come back.” Flora’s eyes widened as he handed her the testicle clamp from her first sexual experience in their house. “You seemed to really like this one. When you use it, think of us.”

“I will.” Flora’s eyes shone as she slipped the sex toy into her backpack. Starting her walk down the steps, she abruptly stopped at the bottom and turned around. “This was the best weekend I’ve ever had. Thank you for being amazing hosts. I feel like I learned everything there is to know about sex!”

“Oh no…” laughed Lena, “You barely even scratched the surface. Next time you visit, we’re pulling out *all* the stops. Just you wait.”

Flora grinned. “I’ll hold you to that! Who knows? Next time, I might even lose my virginity!” Continuing her departure, she began her walk through the moss fields. The farmer and his wife, stunned silent by her closing comment, watched until the receding figure was engulfed by the darkening night.

Weekend at Jessica's

A soft jingle from the intercom signaled an upcoming announcement and roused Flora from her dreamy stupor. "*Attention passengers, we'll be reaching our next stop, Cherry Cove, in five minutes. If Cherry Cove is your stop, please gather your belongings and move towards the exits."*

Flora yawned and sleepily opened her eyes. The endless cornfields that had filled the traincar window when she fell asleep were now replaced with grassy fields overlooking a horizon of ocean. Flora's older sister, Jessica, had invited her out of the blue to stay for a weekend at a coastal resort she managed. In childhood, Jessica had moved out before Flora was old enough to really know her, so she was looking forward to reconnecting with the least-known member of her family.

Grabbing her backpack from the empty seat next to her, Flora wobbled her way down to the doors of the slowing train. The few other occupants didn't seem to be getting off here.

"*Now arriving in Cherry Cove,*" the engineer announced as the train ground to a stop. The doors opened to reveal the barest of train stops. The fields turned into a forest to her east, a beach to her west, and a long dirt road straight ahead of her. As the train trundled off, leaving clouds of dust and smoke in its wake, Flora began hiking down the road. Jessica had mentioned she'd be here to greet her…

Flora hadn't gone far when she saw someone coming at her down the road. She couldn't see them very well thanks to the sun being in her eyes, so it was something of a shock when they were close enough for her to realize he was a completely naked horse!

"Hey there!" he called out in a deep voice. "Jessica had something come up, she says sorry she missed your arrival." He extended a meaty muscled hand. "I'm Sven, her boyfriend."

Flora realized she was staring at his chiseled six-pack and quickly shook her head to refocus. "Nice to, uh, meet you Sven!" she stammered.

"Here, let me take your stuff," Sven offered, grabbing her backpack effortlessly and slinging it over his shoulder. "Cherry Cove is just down the road, Jessica wants to meet you in her office as soon as possible." He began walking, then looked back when Flora wasn't following. "Err, Flora? You coming?"

Flora tore her gaze away from his ass. "Um, sorry," she apologized. "Jessica, uh, hadn't mentioned it was a nudist resort…"

Sven laughed. "Oh, that is classic Jess." He facepalmed himself. "In that case, sorry to surprise you like that. I'd have put something on if I'd known. Hope I didn't offend you."

"No, no!" Flora assured quickly. "Actually, nudity is fine. I think I'll fit right in. I was just surprised. Lead the way," she offered with a nervous laugh.

Sven grinned and resumed his walk. "That's the attitude! Whew, I was a bit worried there. If you were planning on spending this whole weekend in clothes, you'd stick out like a sore thumb." He resumed his hike. "You can even take 'em off now, if you like. It's great weather today."

"I…will soon," Flora answered. "Once I've been able to put my stuff away in my room." Normally she was more than happy to take her clothes off, but she didn't really want to explain her unusual body parts to Sven immediately after meeting them.

"You sure?" Sven lightly teased her. "We'll be there soon, and you're gonna feel weird being the only one with clothes on. Trust me."

Flora took a deep breath and started removing her shirt. "Fine, fine. It's just…there's something weird about me, but since you've asked so nicely…"

"Trust me, we've seen everything at Cherry Cove," Sven assured, and sure enough he barely blinked when Flora's pants came off to reveal her penis. It was refreshing, almost

empowering to be with someone who didn't care, for once, and Flora had no further reservations stuffing her clothes into her backpack and joining Sven on his walk.

It was a short walk to the resort, and Flora quickly felt grateful she'd honored Sven's advice; there were all sorts of species wandering the courtyard, from lynxes to alligators to even bison, and she'd have quickly drawn everyone's eye in the wrong way. As it is, she fit in perfectly as Sven led her past the relaxing resort-goers.

Cherry Cove was a gleaming silver masterpiece of architecture; sprawling bungalows and a physical fitness center circled a grassy courtyard containing a bluff overlooking the beach. Between the fitness center and the courtyard, a dining commons flanked several administrative offices, one of which seemed to be their destination.

Opening the door for the nearest one, Sven beckoned her into Jessica's office but didn't follow her inside.

"Eric?" Flora barely had time to react before a naked red wolf pounced over her desk and smothered Flora in a voluptuous hug. "Eric!" she cried excitedly. "You're here! And wow, look at you!"

"H-hey Jess!" Flora freed herself from Jessica's breasts so she could breathe. She got a good look at her older sister; Jessica had mom's dark red fur but father's gray eyes and self-confidence. "Actually I don't, uh, go by that name anymore. Please, call me Flora."

"Oh wow, why didn't I realize? I really should have guessed!" Jessica teased her, jostling Flora's breasts and causing her to yelp in alarm. "I almost can't believe it! You look so different, I can barely recognize you! Are these implants? They look great!"

"No, they— um, they're real!" Flora stepped back in alarm at her sister's forwardness. "It's kinda a long story."

"Well, I can't wait to hear it!" Jessica couldn't resist hugging her again. "Welcome to Cherry Cove, little sis! Owned and operated by yours truly!"

"I honestly didn't believe your letter when it said that," Flora admitted. "Mom and dad would blow a gasket if they ever learned you ran a nudist resort."

"Oh, I told them the minute I'd made enough money to handle being disinherited," Jessica's eyes flashed wickedly. "You know I tried to get Wanda down here too, but she just ignored my messages. Nice to see at least one other member of the family isn't a stick-in-the-mud!"

"Oh thank god she didn't come," Flora recoiled at even the mention of her younger sister's name. "You didn't grow up with her, she's the devil incarnate."

"What little sister isn't?" Jessica laughed. "Well, actually, you I guess. You were always the boring one. Hope you've worked on that!" She crossed to the door and flung it open, revealing the sun high in the sky over a luxurious beachscape. "I can't wait to finally get to know my little sister!" she proclaimed to Flora and the world. "Just you wait, Flora! I'm going to give you the best weekend *ever*!"

* * *

"You're running *drugs*?" Jessica's eyes widened in shock as she sipped her cocktail. "Illegally?"

"Someone's gotta do it," Flora shrugged. The two of them were seated at a patio table overlooking the ocean, enjoying pot pies from the cafeteria. "I've got a gang I run with. I'm the designated driver."

"Well, I hope you're taking care of yourself. That sounds like dangerous work, Eric." Jessica coughed to cover up her faux pas. "Flora, I mean. Sorry, that's going to take a little getting used to."

“No problem,” Flora grinned. “They’re a good bunch, the guys I run with. You’d like the leader, her name’s Emilena and she’s fiery.”

“I just don’t really understand how you wound up in Corona peddling drugs.” Jessica polished off her pot pie. “Last I’d heard, dad had you up in that rich boys’ boarding school. Whatever it was called.”

“Ywens, yeah.” Flora bit her lip. “It…didn’t really work out. You see, this gender morph wasn’t exactly…voluntary. I mean, it kinda was, but I couldn’t stop it once it started, and it made my life hell at that school. Just imagine slowly turning into a girl while attending an all-boys academy.”

“Ick. That sounds fucking awful.” Jessica leaned forward. “So wait, you’re telling me you just…started turning into a girl? How?”

Flora daintily cut her remaining pot pie into slices. “So I’ve learned a bit about this since then. In a nutshell, some people are born with a psionic power. Kinda like the X-Men, except the powers usually aren’t that great. In my case, I have the ability to change my appearance by altering my DNA, but it takes real-world months for the new appearance to grow in.” Flora shrugged helplessly. “As you can imagine, I almost never get to use it for that reason, so I pretty much just stay in this form full-time.”

“That’s so weird,” Jessica breathed, eyes traveling down Flora’s form with extreme interest. “Is it biological? You think I might be able to do that?”

Flora shook her head. “Psionic ability isn’t genetic. From what I’ve read, nobody knows where the powers come from. Only that they’re incredibly rare and seem to have no rhyme or reason to them.” She blew on her last bite of pot pie to cool it down. “Anyway, after a while, I couldn’t take the teasing and abuse at school anymore and ran away. I basically carjacked my way to Corona, and have been living at Emilena’s safehouse ever since.”

Jessica shook her head in disbelief. “The more I hear, the easier it is to disassociate you with that shy little boy Eric was.” She sat back. “Do you want to come live here with me? We have room at the resort. You’ll need to help out around the place, but it’ll be less than part-time work.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I’m really happy with my gang,” Flora assured. “They’ve been more of a family than my real one ever was. No offense.”

“Trust me, none taken.” Jessica grinned as a black dog walked over carrying a tray of mugs.

“Care for another drink, ladies?” beamed the waiter, offering Jessica a mug. “Steaming apple cider, freshly brewed.”

“Sure!” Flora piped up, though Jessica declined politely.

“Now don’t drink too much,” Jessica warned as the waiter passed Flora her drink. “We’ve got a bit of a hike ahead of us today. I want you to see—” Her words were cut off as the waiter stumbled and spilled the cider. The amber liquid splashed through the wire-frame patio table and drenched Flora’s lap, who screamed and pushed her chair away so quickly it sent her tumbling into the grass. “Flora!” Jessica cried out, leaping up. “Chris, what the hell?”

“I’m so, so sorry!” Chris stammered, moving to help Flora up. “Is your…uh…”

“I think they’re fine…” Flora winced as she tenderly cupped her pupmakers. “They’re not burnt or anything, that just…startled me, is all.”

“Flora, I am so sorry,” Jessica helped her to her feet. “We can take you to Sven in the medical center, or even back to your room if you need time to recover.”

“No no, it’s fine.” Flora staggered to her feet. “They’re fine.” She glanced at Chris, who had taken the opportunity to quickly walk away. “I hope he doesn’t worry about it, no harm done.”

Jessica broke into a smile. “That’s what I wanted to hear. We’ve got such a good day planned, I didn’t want to postpone anything! You’re going to love our upcoming hike!”

* * *

The sun was slowly trailing from the top of the sky as Jessica, Sven and Flora hiked through the grasslands flanking the forest.

“This place is so beautiful!” Flora breathed, gazing in wonder at the greenery extending all the way to the cliffs overlooking the ocean. The path from the resort had taken them around the cliffs and up a long curved road. “How far does the resort extend into the forest?”

“About two-thirds, but public nudity is legal anywhere in this district, so you don’t need to worry about keeping in bounds,” Jessica answered from the front of the line. “We have very few neighbors out this far, and the nearest town is about a thirty-minute walk down the train tracks.”

“Ah, you jinxed us, Jessica…” Sven groaned, squinting into the sun. “Speak of the devil…”

Flora realized another individual was walking down the road at them. He was an older dog in a farmer’s coat, the first clothed person she’d seen since arriving, who was wearing an unpleasant grimace as he glared at them.

“*Ruddy confounded whippersnappers, cavortin’ through me fields, lackin’ basic public graces…”* she heard him mutter to himself as he shoved rudely past her and continued his way.

“That’s Rusty,” Jessica glared at the man’s back as he disappeared down the road. “I guess you can worry about him, but he keeps to himself. Not happy about our resort, though.”

“He’s not dangerous. If you ignore him he’ll ignore you.” Sven pushed his way past the thicker bushes separating the forest from the fields. “Just this way,” he announced. “The hot springs are up ahead.”

Flora excitedly pushed past the tree line, and opened her mouth to ask how busy the hot springs usually were at this time, when her breath caught in her throat as Sven pushed past a low-hanging tree branch which whipped back and hit her right in the nuts. “*Gack*!” was the only word she could get out as she dropped to her knees, clutching her orbs for the second time in so many hours.

“Flora? What happened?” Jessica asked urgently, looking backwards.

“Nothing! We’re fine!” Flora wheezed, her voice several octaves higher than it normally was.

“She got whipped by a tree branch,” Sven informed. He leaned over and held Flora’s shoulders to help her balance. “I shoulda been more careful, super sorry.”

“That’s…uh…okay…” Flora gritted her teeth and remained crouched in a ball. “I’ll be okay…just need a bit of time to recover.”

“Flora, you are having the worst luck this weekend,” Jessica crossed her arms and leaned against a tree. “Would it help if Sven gave them a massage? He’s a licensed masseuse.”

Flora shook her head urgently. “No no, it’s nothing. I…” She stood back up, wincing with every step. “Let’s keep going, the hot springs are just what I need.”

The rest of the hike passed without event, and as the sky turned dark orange they emerged into a trio of jagged ponds leaving a steamy mist hanging over the area.

“Over here!” There was already a couple in the smallest pond, and as Flora approached she recognized a tiger and a skunk she’d seen earlier at the resort.

“Hi! Flora, this is Aysha and Wayne,” Jessica introduced the couple. “They’ve visited Cherry Cove every summer for the past three years. Wayne, Aysha, this is my younger sister Flora.”

“Hi Flora!” Wayne beamed. He wasn’t as tall as Sven, or nearly as muscled, but Flora suspected he still worked some sort of blue collar job. The skunk, Aysha, was pretty pudgy but

her tattoos revealed her to be a member of the armed forces. “Glad we got to meet you! We’re shipping overseas after this weekend, so you just caught us.”

“I’m only here for the weekend too!” Flora slipped her foot into the water, then quickly retracted it when it was scorching hot. “Woah, this gets hot!”

“You’ll get used to it, dearie.” Aysha was leaning back against the wall, causing her large breasts to float on the surface. “Take it slow.”

“Slow nothing, you should just jump in!” Sven grinned. “Like this!” With a whoop he dove right over Wayne and Aysha’s pond and drenched the four of them in water.

“Sven!” Jessica laughed, “I was going to keep my hair dry. Ah well.” She flashed Flora an encouraging grin as she slid into the smaller pond. “Up to you how you want to do it, but I’m not letting you leave before you’ve taken a dip.”

“In that case…” Flora leaped into the pond as well, landing right next to Sven. “Better sorry than safe!”

“That’s the spirit!” Sven cheered, splashing her back.

“And it was so peaceful here, too,” Wayne chuckled as Sven and Flora began racing laps around the spring.

“Hey, Rusty wasn’t giving you trouble, was he?” Jessica asked. “We saw him coming down the road.”

“Yeah, he was ranting at us about how terrible the resort was for his property value, the usual.” Aysha yawned. “We told him to go stuff himself.”

“OK, awesome.” Jessica grumbled. “He’s been getting bolder recently. I’m worried he’s found a sympathetic voice on the police force or something.”

“The resort has all its paperwork in order, right?” Wayne asked.

“Oh, of course. But this is a red state, last time he got the cops involved it took an expensive legal settlement to prove we were in the right.” Jessica sighed and sank down into the water.”

“Bohemia must always grapple with the close-minded,” Wayne flourished dramatically. “You got a good thing here, I’d hate to see anything happen to it.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. He hasn’t a leg to stand on, after all.” Aysha looked dreamily at Flora as she hoisted herself out of the bigger pond and into the smaller. “Has Flora gotten to see the beach yet?”

“Nope! That’s next on the to-do list, after she’s steamed herself out.” Jessica craned her neck. “Sven, where have you gotten off to?”

“Right here!” Sven emerged from the foliage, holding several translucent sacs. “Flora, check this out. You ever seen these before?”

Wayne squinted. “Are those schaum pods?”

“Yup!” Sven crushed them in his hand and swirled his hands around in the water. “Everybody start moving in a circle. Get a little whirlpool going.” As they got the water moving, Flora noticed to her surprise that foamy bubbles were forming in the water, giving it a syrupy scent. “This forest is one of only six places these berries grow, and most of the others are in the Mediterranean,” Sven explained as he climbed in with everyone. “It’s like nature’s bubble bath.”

“That’s so cool!” Flora exclaimed. She started popping bubbles as Wayne asked Sven botanical questions about the berries. Sven seemed like a pretty smart guy, considering he worked in the medical center. Flora could see why Jessica dated him.

Flora stretched and laid her head back on the rocks surrounding the pools. It was approaching twilight, and the sun shining through the trees coupled with the overwhelming heat of the pools was making her sleepy. *I can’t fall asleep yet*, she warned herself. *I’m only here for two days, gotta do as much as possible. There’ll be time for sleep when I leave…*

Her thoughts trailed off. Somebody's…*something* was rubbing against her crotch. It was a tight enough fit with five people in the pool, so she first thought it was an accident, but when fingers tickled her scrotum she sat up in surprise.

Wayne and Sven were talking about schaum pods, Aysha was recapping last night's football game for Jessica. None of them were paying attention to her, and there were too many bubbles to tell who was giving her a secret handjob. Flora felt a light moan escape her throat as the fingers trailed up her shaft and circled her rapidly-swelling cockhead.

"What kinda noise was that, Flora?" Jessica laughed, looking over. "Thought you'd fallen asleep."

"No way," Flora shook her head while also checking to see if anyone else was making eye contact. "I wouldn't want to sleep, we've still got things to do!"

"Right you are!" Jessica stood up and brushed bubbles off her form. "You ready to get going? There's still enough light to see the beach!"

"I…um…" Flora gulped as the hand continued massaging her private parts. "Ummm, we can still stay here for a bit, right?"

"We can, but you'll miss sunset. It's the most beautiful sight." Wayne stood up as well. "Aysha and I would like to come, if that's alright. This is our last chance to see the green flash."

"Green flash? What's that?" Flora stammered, gulping as the hand started pumping her cock. She felt flashes of pleasure ripple down her abdomen, and had to fight to keep it from showing on her face.

"The green flash is a rare astrological event," Sven explained. "Sometimes, completely at random, the sky will flash bright with a brilliant green light at the moment the sun hits the horizon. Wayne keeps hoping to see it, but it hasn't happened yet."

"Just you wait, I got a good feeling about tonight," Wayne tapped Aysha at the same time Jessica grabbed Sven. "Come on, let's go."

All of a sudden, the hand retreated as Sven and Aysha stood up at the same time. "Oh fine, if you insist," Aysha yawned. "I could fall asleep in that hot spring if I didn't get so famished at midnight."

"Come on, Flora." Jessica cocked her head. "What's going on?"

"It's nothing, I…" Flora gulped, covering her crotch as the bubbles faded away. She looked at Sven and Aysha, but neither gave any clues as to who'd been stimulating her. "I'll be up soon."

Understanding suddenly flashed across Jessica's face. "Flora, did you get an erection? You don't need to be embarrassed! You're with nudists, we understand."

Wayne nodded. "That's completely normal, it happens to all of us. At least, those of us with the relevant plumbing." Sven nodded his agreement.

Flora shifted her weight. "Okay, yeah, that was it…" She still couldn't keep a blush off her face as she stood up herself, but true to form nobody looked twice.

"I still think you should seriously consider moving here, Flora," Jessica pushed a fern out of the way of the path. "You'll love how open-minded and accepting everyone is. Anyway, let's get to the beach!"

* * *

The fading sun was casting brilliant orange streaks across the cloudy coastal sky. Flora marveled at how soft the sand was underneath her paws. "Your beaches are great!" she exclaimed. "The nearest beaches to Corona are all pebbly nightmares."

"Yeah, the forest is nice, but people come to Cherry Cove for the beach." Jessica fiddled with a light switch near a signpost, and a series of lights activated along the beach. "This place

will be packed during the day, which is why I brought you here at night. We have the whole place to ourselves!"

"Hey, somebody left a volleyball on one of the courts," Wayne pointed out. "Anyone up for a game?"

Sven and Aysha nodded excitedly, but Jessica looked back down the path. "Actually, at this point I need to take my leave," she admitted. "I have a couple things to do before I go to bed. Sven, you're in charge of taking Flora home."

"You bet!" Sven clapped Flora on the back. "You in, Flora? Ready to show these two how the game is played?"

"No, I want her on my team!" Aysha folded her arms. "Guys vs. girls is a sacred tradition."

"She's right, Sven," Flora picked the ball up and threw it to him. "I bet you and Wayne won't have ten points on us before we win!"

Flora waved goodbye to Jessica as she parted ways and the foursome assumed positions on the volleyball court. The ball turned out to be glow-in-the-dark, and Wayne began the game with an easy serve that Aysha spiked into the ground with an acrobatic grace unexpected from her chubby frame. "You'll have to do better than that to get past a fighter pilot!" she crowed. "Haven't you seen *Top Gun*?"

But Flora served two outs in a row, making it 1-1. As the game went along, it soon became clear that Aysha and Sven were the two best players on the field, with Wayne and Flora playing more supportive roles. The teams were so evenly matched that after several hours of intense play, during which the sun completely disappeared from the sky, that the game reached match point with both teams tied.

"Aww, too bad Wayne, no green flash for you this time," panted Aysha, wiping sweat off her face. "And now you're gonna lose the game to boot."

"Brave words for someone who got lucky last point," Wayne countered with a playful smile, brushing sand off his thighs. "We'll see how cocky you are once we've got the ball and are serving to win!"

"Not gonna happen. *Hiya!*" Aysha threw the ball in the air and smacked it over the net with a blazing cross-court hit. Sven was able to pop the ball to Wayne, who volleyed it over the net, and Flora set Aysha up for the spike. Sven countered the spike but Flora blocked the rebound, sending it to Wayne who hit it to the far back of the court. Flora couldn't tell if it was going in or out, but Aysha didn't take any chances and dove to send it bobbing in the air.

Time seemed to slow down as Flora leaped into the air, arm outstretched, for her own spike. Wayne positioned himself for the block, but he didn't have the right angle, and Flora could taste victory as she smacked the ball with all her might and sent it flying into his foot, where it rebounded and smacked her straight in the nuts mid-fall.

She hadn't even hit the ground before a dull, thudding ache reverberated through her abdomen, and she let out a strangled gasp as she collapsed into the sand. Wayne was calling something out but she couldn't even hear it, the pain in her balls drowning out all other sensations.

She'd curled tightly into the fetal position by the time her hearing returned. "Shit, Flora, I'm really sorry, that was a complete accident!" Wayne promised.

"Give her some room!" Aysha tried to push Wayne and Sven away.

"It's…" Flora tried to say it was okay, but her words weren't coming easy. "I'm…okay." She rolled onto her back and let out a ragged moan as she massaged feeling back into her testicles. "I'll be fine…"

"We should probably head back," Sven said. "It's getting late. Flora, if anything feels injured we can check them over in the medical center."

“No no, they’re not injured. It just…just hurts.” The sharp pain was receding, replaced with a heavy feeling that sent painful twinges through her nuts whenever they moved. “I just need to lie here a bit.”

“Man, you are a trooper,” Wayne nodded approvingly. “I wouldn’t want to do *anything* for the rest of the night if I got hit like that.”

“That can be arranged,” Aysha glared at him. “If we hadn’t beaten you fair and square, I’d be nut-sacking you in reciprocation right now.”

“It was a wild rebound!” Wayne covered his crotch defensively. “Not my fault in the slightest.”

“He’s right. Don’t worry about it.” Flora took a deep breath and sat up. “I want…to go swimming.”

Everyone looked at the pitch-black ocean. “You sure, Flora?” asked Sven. “We can always come back tomorrow.”

“I don’t want to hike home covered in sand and sweat,” Flora pointed out. With Aysha’s help she shakily stood back up. “And some cold water would be perfect for, uh, numbing the pain a little bit.”

“Well, unfortunately Cherry Cove can’t help you there, our waters are refreshingly warm in the summer.” Sven held out a hand to help her walk, but Flora waved him off. “But you’re the guest. Just take care of the family jewels while you’re in there.”

“Yeah, don’t worry, I won’t be boogie-boarding or anything.” Flora glanced at Aysha and Wayne. “You two coming?”

“We appreciate the offer, but our favorite way to wash off is with a two-person shower.” Aysha curled her finger in Wayne’s hair coyly. “We’ll see you two tomorrow.”

Flora wasn’t sure she was happy with the idea of swimming alone with Sven. She couldn’t help but feel attracted to him, and the last thing she needed was temptation to do anything that would lose her newfound sister’s favor. *You’re overthinking things*, she told herself. *Just say no if he tries anything, and enjoy his company*.

“So, Sven, how did you and Jessica meet?” she asked, as they waded into the surf.

“They needed a manager for the medical center,” he answered, diving into the water and resurfacing with a whoop. “Originally this was just gonna be my summer job, but that was two years ago and I haven’t left since!”

Flora slid into the water more gracefully than he did, grimacing slightly when her wounded plums hit the water’s surface. Just as promised, the water was warmer than any ocean she’d ever been in before, and the sand remained just as soft as it had been before. “How many staff members work at the resort full-time?”

“About thirty. We have a lot of turnover; nobody seems to like how high the rent is.” Sven sighed as he floated languidly on the water’s surface. Flora forced herself to look away from his rippling abs. “But I’d pay any amount to stay with your sister. She’s a remarkable woman.”

“She sure seems like it!” Flora nodded, relieved somewhat to hear he was happily hooked up. She tried to emulate his relaxed deadman’s float, but succeeded only in dunking her head underwater. “Yeah, I can imagine it’s kinda like having your own little paradise, living here full-time.”

“It really is.” Sven came out of his float, but to his surprise didn’t find footing. “Woah. I forget how quickly the shore bottoms out. Didn’t plan to take you out this far.”

“Should we head back in?” Flora asked.

“Up to you. The water here is really safe, other than the occasional jellyfish. Actually…” Sven stuck his head underwater for a second, “Oh cool! We’re right above one of the patches of bioluminescent kelp native to this coastline.”

“Hmm?” Flora took a deep breath and dove underwater. She could see a faint glow deep below her, and bridged the distance with several powerful strokes. At this time of night, she couldn’t make the plants out until she was extremely close, but before long she was floating over undulating rows of eerie green seaweed.

She made to kick back up, but suddenly a searing, stinging pain, like a taser shock, radiated from her scrotum and throughout her body. Flora looked down in alarm and saw a single jellyfish float lazily across her crotch. Any semblance of controlling her strokes were dashed as the pain drove everything else from her mind. Her legs suddenly felt drained of energy, and in the blackness of the night she couldn’t even remember which way the surface was. She opened her mouth to scream for Sven and accidentally swallowed a massive gulp of salt water.

After what felt like an eternity, a pair of strong hands grabbed her and dragged her to the surface. “Flora!” panted Sven, “What happened? Breathe!”

Flora coughed up water. “I got…stung…” she gasped, cupping her orbs and futilely trying to stop from writhing in agony.

“Oh shit, there was a jellyfish?” Sven grabbed her and quickly began the swim back to shore. “Just hang onto me,” he urged, hoisting her onto his back. Flora quickly complied, but couldn’t help wincing as her testicles bounced off his back with every stroke.

Several painful seconds later, Sven helped her crawl onto the beach. “It’s gonna hurt a lot, but don’t worry, the venom is harmless and we’ve got a fast-acting ointment at the medical center,” he urged. “Can you walk?”

Flora tried to stand, but the pain was too much. She shook her head, tears streaming down her face from the burning and the embarrassment.

“Okay, where did it sting you?”

“My…my nuts…” Flora gasped.

“Seriously?” Sven shook his head in disbelief. “Holy shit no wonder you can’t walk. Well, there is a much quicker solution…spread your legs and remove your hands please.”

It took an act of willpower to comply, but Flora whimpered pitifully as she lay spreadeagle in the sand. Then a stream of hot liquid hit her in the crotch and she gasped in surprise as the pain faded. “Oh my god…that feels better…how did you…?” she asked, before looking up and quickly putting the piece together.

“Urine contains ammonia,” he explained, looking away. “Sorry it’s a bit gross, but it’ll help you get home…”

“Trust me, I’m not complaining…” As his stream faded away, Flora hoisted herself onto her elbows and knees and relished the sensation of not being in crippling agony. “Oh my god, I can walk again. Thank god you have a medical degree.”

“I actually learned that one from *Friends*, but I’ll take the compliment.” Sven helped her to her feet. “Let’s wash you off and get you to bed.”

After a quick rinse in the outdoor shower, Flora and Sven began their hike back to the resort.

“Erm…” Flora muttered after a few minutes of hiking, palpitating her scrotum urgently. “The stinging is…kinda coming back.”

“Yeah, we’re gonna stop by the medical bay before we get home, I’ve got a salve for that,” Sven assured.

“Can we get there quickly?” Flora asked, voice raising an octave. The relief was quickly proving to be a temporary solution.

Sven bit his lip. “I guess we can scale down the cliffside instead of taking the road, that’ll save at least ten minutes. But it’s not safe to do this late at night—”

“I don’t care, just lead the way!” Flora broke off from the beaten path urgently, seeing the lights of the resort somewhere below them.

“Flora, hold on!” Sven scrambled after her. “I really don’t think this is a good idea! The cliffs aren’t that secure-!”

Flora was already casting her paws into the darkness looking for footholds down. Within seconds, she was at a steep angle, gravity fighting her as she made her angled way down.

“Flora, come back up!” Sven called. “Please! This isn’t safe!”

“You don’t understand how much it hurts!” Flora gritted her teeth. The stinging was back almost in full force. “I can’t take—*oop!”*

The rock under her foot suddenly broke, sending her tumbling into the darkness. She hit her head, then her butt, then her arm on heavy clods of dirt as she rode a mini avalanche down the cliffside, a tumble that abruptly ended with a split-second freefall. Before she had time to think, she’d landed balls-first on a large narrow rock.

Agony erupted throughout her body, and the last thing she heard was Sven calling for her as she passed out in the dirt.

* * *

Considering the circumstances of how she fell asleep, Flora was surprised at how neutral she felt when she groggily came to. Moaning softly, she kept her eyes shut as her mind sorted the memories from last night, until she quickly realized one reason she felt so good; somebody was massaging her testicles.

“Flora? Are you awake?” Sven whispered. Flora nodded weakly. Languidly opening her eyes, she took in her surroundings; she was in a comfortable-looking hotel room, on a fluffy padded bed with her caretaker kneeling at the foot. “That’s good. You were only out for maybe 15 minutes, and the sooner you wake up from unconsciousness the better.”

Flora winced as Sven’s muscled fingers continued palpitating her abused spuds. “How are…uh…the girls looking?” she asked. “They feel fine…surprisingly…”

“This salve we’ve got is a miracle worker,” he nodded. “Isofase oil. I gave your elbows and knees a bit too, they were looking scuffed. But all things considered, you took that tumble far better than most people would.”

“Well, psionically giving myself a permanently-athletic body has its perks…” Flora felt a low moan escape her throat as he circled her inner thighs with his thumbs. “But why do…ugh…I feel weird…?”

“That’s one of the side effects, I’m afraid.” Sven cupped her sac in a warming grasp. “You feel a bit loopy as it sets in. It feels kinda like a mild trip. But don’t worry, it’ll be gone after a night’s sleep.”

“Okay…” Flora stifled a low moan as his stimulation competed with the dizziness for her attention. “Um, Sven, I know you said you nudists don’t mind erections, but I gotta warn you, if you keep this up…”

“Go ahead, that’s what I’m counting on,” he chuckled. “In fact, I was hoping to double-check everything down here is still functional, and that calls for a ‘practical exam’…”

Flora tried to brush him off, but winced when the drugs inhibited her motor functions. “Sven, wait,” she protested weakly. “You’re dating my sister. I can’t…” she couldn’t believe he was forcing her to say it. “I’m not going to let you cheat on her. At least not with me…”

Sven trailed his finger around the tip of her cock, sending into spasms of pleasure. “Flora, me and Jessica are in an open relationship. We fool around with other people all the time. She gave me the okay to sleep with you from the moment she showed me your picture.”

Flora looked at him. “Are you telling the truth? You better not be lying. Cause I’m gonna tell her first thing tomorrow…”

“Go ahead,” he grinned. “I promise. And after the thrashing your balls got today, I think they deserve a little release.” Without waiting for her to get fully hard, he curled his fingers around her length and began rhymically stroking her, and any further protests died in her throat.

Her mind felt like it was on fire as both of his hands worked her most sensitive areas. Maybe it was the numerous close calls she’d suffered through to get to this point, or maybe it was the strength and experience behind his hands’ movements, but he proved to be an expert at pushing her to the peak without letting her spill over. “Sven…” she finally confessed, as the build-up threatened to drive her out of her mind, “why aren’t you letting me finish…?”

“Just wanted to make this moment last,” he teased, pressing his thumbs deep into her inner thigh muscles and leaving her panting desperately for release. “I could have made you cum in seconds if I wanted, but I happen to be enjoying myself. Though if you really want it to end…”

“I…don’t know…” Flora murmured, as the intensity threatened to knock her out. “I’m getting so dizzy…but I’ve got to finish before I pass out again…”

Sven sighed playfully. “I suppose the weekend is still young.” He transitioned from teasing to a full-on handjob, and Flora erupted into high-pitched squeals as she felt her orgasm roaring up. Arching her back reflexively, she cried out as she splashed herself messily with her own ejaculation.

“Whew!” Sven nodded encouragingly, giving her cock a few more supportive pumps. “You were pent up! And I’m happy to report everything works.” He stood up. “You feel capable of taking a shower? You should at least clean up a bit before falling asleep.”

The disorientation was threatening to knock Flora out of the bed if she tried to stand. “I’ll worry about it in the morning…” she murmured, blinking in confusion. “What the fuck is *in* this oil…?”

Sven laughed. “There’s a reason I applied it here in bed, and not at the infirmary.” He made to leave. “I suppose a morning shower wouldn’t be the worst thing. You get a good rest. You’ll feel completely fine by morning. Or, more realistically, late afternoon…”

“Sven!” Flora finally burst out, as her brain finally caught up and realized he was about to leave. “Wait. Please, come here.”

He looked over. “Hmm?”

“Can I…” Flora felt herself flushing bright red. “Can I please see your cock?” she finally confessed. “I’ve been staring at it all day…I just want to see it hard.”

Sven raised his eyebrows. “Well! Uh…I suppose I can’t very well leave without granting a request like that.” He made his way back to the side of the bed, and Flora dizzily grasped at the massive rod of meat she couldn’t stop ogling.

“I’ve never seen a naked horse before…” she murmured, tugging at it in a disoriented attempt at a handjob. “How do you keep it from showing through your pants? It’s huge…”

“One of the perks of living in a nudist colony,” he agreed cheerfully, acquiescing as Flora pulled him forward and ran her tongue along his tip. “Though one downside is that nobody can really give me good head. It’s just too large.”

Flora noted that her fingers didn’t even reach all the way around, but she never considered herself a quitter. “Oh yeah? Well you’d never met *me* before—gack!” In one second she went from wrapping her lips around that massive horsecock to gagging uncontrollably as it almost instantly hit the back of her throat.

Sven quickly retreated as Flora retched in alarm and cleared her throat. “Sorry! Sorry. Tried to warn you. Even Jessica can’t get very far.” He returned to the foot of the bed and slid his cock between her thighs. “I think you’re a bit too drugged to take charge right now, but if you’re willing to just lie there, I’ve always been a fan of this position.”

Flora purred as she felt his massive shaft and balls rubbing against her own. “Mmmmm, go ahead…I’m already covered in cum, so hit me with your best shot.”

“Hate to break it to you,” Sven grunted, increasing his pace. “But you aren’t covered yet. Just wait…till you see…”

Flora panted happily as Sven used her like a toy, the soft *slap slap slap* of his massive horsecock smothering her own in firm, repeating thrusts. Her tongue lolled contentedly out of her mouth as she felt his muscle tightening.

“Here…it…comes—” Sven tried to warn, and then Flora felt his cock veins bulge as suddenly a veritable wave of cum drenched her stomach, breasts and face.

Flora had just enough time to close her eyes from the sudden outpour. “Jesus Christ,” she gasped, spitting seed out from where it had hit the roof of her mouth. “How does Jessica handle that?”

“With lots of laundry days…and showers immediately afterward…” Sven gasped. Staggering to his feet, he picked her up and looked at the bathroom. “You should really shower before you go to sleep. You’ll be all crusty in the morning.”

“I can’t…I don’t mind…” Flora shook her head. “Just lay me back down.” Despite having done very little during their outersex, she felt just as physically drained as he looked.

Sven shrugged and lay her down on the side of the bed that didn’t have a massive wet spot. “Suit yourself. You’ll probably be asleep in seconds anyway.” He smiled as he crossed to the bathroom, soaked a towel with wet water and cleaned her face. “There we go. Promise me you’ll shower in the morning, though, yeah?”

But Flora was already asleep. Laughing to himself, Sven left the apartment, locking the door behind him.

* * *

Flora sighed with relief as the professor finally released the class. It was the final lecture of the Friday before a three-day weekend, meaning she had a full three days of privacy to look forward to.

She ensured she was the first student to leave, but even then she hid in the bushes as the other students filtered out the classes. Some headed to the dining commons, others to the library or the dormitories. All Flora cared was that they went somewhere. It took about thirty minutes for the coast to be clear, and only then did she begin creeping her way to her dorm.

She couldn’t stop her heart from beating heavily. Transitions were the worst. The outdoors were the source of most of her traumatic experiences with the other students. In class the worst that happened was a copped feel or a spitball to the back of the head, but out here there were rarely adults to stop her fellow classmates from hazing her at the slightest opportunity.

She got a glance at herself in a tinted classroom window as she made her way to the alleyway that led to her dorm. She was even pinker than yesterday…why was her body doing this? It was hard enough slowly turning into the only girl on campus, did her fur need to make her stand out like a sore thumb?

Crouching in the bushes on the far side of the alley, Flora glanced both ways down the road. There were a few students walking in either direction (this close to the dinner the walkways would never be fully empty) but she recognized them as non-hostile students. Gulping, she speed-walked to the side entrance, let herself in with shaking hands, and shut the door behind her with a sigh of relief.

Then somebody’s foot kicked her directly in the crotch, causing her to squawk and collapse into the fetal position. “Hi Eric!” laughed Oakes, the leader of a small gang of students Flora avoided at all costs. “You’re late from class, Eric! What kept you?”

Flora fought to keep from crying. “Guys, please, just leave me alone…” she whimpered, scrambling backwards into the corner.

“What’s the matter, Eric?” Oakes’ eyes twinkled with malicious merriment. “Is it that time of the month?”

“I’m not a girl!” Flora barked back. “I don’t know why this is happening to me!” She fought back as two of the boys tried to force her to her feet.

“You’re not a girl? Those are some nice-looking tits for a boy!” Oakes laughed as the boys succeeded in getting Flora up, only for him to kick her squarely in the nuts again so she collapsed back to the floor. “What’s the matter? That shouldn’t have hurt if you’re a girl, right? You haven’t grown a vagina yet?”

“Let’s find out!” Another grabbed her by the leg, dragging her away from her corner.

“Hey, stop!” Flora pleaded as they pinned her extremities down. “Come on, not today! Aren’t you going home for the weekend?”

“Yeah, but we thought we’d say goodbye!” Oakes shook his head in disappointment as his lackies successfully pulled Flora’s pants off. “Aw, still a scrawny little dick. That’s a shame.”

“Please don’t kick it again!” Flora begged, wincing pre-emptively and fighting hopelessly to free herself, but she still wasn’t prepared as his third punt struck true. One of them covered her mouth to muffle her screaming.

“Hey, what’s your problem? You want to be a girl so bad, we’re helping you!” Oakes teased, kicking her in the nuts a fourth time. The agony was unbearable, endless waves of pain radiating out of her abdomen and throughout her body.

“I’m not a girl!” Flora squealed, biting the hand that muffled her. The student cursed and slapped her.

“You don’t think so? I think we should get some more opinions. Strip her,” Oakes ordered. Flora fought, but the gang easily tore her clothes off. “Let’s see what the rest of Ywens thinks!”

“No!” Flora screeched, realizing what they had planned. “Oakes, please don’t! No!”

But it was no use. Hoisting her to her feet, Oakes opened the door and his stooges pushed her outside, where she hit the pavement just in time to hear the door slam back shut. “Oakes!” Flora sobbed, trying hopelessly to cover herself. Her clothes, her backpack, her keys were all on the other side. She wrestled desperately with the doorknob, as a slowly-gathering crowd of students leaving the dining hall gathered to watch her plight—

Flora awoke with a startled yelp. Her heart was racing a mile a minute, and her brain struggled to catch up and remind her that boarding school was ancient history. With a resigned sigh, she collapsed back into her pillow.

That was a long time ago, she reassured herself, even if her dream made it feel like yesterday. She reminded herself she was an adult, at a nudist resort, surrounded by kind people who liked her. *Why did my dreams even dredge that memory up right now?*

She heard her phone buzz. She glanced at the bedside cabinet, but it wasn't there. She leaned over and glanced at the floor, but she didn’t see it down there either.

Then she yelped when another buzz sent it falling from a shelf above the bed and smacking her right in the nuts. *Ohhhh, that might be why…* she grimaced, finding herself yet again in the fetal position nursing her battered babymakers. *What the fuck is wrong with this resort? Is it cursed or something?*

Another buzz lit up the phone screen. *I’m not gonna let you sleep all day, Flora!,* texted Jessica. *Come on! Big day ahead of us!*

Flora rolled over to leave bed, but found her fur so matted with dried semen that she had trouble moving her joints. “How the hell does Jessica put up with a volume like that on a regular basis…?” she wondered aloud, limping to the bathroom. Other than a slight tenderness in her

nethers from her phone's arrival on the bed, she felt completely recovered from yesterday and excited to see what the resort had to offer today.

After a very soapy shower, she dried off and wandered outside. Just like before, there were all sorts of different species wandering Cherry Cove's halls; she recognized a deer couple from yesterday, but not the frog she followed into the dining hall.

"Flora!" called out Jessica, waving excitedly from the far side of the hall. "Grab lunch and sit with me!"

Flora self-served mashed potatoes and a deep-fried vegetable spread and crossed to sit with her sister. "Hi Jess! How did you sleep?" she asked.

"I've been awake since 8am, you lazybutt!" Jessica rolled her eyes. "What did you and Sven get up to last night? I couldn't get him out of bed either!"

Flora felt her stomach plummet. She almost debated not saying anything, but her sister had a right to know. "Jess…" she admitted, taking a deep breath. "Sven and I had a…sexual encounter last night. He told me you were okay with that, but if you're not I am so, so—"

"He told you the truth," Jessica chuckled. "I'll admit, I didn't think you'd ever go for it, but it's nice to hear you both had a good time together." She took a big bite of her potatoes as Flora looked in disbelief at her indifference. "Sex is a biological urge, it's different from love," Jessica continued. "Sven and I agree we can both lust after as many people as we want; but I know I'll always be the only person he loves."

Flora exhaled in relief. "Wow. That is a really, really nice thing to hear. I was so worried…"

"Yeah, most people aren't expecting us to be so open. One time somebody tried to blackmail me after we slept together, he just could not comprehend that my boyfriend was already in the know. But enough about me!" Jessica suddenly switched to somber, focused eye contact. "Flora, as general manager of the Cherry Cove nudist resort, I want to personally apologize for how your first day at our resort went. I assure you we strive to take the absolute best care of our guests, and that does *not* involve them getting hit in the nuts a hundred times in one day. If there's anything we can do to compensate you for the trauma you've endured—"

"Sis, stop it," Flora interrupted. "They were accidents. Bizarre ones, but none of them were intentional and I know that. Despite what you may think, I had a blast yesterday and I can't wait to see more of the resort today."

Jessica seemed relieved at that answer. "That's awesome because that was the first thing on our agenda. You got to see the surrounding environment, but you haven't really gotten to enjoy the many facilities we have right here in the resort." She stood up. "Chris can grab our plates. Let's go!"

* * *

"This is the gymnasium!" Jessica announced proudly, leading Flora into a massive complex of weight racks, cardio machines, and treadmills. "We've got every single workout routine you can imagine, and we maintain a very strict No Judgement Zone! Fitness is a worthwhile pursuit for every guest to enjoy!"

Flora noted that several overweight resort-goers were working on the equipment without anyone giving them a hard time. "Er, how do you keep this place sanitary?" she asked, watching a very heavy hippo collapse in her seat after a strenuous circuit on the thigh machine.

"Very strict policies on cleaning after yourself with disinfectant spray and paper towels," Jessica answered. "And there are always workers on duty to help out. Speaking of which, I really wanted you to meet Ramone!"

A toned human looked over and grinned, and Flora didn't see his most surprising aspect until he walked over to them; he had a vulva!

“So this must be the Flora I’ve heard so much about!” he said with a slight South American accent, extending his hand. “Welcome to the Cherry Cove gym!”

“Glad to be here!” Flora grinned. “Um, pardon me for asking, but are you…transgender?”

Ramone shook his head. “Sadly not. I lost my penis in a horrific exercycle accident.” But he and Jessica both couldn’t stop from bursting into laughter at Flora’s horrified expression. “I am kidding! Just a joke. My apologies.”

“No, that’s fine.” Flora realized it had been a pretty silly question. “I’ve just never met a trans person before. I’d love to talk to you later, maybe in a more private setting, if you’d be willing.”

“Of course! I’m off the clock tonight. I can seek you out.” He raised an eyebrow. “Though, pardon me if I’m mistaken, but are you not trans yourself?”

“I’ve never been sure whether I qualify,” she admitted. “I’m a low-level psion, you see. I can kinda change back and forth if I wanted, you know?”

“Wow! Wish I could do that,” he shrugged cheerily. “For now, feel free to try any of my machines, or you can continue the tour with Jessica!”

Flora felt her testicles retract just looking at the weight rack. “Er, my nuts haven’t had the greatest track record this weekend. I think I’ll stay away from the exercise equipment…”

Ramone thought this answer was hilarious, but Jessica hurriedly ushered Flora out of the gym with a less-than-pleased expression. “Next on our tour, the sauna!” she announced quickly. “This attraction is far, far more popular in the wintertime, but that means today there won’t be any lines!”

She led Flora into a massive room full of wooden cubicles, with a public common area in the center. Flora was hit with a wave of heavy sweltering air the second she passed through the door. “Saunas are actually great for your body,” Jessica explained as she stabbed the center coals with a poker. “You’ll sweat away all that extra water weight, and the heat will do wonders for your complexion!”

“Mmmm,” Flora nodded, sitting on the ribbed wooden benches and letting the heat wash over her.

“Now I know you won’t be able to stay long,” Jessica acquiesced. “It’s hot enough outside. But if we were staying for a full 30-minute session, we’d rub ourselves down with oil from that dispenser. And then we could head to the jacuzzis through that door. And we’ll do that soon. But first I want to show you…the view!”

Jessica pushed open the back doors and led Flora to a balcony overlooking the beach. Flora gasped in awe at the 180-degree panorama of nature on display. “People come far and wide to take pictures on this balcony!” Jessica beamed proudly. “We’ve even had a couple weddings out here!”

Flora sat down on one of the wooden deck chairs. and stretched out. It was almost as hot out here as in the sauna, but she much preferred this one for the refreshing view and crisp ocean air. “How much does it cost to come to this resort?” she asked.

“For you, it’ll always be free,” Jessica smiled. “Otherwise, trust me, you don’t want to know.” She took her own chair.

Flora felt the chair’s shape contort to match her body’s curves, which was comforting until she remembered the chair was made of wood. “Whoa, what are these patio chairs made of?” she asked in alarm.

“Ply wood. And that’s not the construction term you’re thinking of. The ply tree is native to Brazil, and it’s one of the softest woods on the planet,” Jessica explained. “These chairs are top-of-the-line. I’d put them everywhere in the resort but they’re insanely expensive.”

Flora settled deeper into the chair. “Well, honestly I kinda like them only being here. It goes with the view, makes this balcony a real one-of-a-kind place.”

“I guess that’s one way to look at it,” Jessica laughed.

Flora stretched. “Still, better continue with the tour…” She shifted her weight to her butt in order to hoist herself up and felt a light *pop*. “Huh?” She tried to sit up, and was punished with such an intense pinching feeling in her scrotum that her fur stood on end and she screeched aloud.

“Flora! What is it?” Jessica jumped up.

“*Jessica*…” Flora whimpered in a high-pitched voice, too scared to move again. “*I think we have a problem…*” She examined her crotch; her weight had stretched apart the wooden slits to the extent that her nutsack had slipped through, and was now trapped on the other side of the seat.

Jessica dropped to her knees and cursed aloud. “Oh fuck. Don’t move!” She climbed under the seat and experimentally prodded her spuds. “Goddamn, they’re wedged tight. How did you do this?”

“Be gentle!” Flora yelped, trying in vain to get her finger through the slit. “Ow! Don’t do that!”

“Okay, um…hang on!” Flora could hear the panic in her sister’s voice. “I’m just gonna push them, really carefully…try and pull the boards apart on your end—”

“Augh! Stop!” Flora stammered, wincing with Jessica’s every touch.

Jessica climbed out from the chair. “I’ll call Sven,” she stammered. “Maybe an ambulance. We might have to cut you out…”

“Hold on…” Flora gritted her teeth. “I originally opened the slits by hunkering down in the seat. If I do that again, I think…” She pressed down into the seat with all her might. “Yeah, it’s opening…but not enough.”

“I can help from the other end, but let me grab oil from the sauna!” Jessica darted away and quickly returned. “Okay,” she affirmed, climbing under the chair and slathering Flora’s testicles, “tell me when to push!”

“Okay, on count of three…” Flora gasped. “One…two…*OW!*”

“I thought you were gonna say three!” Jessica protested. “You didn't say three!”

“*Wait till I say three!*” Flora cried. “One, two, *threeowww!”*

“That was close!” Jessica panted. “One more and we’ve got it! Again!”

Flora didn’t have time to think. “One, two, three!” With a final strangled cry, she felt Jessica smash her balls through the wooden slit and send Flora leaping out of the chair and into a crumpled heap on the balcony.

“Fuck fuck fuck…” Jessica threw the chair aside. “Flora, is everything intact?” she stammered. “Jesus, if you’re at all injured, I don’t know what I’ll—”

“Shhhh…” Flora pleaded. “Please. Just, give me a minute…” She rubbed her aching nuts, which despite their ordeal seemed intact. “Okay, everything’s fine…I’ll recover.”

Jessica grabbed the chair and flung it off the balcony. “Stupid expensive piece of shit! I’ll replace the lot of them!” she vowed, tears stinging her eyes. “I will have a better chair *mailed to your home in Corona,* I swear!”

As the stomach-wrenching pain died away, Flora found herself able to walk again and hoisted herself to a knee-locked standing position with the help of the balcony bannister. “It’s all right Jess. It was…somehow…another accident.” She smiled weakly at her sister. “I think my nuts are toughening up…that didn’t hurt as much as I expected it too…”

Jessica surprised her with a tearful embrace. “I’m glad you’re okay,” she breathed. “If you want to leave, I understand.”

“I want to leave the balcony, but only so you can keep showing me the resort.” Flora let Jessica go once she was sure she could walk herself. “I think I just need a quick shower to wash this oil off me.”

“Of course. There are public showers between the gym and the sauna.” Jessica led Flora back and pointed to a row of cubicles. “You’re doing something of an ‘intimate’ wash, so if you want to use a private stall, they’re in the back.”

“OK, thanks.” Flora hobbled over that way.

“Take your time!” Jessica called after her. “I’ll just be in the gym, working out. If you want to masturbate or something, that’s okay too!”

“What? I’m not gonna—” Flora’s response died in her throat when she saw the showerhead in the private stall. In addition to several different toggleable spray patterns and pressures, it had a long, thin opening in the back with its own series of massaging jets, and Flora suspected she knew what body part it was made for.

After a brief shower, where she quickly determined that her gonads had survived the balcony completely intact, Flora couldn’t resist trying out the penis massage. Sliding it in gently, she couldn’t stop a low moan from escaping the back of her throat as the water blasted every inch of her erection’s sensitive skin.

It felt amazing, but after a couple minutes it was also making her very tender, so eventually she shut the shower off and left the shower to look for Jessica.

She soon realized she’d gone the wrong way; she was behind the gym, in what appeared to be a row of stalls that had never been turned into showers. There was nobody else around back here, and she’d already turned to go before she spotted the slightest movement out of the corner of her eye: one of the unfinished shower stalls had a small hole drilled into its wall, and a white-furred finger was poking through it and beckoning her.

“Hello?” she asked nervously, walking forward. The finger quickly retreated. Flora peeked through the hole, but she could only see another empty shower stall. Whoever was inside wasn’t letting themselves be seen. “Should I come around, or…?” And then she noticed the hole had fuzzy padding around it. And a crude sketch of a penis drawn in Sharpie, with an arrow pointing in. “Wait…is this a glory hole?” she asked.

No answer, but she couldn’t see what else it could be. “Are you offering to…?” she trailed off. “Should I…um…” She’d heard about glory holes, of course, but never thought she’d actually see one, much less get a chance to use it. The thought of getting a blowjob from someone she’ll never know did excite her. “Um, well, just tell me if you’re not actually offering…” she conceded meekly, her erection already swelling. Taking a deep breath, she steeled herself and pushed her penis through.

Whoever was on the other side quickly started rubbing her down, leaving her gasping with pent-up moans. One finger shimmied through the hole and slid her balls through to their side, and their other hand started massaging those with equal vigor. “Be delicate with those…” Flora warned through ragged breaths, “they’ve had a rough day…”

She felt a pair of lips close themselves around her cockhead, and her groaning grew higher-pitched as her partner’s tongue got in on the action. Both hands were rubbing her aching testicles, but the slight twinges of pain were drowned out by the feeling of her cock length sliding all the way into their maw. “Ohhhhh…” Flora pressed herself against the wall, relishing every moment of sensation from her blowjob.

She knew she wasn’t going to last long with this level of stimulation, and before a minute had passed she felt her orgasm bubbling up inside her. “I’m…going to cum…” she panted, arching her back in anticipation.

And that's when, right at the moment her cock erupted with seed, her partner smacked her right in the stones.

"*Aaaugh!*" Flora screamed at the top of her lungs and pulled out urgently. "What the fuck?!" she swore loudly, eyes watering as she cupped her sac, her cock still shooting semen all over the wall. "Why?" she cried, glaring at the glory hole. "What did you do that for?"

There was no answer. Limping angrily around the shower stalls, Flora made her way to the other side of the glory hole, but her assailant was already long gone. "Goddammit…" she gasped, dropping to her knees and cradling her balls, still aching from both the slap and the ruined orgasm.

And then she almost got poked in the eye with a dick.

"I…what..?" She sat back, trying to figure out why this foreign schlong had invaded her space. It was mottled green, clearly reptilian, and she was pretty sure it belonged to the alligator she'd seen when she first arrived at the resort. She suddenly realized she was now on the other side of the glory hole. The giving side.

She looked at the exit. She could leave, and he'd never know it was her who stiffed him… but she couldn't bring herself to disappoint him. After all, she had just received her own blowjob—unhappy ending notwithstanding—and it was only fair she paid one forward. Sighing in mild frustration, she acquiescently rubbed him down, eliciting sighs of pleasure from the other side.

How did I even get into this situation? she wondered to herself, as she ran her tongue along the alligator's shaft. *Even this morning, I would have never guessed I'd be blowing a random dude in an alleyway glory hole.*

The alligator's cock was leaking precum, which she lapped up incidentally while exploring his unusual cock shape. She'd never gotten to touch a reptilian cock before, and she was fascinated by it. It was heavily ribbed, and it split into two tips at the very end; Flora wasn't sure which one to focus on, but her partner seemed to enjoy when her tongue played with either.

The alligator took longer to cum than Flora did, and she was panting and drenched in sweat by the time her two-pawed handjob finally coaxed several spurts of cum into her throat. She gagged and spat it out in surprise; she'd have preferred a heads-up, but since her warning had led to a ballbusting she can understand him not giving one.

Her recipient waddled off happily, leaving Flora to massage the stiffness out of her knees. She'd already recovered and stood back up before noticing the alligator had slipped a $20 bill through the hole for her efforts. *Oh nice. Oh, shoot, are you supposed to tip?* She looked at herself and wondered where she was supposed to put it. *Oh well, I didn't exactly get the chance before my balls were used as a speedbag.*

Returning to the shower and rinsing off again, Flora left the showers from the correct direction and came across a familiar face. "Flora!" Ramone beamed. "Always nice to see you! How is your day going?"

"Awesome! Um, do you know where Jessica is?" she asked.

"Jessica waited a very long time for you," Ramone admitted. "But when she checked the showers and you weren't there, she assumed you'd found something fun to do and headed over to the board game room. I can take you there if you'd like."

"That'd be great!" Flora smiled.

While they walked, Ramone gave her a sideways look. "Were you really behind the gym this whole time? I can only think of one thing people do back there for fun. You were in the Blow Zone, weren't you?"

Flora shifted her feet awkwardly. "The what? I mean, yeah. I found the…uh…that."

“Do not be ashamed. Have no regrets! Remember, the gym is a Judgement Free Zone!” Ramone clapped her on the back as they walked. “If I had a dick, I’d probably be using it too!”

Flora laughed weakly. “So, um, now that my secret’s out, one thing I wanted to ask. Is there ever any reason why you would slap someone’s balls while they’re in the Blow Zone? Maybe an inside joke or something?”

“What? Of course not!” Ramone laughed as if she’d said something funny. “Far as I know, there’s only one rule; if you get serviced, you’re supposed to either service someone else or tip. It’s only polite.”

“Oh. Well, I paid it forward so I’m good there.” Flora showed him her $20. “But don’t tell Jessica where I was, please?”

“Your secret is safe with me,” he grinned, stopping in front of a door and knocking twice. “The games room, madame. Have fun!”

“Flora! There you are!” exclaimed Jessica, opening the door and steering her sister through the door. “Where was she, Ramone?”

“She’d gotten a bit lost, was just enjoying a stroll in the courtyard. Then she came back and worked out in the gym for a bit!” Ramone winked and shut the door behind.

“Well, I hope you’re not too tired, cause we’re in the middle of a *Twister* tournament!” Jessica stepped aside, and Flora gasped at the medley of games on display. Massive shelves contained every board game she could think of, a tiled section in the back housed several currently-occupied gaming computers, and the majority of the room had been pushed aside to fit a massive quadruple-stacked *Twister* sheet.

“Flora!” exclaimed Aysha. “Good to see you again. Too bad this time it’s as *enemies*.” She flexed. “I always win at Twister, and you’ll be no exception!”

Flora grinned. “Let’s see if your dexterity can match your mouth!”

Jessica spun the spinner. “All right Aysha, you think you’re hot stuff so you go first. Right foot green!”

The first game Flora didn’t even get a chance to place her second extremity on the board; every time somebody lost their balance and collapsed the pile, they were eliminated and everybody else got up for another match. It wasn’t the fairest system in the world, but Jessica was an enthusiastic emcee and it was all in good fun anyway.

“Uh oh, left foot yellow Flora!” she announced. “Good luck with that!”

Flora panted as she fought to remain balanced on her right foot and left arm. Yellow was on the wrong side of the board, but she managed to awkwardly pirouette to face the proper side, and snake her leg between someone’s thigh and someone else’s breasts to tag the spot.

“Wow!” Aysha complimented, and Flora realized her butt was now in Aysha’s face with the new position. “I thought you were out for sure!”

“You wish!” Flora teased, trying not to show the exhaustion on her face. “Next person, please!”

“Right right, Aysha, left hand red!”

Aysha chuckled and moved her hand several circles forward, lightly brushing Flora’s testicles. Flora’s legs quivered, and she debated protesting as Aysha playfully tickled Flora’s cock with her upper arm.

“All right, let’s see what Gene has to do!” Jessica announced, spinning the spinner, but then Flora’s luck ran out. Shifting her legs to try and hide her swelling erection, she lost her center of balance and sent everyone on the board collapsing into a dogpile of tangled arms and legs. “Uh oh! I saw that Flora, you’re out!”

Flora flashed Aysha a knowing look as people extricated themselves from the heap. “All’s fair in love and war, dearie,” the skunk cooed, batting her eyelashes. “You’re next, Gene!” she warned the buck.

Flora, for her part, took the opportunity to grab a slice from the stack of pizza boxes the gaming room was using as an impromptu dinner.

“Wow, pineapple on your pizza? That’s disgusting,” Chris remarked, bringing a new meat lover’s pie from the kitchens.

“Speak for yourself,” Flora stuck her tongue out at the black dog. “Are you ever off the clock? It’s already dark outside.”

“I work the breakfast and dinner shifts,” he shrugged. “Which means I get to use the Pulse in the middle of the day, when my clan is online.”

“The Pulse?” Flora asked.

“Oh, if you’ve never tried one, we need to show you the Gemini Pulse!” Chris glanced at Jessica, who silently nodded permission for him to take a short break from his kitchen duties. He led her over to the gaming computers. “Hey Wayne, you at a good stopping point any time soon?”

“Yeah, actually perfect timing,” the tiger nodded, removing a sleek headset that looked something like a cross between a welder’s mask and a pair of night vision goggles. Flora recognized the logo from the Gemini Duplex. He also removed a pair of black robotic gloves and handed them to Flora. “Put these on, and we’ll fit the helmet on you.”

“Wow, is this a virtual reality headset?” Flora looked in awe as the darkness within the headset turned into a beautiful oceanscape. She was standing in a decently-sized lifeboat bobbing in an endless ocean.

“This is *Sea Survivor*,” Wayne explained. “You were a security guard on a cruise ship that got destroyed by supernatural forces. Your goal is to reach port without dying.”

Flora peeked over the side of the boat and noticed with alarm that several dark shapes were rising ominously to the surface. “How do I defend myself?” she asked nervously, but that question answered itself as Chris slipped the gloves onto her. A bayoneted pistol appeared in her right hand, and a riot shield in her left. “Just point and shoot!” Chris encouraged.

A ghostly figure emerged from the depths, a cackling phantom wearing rotting sailor rags. Flora blasted it into sea foam with her pistol, but two more were coming from the other side. “Whew,” she caught her breath after quickly dispatching them. “This isn’t so bad *eeep!*” she whirled around as she suddenly realized she could hear one behind her.

More came, from every direction, and soon she was relying mostly on her riot shield and bayonet to focus-fire the ones that reached melee range. Before long, flying wendigos and pirate ships firing cannons forced her to fight at all ranges and directions at once.

“This is intense!” she panted, stumbling and parrying the pirate captain as his scimitar pinged off her riot shield. She was losing focus, her assailants were getting more and more hits in, but the port was so close…

With inches to go, Flora had to reload at the worst possible time and the pirate captain laughed wickedly as he slashed her directly across the chest. She took the chance to shoot him in the face point-blank and finally murder him, but a salvo of wendigo fired celestial beams at her from two different directions. She could only block one, and she didn’t have the health to survive either…

Facing imminent death while inches away from victory, Flora dove forward in desperation and yelped in alarm as something invisible smacked her right in her real-world nuts. Locking her knees and dropping to the ground, she gritted her teeth as an all-too-familiar pain radiated out from her abdomen. “Fuck, what was that?” she grimaced.

“You can’t jump forward like that!” Wayne cautioned, grabbing her to provide support, but it was too late. *YOU LOSE*, the game informed her, as the wendigo feasted on her corpse.

Flora slid the VR headset off to see that she’d jumped balls-first into the corner of the computer table. “Goddammit, I feel so stupid…” she collapsed onto the ground. “It was just so real…” she murmured.

“It’s true,” Wayne agreed, seemingly pleased she was focused on the positive. “Normally it warns you before you stray too close to obstacles, but you just jumped forward too fast.” He helped her remove the gloves and sat down beside her. “You’re a natural at that game,” he complimented. “I don’t get nearly that far, and I play it every time I visit.”

Flora nodded, still massaging her marbles. “Thanks for letting me play.” With a pained exhale she climbed to her feet. “You gonna go again?”

“Nah, it’s pretty late,” Wayne yawned. “I want to get up early to help prepare for the party tomorrow.”

“There’s a party tomorrow?” Flora asked, looking around. Most of the other patrons had disappeared, presumably to sleep.

“Yeah, Jessica wants your last day to be something special,” Wayne grinned. “Which, coincidentally, is mine and Aysha’s last day too, so lucky us.”

“Hey Flora!” Jessica looked over from a board game she was playing with a pair of koalas. “I was gonna invite you to play *Monopoly Legacy* with us, but you looked like you were having fun. I did name a railroad after you, though!”

Flora yawned. “That’s no problem, and don’t hold the game up for me. I’m probably going to bed.”

“Let me at least walk you to your room!” Jessica finished her turn and hurried Flora out to the walkways. “We intentionally placed the dormitories in the very center of the resort, so it’s easy to get there from anywhere else,” she explained, turning a single corner and leading Flora down a row of rooms.

Flora nodded approvingly, then debated how best to ask the question on her mind. “Um, not to sound paranoid or anything, but how safe are they?” After her encounter in the glory hole, Flora was beginning to suspect that somebody somehow might have it out for her balls, and would rather not be rudely awoken. “Like, how easily could someone break in?”

“We have closed-circuit security cameras monitoring every room from the outside, and at least two security guards on duty at all times. There’s nowhere more protected than our rooms!” Jessica assured. Unlocking Flora’s door, she gave her sister one last hug. “Sleep well, and see you tomorrow! I have a big surprise planned!”

“Ooh, the party?” Flora asked without thinking.

“Goddammit, Wayne!” Jessica pouted. “Motherfucker can’t keep anything to himself. *Yes*, the party.” She smiled one last time as she shut the door. “Sleep well and see you then!”

Flora took a moment to appreciate being alone for a short while. Her previous night in this room had been something of a whirlwind, and housekeeping had already replaced the sheets so she enjoyed collapsing on the bed without a care in the world. *I can shower in the morning,* she rationalized, lacking the willpower to leave the warm covers. *I showered twice today, and the night’s still relatively young. For once I should be waking up decently early—*

A knock on her door surprised her. Creeping out of bed and instinctively shielding her nuts, she peeked through the peephole and recognized the dark-skinned human on the other side. “Hi Ramone!” she smiled, opening the door. “I forgot you were coming!”

“Not a problem!” he beamed, accepting her invitation in. “I even brought you something.”

Flora looked at his gift; a large heavy cylinder with thick padded tread. “What is it?”

“It’s called a foam roller,” Ramone explained. “It’s a great way to relax the trigger points in your muscles. I use mine every day before I workout, but even alone it’ll release your tension in a way that feels *amazing*. Come on, lay down on this.”

With his guidance, Flora balanced on her elbows and left foot, and slid the roller back and forth along her right hamstring. “Mmmm…” she sighed. “That does feel good.”

“Of course it does. Now let’s do your back.” Ramone placed the roller on her inner back and gently slid her back and forth. Flora couldn’t help but be a little self-conscious at how close their bodies were to each other in this position. “Should we, uh, switch positions?” she asked nervously, feeling a stirring in her loins.

“We can, but this is a really good one right before bed. Keeps your back limber before you spend a whole night laying on it.” His hand repositioned the roller on the small of her back, and Flora shivered as he ran his hand along her buttock. “You’re really stiff, how often do you stretch?”

“N-never…” Flora admitted, trying to will her erection from swelling up. At least she could keep it hidden no longer, and blushed furiously red as it prodded him right between the legs. “Sorry…” she stammered as Ramone suddenly noticed it and stood up.

“Heh, my mistake,” Ramone laughed. “I got a bit carried away.” He sat down. “That’s pretty common for people new to a nudist resort. Don’t worry about it.”

“That’s what Jessica said.” Despite this, Flora covered her crotch for decency sake. “Um, if you don’t mind me saying…you look really good for someone that used to be a girl. I was wondering: what is it like? The process you went through.”

Ramone raised an eyebrow. “You really didn’t go through it yourself?”

“Not really,” Flora glanced down at herself. “I have…minor changeling abilities. Give me enough time and I could look however you like. So I basically did all this with my mind, there was no surgery or anything.”

“Holy crap,” Ramone’s eyes widened. “That’s amazing! You’re even luckier than I thought!” He leaned back against the bed. “Well, you missed all the worst parts. First, you sit in doctor’s offices for years as they make sure you’re not just going through a phase. Then, after you save enough money and your insurance clears, they let you start taking hormone pills. Sometime after that they let you pay for body-altering surgeries, like breast removal. And I’m still saving up for the phalloplasty.”

“That’s where they make you a penis, right?” Flora asked.

Ramone nodded. “I can’t wait.” He broke into a grin. “I’m a little surprised, here I thought you were in the same boat. Why haven’t you used your changeling powers to give yourself a vagina?”

“Well for one, I’m not sure they’re strong enough for that,” Flora admitted. “Changing fur color and body shape is one thing, but literally deleting one set of genitals and creating a new one is completely different. Also to be honest, I think I like my junk the way it is.” She ran her fingers through her pink fur. “I’ve always felt like a hybrid. I’m half-wolf and half-fox, my fur is halfway between red and white…I guess having the wrong set of genitals fits with the whole package.”

He shrugged in agreement. “That’s an unusual stance, but whatever makes you happy.” He grinned. “So, would that mean you usually play the male role when having intercourse? Or do you ignore your dick and stick to being feminine?”

“Oh no, I’m pretty masculine in the bedroom. I’m not sure that’s exactly by choice though, I tend to wind up with a lot of people who want to, uhh, ‘try me out’. People tend to see me as an exotic experience.” Flora regarded him. “What about you?”

“Well, it’s a bit tougher to play the male in bed when you don’t have a dick. I have a lovely collection of strapons for those willing, but I’m also pretty comfortable receiving if it makes my partner happy.” He shrugged.

“How would you do that?” Flora asked. “I don’t see how you could play the male in sex, if you have a vagina, the other person has a penis, and they’re on top.”

“It’s all about mindset. They way we play ourselves around the intercourse.” He flashed her an interested look. “Haven’t you ever slept with another trans person? Behavior becomes way more important than plumbing.”

“I actually haven’t…” she admitted. “So I might be missing the frame of reference.”

“Hmmm.” His eyes flashed coyly. “Well, you wanna fix that? Maybe I can explain it better with a ‘practical’ demonstration.” Flora blinked, then nodded quickly. “Okay, in that case, tell me: what are some things you would consider to be ‘masculine’ actions in the bedroom?”

Flora thought. “Hmmm. Forceful, self-confident, making the first move—oh!” With little warning Ramone pushed her hands away and began stroking her shaft.

“That’s right!” He picked her up and gently laid her on the bed. “I would add that the guy tends to be more touchy, and the girl tends to receive.” To that effect he ran his fingers down Flora’s side, exploring her curves with greedy abandon. Flora’s moan was interrupted when Ramone climbed on top of her and pressed their lips together. Flora pressed her tongue against his, relished the feeling of exploring his mouth as his hands gripped her shoulder blades and pressed their bodies together.

Ramone suddenly broke their kiss to play his tongue along her neck. Flora whimpered happily as he nipped at her breasts, and continued trailing down her body until he was nursing her cock with his lips and tongue. “The guy always makes sure the girl is warmed up and ready to go,” he smiled, watching her wriggling in anticipation as he climbed back on top of her. “And one other thing I think you forgot is that the receiving partner doesn’t have to be on the bottom.”

Flora gasped as he positioned her for insertion and slid down on top of her. Moaning turgidly, she dug her fingers into his thighs as he bounced back and forth on top of her, leaving her pinned inside him.

Flora lost track of time as he kept her pinned into the sheets, pumping away at his pace, in tune with his breathing. “Ramone…” she gasped, as he massaged her breasts in time with her thrusts, “I’m…I’m gonna…”

For a terrified split-second, she flashed back to the glory hole and quickly shut her mouth, but luckily her fears were unfounded; her penis erupted in pent-up ejaculation, emptying her balls inside him without a care in the world. “Oh yes…” she breathed, savoring her release, “that was…”

She realized he was still pumping away on top of her. “Almost…there…” he gritted his teeth, then suddenly arched his back and moaned as his muscles tightened around her and he finished messily on top of her. “A gentleman…always waits for the lady to finish first,” he grinned, rolling off the bed to land beside her.

For a few minutes the two simply lay there, panting heavily in the warm summer air. Then Ramone excused himself to use the restroom, giving Flora a chance to roll over and avoid the wet spot.

“So, do you understand now?” Ramone asked, when he returned toweling himself off.

Flora nodded happily. “I had the penis, but you were definitely the male tonight.”

Ramone leaned over and gave her a polite kiss on the forehead. “You came to the right resort, Flora. Sleep well, and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow…” Flora mumbled sleepily. She barely had enough energy to crawl under the covers before succumbing to exhaustion.

* * *

Flora gave the guard a chipper wave as he scanned her day pass to the Corona Botanical Gardens. The hyena nodded politely and turned his attention to the next person in line as Flora walked into the courtyard. The Botanical Society was having a Gem & Jewelry show, and by this time of day it was in full swing.

“Positions?” Emilena asked through her wireless earpiece.

“I’m near the outdoor cellar,” Nairda reported. The cellar was the only way into the museum’s basement without being on security camera.

“And I’m bringing Nairda the key now,” Foley reported, who was currently volunteering as a security guard.

“I need a bit more time,” Flora muttered under her breath, pretending to examine one of the many booths showcasing valuable stones for sale.

“All right, Flora. Let us know when you’ve reached the dropoff.” Emilena’s gang was currently pulling off their most daring heist yet; the museum had several of their exhibits stored in the basement to make room for the Gem show, and they were interested in the stuffed collection of extinct birds. To most people they’d be almost worthless, but certain species have feathers that are highly sought after by flyfishing hobbyists, and Emilena had secured a very wealthy client. “I’m at one of the windows looking into the basement, there are no guards or anything. Everyone’s focused on the Jewelry show.”

“Sounds good. So we just have to worry about this guy guarding the cellar. Flora, will you be able to handle that?” Nairda asked.

“Absolutely!” Flora chimed in. She’d casually strolled past the spot, and saw the guard in question. Unfortunately, this walkway led to a hedge maze that was currently cordoned off for the show, so her only real chance of drawing his attention was to lead him back to the busy outdoor area. But she was confident she could handle it. “I’m in position,” she reported, standing behind one of the columns leading to the hedge maze.

“Guard’s looking at you, Flora,” Nairda reported. “He’s heading over.”

“I’m with Nairda and I’ve passed off the key!” Foley added urgently.

“Let’s roll! Go, Flora!” Emilena ordered.

Flora whipped her skirt, sandals and blouse off and sprinted completely naked back towards the outdoor show. “Hey!” shouted the guard, moving to intercept, but her speed and angle was more than enough to pass him by.

Several of the guests gasped or cried out in surprise as the naked folf sprinted into their presence. Flora heard the guard calling for backup.

“I’m in the cellar,” Nairda reported. “Heading for the birds.”

“Flora, you’ve got two more guards approaching from the south side of the museum,” Foley warned.

Flora sidestepped a booth and leapt out of range of a surprise security guard who’d been standing behind a display. If Foley was right about the south side of the museum, her only choice was to retreat back towards the main entrance, but she saw the hyena heading her way. She charged towards him, but slid under an amethyst display at the last minute, sending them scattering around her. “I’m in the clear!” she panted, wiping grass off her side as she headed for freedom. “Can I leave?”

“I need a bit more time,” Nairda reported, panic gripping his voice. “The display doors won’t open, and I’m not sure why.”

“Don’t make me come down there, Nairda!” Foley snapped.

Flora sighed and changed course, heading for the next row of gemstones. “I can keep distracting, but I’m losing my window for a clean getaway!” she reported, beginning to pant as she vaulted a rhinestone cabinet to avoid a guard’s flying tackle.

“Don’t break into the exhibit, Nairda!” Emilena warned. “They mustn't see there’s anything wrong. Check all sides.”

“‘I did!” Nairda protested. “They’re all in solid glass boxes, there’s nowhere to open!”

Flora skidded as a pair of guards blocked her way out, and scrambled over a table full of sapphires. The sapphire seller whacked her in the head with her purse, but Flora maintained her balance and slowly made her way back towards the entrance. “I’m running out of time out here!” she muttered under her breath, noting another trio of guards come sprinting out of the museum.

“It’s not the end of the world if they catch you, Flora,” Emilena assured. “The punishment for streaking is just a small fine and the rest of the afternoon in a cell. But that’s only if, Nairda, you don’t leave any evidence to clue them off what we’re—”

“—I’m in!” Nairda interrupted. “I got it! Plucking the first bird.”

“Just do the finches and yellow jays!” Emilena ordered. “They’re worth the most, and we need to wrap this up. Flora, are you able to give Nairda one more pass?”

Flora groaned, but once again turned away from freedom out the main entrance. “Try to make it southside, Flora, most of them are in the north!” Foley recommended. Flora pushed a cabinet of necklaces to trip up the hyena and squawked as he grabbed her tail and came away with a handful of fur. Dodging another guard’s grasping fingers, Flora hugged the fence and saw Foley up ahead. Foley gave a theatrical missed tackle, giving her a moment to catch her breath and look behind her. Guards were closing in on all directions, and her options were rapidly running out.

“I’m out!” Nairda reported. “Cellar locked, and I’m headed for the closed hedge maze. We can end this.”

“Flora, ditch the earpiece and scram!” Emilena shouted. Flora wasted no time complying, jumping onto the border fence and scrambling for dear life to reach the city center. Dropping the earbud so it fell between the fence and the border hedges, Flora landed with a tumble onto the sidewalk and started sprinting across the street.

“Holy crap!” she thought to herself, panting with equal parts terror and adrenaline. “We pulled it off! I just need to get to the stashed outfit in the alleyway, and—”

But there was one last obstacle she hadn’t expected. While most of the horrified pedestrians rushed to get out of her way, a moustached bull turned to regard her with a resigned look. Flora’s fur stood on end when she recognized the pistol holster of an off-duty cop.

Before she could even change direction, he’d drawn a taser and shot her directly in the nuts.

* * *

That electric blast to her genitals was such a vivid memory that it immediately woke her up with a traumatic cry. Clutching her balls in terror from muscle memory, she rolled over and fell out of bed in a blind panic of twisted blankets.

Her mind slowly reorganized itself as she oriented back into reality, and finally with a comforting sigh she reminded herself that she wasn’t on that city sidewalk. It was years later, and her balls were fine. *Though I can guess why my dreams were thinking of that event*, she thought, climbing to her feet. *I think my brain’s pleading with me to protect the girls a little better…*

Groaning, she stumbled to the bathroom and washed her face off. She was covered in cum again, and that reminded her of the mindblowing sex she’d had last night with Ramone. *I’ve*

gotten laid more times this weekend than as long as I can remember… she smiled happily. *If this place didn't have it out for my family jewels, I'd seriously consider living here permanently.*

As it was, she only had one more day in paradise, and she didn't want to spend it in her room. After a quick shower, she headed for the dining commons, waving happily at the alligator as she passed him in the hall.

But Jessica wasn't in the dining commons. After scarfing down a bowl of cereal, she went exploring and found her putting up festive lights in the courtyard. "Hi Flora!" Jessica smiled as she balanced Sven's ladder. "Happy Sunday!"

"Good morning Flora!" Sven flashed her a thumbs up and almost dropped his hammer. "By now I'm sure you've heard, but we're going to have a party!"

"That sounds awesome! Is there any way I can help?" she asked.

"Actually there is." He motioned to a coil of rope and a second hammer sitting beside him. "I've still got a bunch of these to put up, but eventually I'll be hanging this rope in the games room for the piñata. Could you take these over there so I don't have to lug them around?"

"Sure!" Flora grabbed the rope.

"Also," Jessica added, "Ramone and Chris are preparing the dance floor in the courtyard, and eventually they're going to need the gaming room stereos. Could you deliver them after you've dropped off the piñata supplies?"

Fifteen minutes later, Flora panted as she finished lugging the massive wheeled sound system out to the courtyard. The air was crisper here, but warming up the closer they got to noon.

"Hey Flora!" Ramone waved. "Ah, perfect. These go over here." He helped her roll them to the side of the courtyard overlooking the beach, where a massive wooden balcony had been repurposed into a stage."

"Is someone going to be singing?" Flora asked.

"Jessica always sings at these things," Ramone nodded. "Sometimes we can convince Sven to join her, if he's had enough to drink!"

"'Scuse me," Chris abruptly pushed past her and plugged the stereo system into a long, trailing extension cable. "Sorry, but we're running a bit late," he apologized. "Jessica caught Rusty snooping around the property so we lost a bit of time."

"What happened?" Flora asked.

"Nothing to worry about," Ramone assured. "He shows up every so often, to give everyone a hard time. Sven usually runs him out of town, but for once he didn't go easily. He's probably just stirring trouble."

"What is his problem?" Flora wondered aloud, watching the two men work on the sound system. "He sounds like such a grumpy man, but he could just ignore us, can't he?"

"He's from a different time," Ramone answered, simultaneously focused on inserting CDs into the proper slots. "Classic old pearl clutcher. If he didn't love the drama, he'd move."

"I don't know if that's fair," Chris countered. "I mean, he lived here before the resort was even founded. Technically we're intruding on his home, he's not obligated to just roll over and like that."

"Guess I can't argue with you there," Ramone shrugged, as Flora saw Jessica hurrying to the stage while hanging up the phone. "Hi again!" she smiled. "Sorry for being late Flora, I don't want to miss our breakfast! Have you eaten?"

Flora pretended she hadn't and shook her head, and Jessica clapped excitedly. "Oh, that's perfect! I have a surprise for you!"

"You mean, not counting the party?" Flora joked as Jessica grabbed her by the arm and led her to the dining commons.

Jessica rolled her eyes. “The party being spoiled is *why* I’m getting you a second surprise. And they only had one left, but it’ll be here by the time we finish breakfast.” The girls split up and Flora grabbed a plate of synthetic eggs and toast before navigating her way to Jessica’s chosen table.

“So, how was your date with Ramone last night?” Jessica teased, causing Flora to choke on her very first bite of eggs. “Hate to break it to you, but you *never* want to trust Ramone with a secret.” Jessica couldn’t keep the playful glee out of her eyes as she made her sister uncomfortable.

“I…uh…” Flora gulped and collected herself. “It was good,” she admitted. “You’re not mad or anything, are you?”

“Oh, I’m just teasing,” Jessica sipped her coffee. “I like seeing you embarrassed, you make that face you always had as a kid.”

Flora shifted in her seat. “Um, so did Ramone just tell you about our ‘date’ last night…or…?”

“Nope!” Jessica relished the trapped look Flora couldn’t repress. “I heard you found Cherry Cove’s most popular unofficial attraction as well.” She laughed. “I certainly didn’t expect my shy little sister to go sleeping her way through my resort, but you’ve racked up quite a collection of notches on your bedpost. I’m honestly impressed.”

Flora laughed weakly, but she still felt the color draining from her face. “Okay, I admit. I’ve been a little promiscuous.” She pushed her plate aside. “I don’t get a lot of opportunities for hookups in my line of work. And I have a personal rule not to sleep with anyone else in the gang; things would get too complicated. So I’ve been taking advantage of just how open-minded everyone here is.”

“That’s great! For real, I’m super happy you’re taking these opportunities,” Jessica assured. “My goal was for you to get a weekend to relax and release your inner inhibitions. You were so repressed as a kid, I suspected you’d appreciate a weekend of unbridled freedom.” She finished her coffee. “If I’d known you were also looking for sexual fulfillment, I’d have encouraged you from the getgo! Plenty of people come here looking to act out their fantasies. What happens in Cherry Cove stays in Cherry Cove!”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Flora stuck her tongue out. “Though that being said, I hope you’re not hitting on me right now or anything, cause no offense but—”

“Oh my god, what do you take me for?” Jessica swooned in mock protest. “I said we’re a bastion for casual hookups, not Alabama.” She sat up as two men in delivery uniforms walked onto the terrace. “Ah, there they are! Come with me!”

Flora followed Jessica to meet with the men, whose uniforms had a red, blue and yellow-striped balloon animal for a logo. “How soon until it’ll be ready?” she asked them.

“Couple minutes,” the man assured. “We’ll be back tonight to take it down. Until then, it’s yours.”

Jessica thanked them and weaved her way through the small crowd of resort-goers who were slowly gathering around a massive colored blob. Flora realized what it was just as Jessica had wormed their way to the front. “Oh my god, it’s a bounce house!” she gasped in excitement.

“Do you remember your seventh birthday?” Jessica asked excitedly. “You wanted a bounce house so badly, but dad said no. Well, now you finally get it! Hey now, Gabe,” she snapped at a deer who was creeping his way to the entrance. “Flora gets to go inside first!”

Flora’s fur stood on end as she walked up to the massive rapidly-inflating structure. Jessica remembered right; she’d seen one on TV and wanted so badly to try it for herself, but her father had insisted they were dangerous. *Well, take this dad!* she thought rebelliously as she hoisted herself in and belly-flopped onto the rubber floor.

The floor sent her careening away and into the equally-bouncy wall, and with a joyous laugh she landed fully coiled and launched herself airborne. Everytime she hit the floor she managed to fly a little bit higher, but she needed to taper off somewhat when Gabe pushed himself inside, and others soon followed.

“Only a few people at a time!” Jessica shouted. Flora bounced past a lemur who was too small to control wherever the others in the bounce house were sending him. Flora, for her part, was more than happy to continue bounding and dodging other partygoers for as long as she wanted.

Hours passed, and the clientele in the bounce house rotated out, until most had gotten their fill and returned to elsewhere in the resort. Before long, Gabe and Flora were the only ones left. Flora was panting heavily and covered in sweat, but she couldn’t quit yet; she hadn’t touched the ceiling, and she had been waiting for a single person to occupy the bounce house so she could time her jump with their landing.

As Gabe came down from one of his jumps, Flora sprang forth, higher than she’d ever gone before! She cried out joyously as her fingers scraped the ceiling, before gravity pulled her loftily down to the—

Crunch. Gabe was coming back up, this time with his legs spread wide apart, and one of his hooves connected squarely with her sac as it passed by. Flora landed far less gracefully than she was prepared to, knees locked and in a quivering heap. Clutching her aching testes, she limply crawled for the exit to examine herself on solid ground, but she was only halfway out when Gabe came back down, landing with all the weight of a 300-pound deer. Without any balance to speak of, the rippling floor sent Flora flying out the door, where she tumbled in an aerial loop and smashed nuts-first into the post of the *Welcome to Cherry Cove* sign.

“*Aaaaugh!!!*” she screamed, her brain unable to even comprehend the crippling beating her spuds just took. Legs wrapped helplessly around the square wooden pole, she sobbed openly at the unbearable levels of agony twisting her stomach into a knot.

Gabe, for his part, didn’t even bother to stop bouncing, and minutes of suffering passed with nobody around to see before she could regain enough feeling in her legs to drag herself away from the sign. Curling into a ball in the hedges, not wanting anyone to see her in such a vulnerable state, Flora stifled her tears even as her testicular self-examination set her teeth biting into her tongue.

“F-f-fuck…” she finally panted, face flushed bright red as her paws gripped her swollen stones. Miraculously, they appeared completely intact, but she felt like she’d never walk again.

It was a long time before the pain had subsided enough for Flora to stop cupping her cojones and stagger to her feet. Hobbling along while using the wall for balance, Flora reached the kitchen, where Chris was preparing food.

“Heyo…uh, what happened to you?” he asked in alarm, looking at her haggard state.

“I need ice,” she begged. ”Just get me a cup of ice…”

Chris quickly complied, and Flora buried her nuts in it with reckless abandon. “Oh god…” she grimaced, dropping to her knees.

“Flora, are you alright? What happened?” He looked out to the courtyard, as if to call Jessica.

“No, don’t bother anyone else!” Flora urged. “I…got my nuts kicked in a little, while in the bounce house. But they’ll recover.”

“Oh, jeez. We should probably get you to the medical center.” Chris offered a hand to help her to her feet.

“I don’t want to bother Sven either,” she protested, but still followed him out of the room. Her balls were rapidly growing numb from the ice, which was bittersweet relief.

“He’s not there right now, he’s preparing the piñata in the games room.” Chris unlocked the medical center door and rifled through one of the medical cabinets. “But I know where he keeps the isofase salve. You look like you need some.”

Flora hoisted herself onto the hospital bed as Chris walked over with a bottle containing light brown lotion. “Here. This stuff works immediately,” he assured. Squirting some into his hands, he palpitated her testicles. Flora winced when he was a little rougher than she’d like. “How’s that feeling?” he asked.

“They’re still…warming back up…” Flora looked with trepidation at her ice cup as she set it aside. “I dunno, Chris, they still hurt really bad…um,” she felt her hair stand on end. “…that actually—*really burns*!”

“Burns?” Chris checked the bottle. “Oh fuck! This is the wrong stuff. Quick, wash it off!”

Flora screamed as her balls felt like they were bursting into flames. “What the fuck is that??” she stammered, pouring the ice all over her crotch in a futile attempt to lessen the temperature.

“It’s…uh…” Chris squinted at the bottle. “Deep heating muscle rub. Same exact color as the pain relief cream.”

Flora had stumbled to the sink and ran the coldest water she could get. “This isn’t helping!” she cried, splashing herself desperately. “It only hurts worse! Find the fucking right cream!”

Chris emptied the cabinet all over the floor as Flora dropped to her knees, tears streaming down her face from the heat in her loins.

“What on earth is going on in here?” Sven asked, poking his head into his lab.

“Flora had an accident outside,” Chris explained, “and then rubbed muscle heater on his balls.”

“You fucking did that!” Flora interjected angrily.

Sven’s eyes widened. “Oh yikes.” Pushing Chris aside, he crossed to another cabinet and grabbed the actual salve. “Here, please let me in for a moment,” he consoled, taking Flora’s testicles in his hand and cleaning them thoroughly with a soapy wash towel. “Get these under the sink, we need to completely wash all the muscle rub out,” he explained. “Chris, you can leave.”

“I’m super, super sorry, Flora!” Chris apologized even as Sven pushed him out of the infirmary.

Flora was flushed red from pain and embarrassment as Sven treated her wounded loins to the best of his ability. “All right,” he finally panted. “The isofase salve will help with the initial pain, but there’s not much to be done about the burning. You’ll have to wait for that to go away on its own.”

“How long will that take?” Flora whimpered, collapsed on the hospital bed trying willfully to think of anything except her blazing balls.

“Not the whole day, at least. You’ll be out of here in time for tonight’s party,” Sven assured cheerfully. “I’ll give you some privacy. Just lie down and take it easy for a bit, and you can leave once they’re feeling better.”

But they never started feeling better. In fact, after thirty minutes of huddling pitifully in the corner of the bed, Flora realized that the burning sensation had slowly been replaced with a more familiar dull ache. Soon she was shakily filling a towel with ice and desperately cupping them, hoping against hope the pain would start to subside. “Sven…?” she called weakly to the door. “Is anybody out there…?”

As the pain got worse, and she reached the point where she wished she’d gone for help before it became too torturous to walk, someone finally answered her meek cries. “Miss Flora?” a smooth voice asked, and a portly pig poked his head in the room. “Is anything the matter?”

“My balls…” she choked out, eyes filling with tears.

He raised his eyebrows. “Oh dear. Your sister sent me to check on you, I think she suspected something was up. But never you fear!” He quickly grabbed a pair of latex gloves from one of the drawers. “My name is Reginald Blueschist, doctor of urology. Lucky you I was taking vacation here!” He gently moved her hands and peeled the towel away. “Hmmm…” he murmured, rolling her spuds in his hands and setting her hair on end. “Well, they are a bit pink, but I think we can chalk that up to your remarkable phenotype,” he chuckled.

“Pheno…what? *Mmph*—be gentle!” Flora hissed pleadingly, wincing as he pressed his fingers into her scrotal skin, exploring the tubes around her spuds.

“Your fur color! Your sister mentioned it isn’t dyed; if true, that’s a remarkable genetic coding!” He hmmed as his fingers journeyed along her vas deferens until it disappeared into her pelvic area. “Have you have any children yet, by any chance?”

“No, and I’m starting to worry I never will…” Flora squeezed her eyes shut and locked her legs to keep from clenching them; every move he made sent sharp tingles jolting through her nethers like little bolts of lightning. “How…are they looking?” she barely squeezed out as another jostle sent streaks of agony through her abdomen.

“They seem a little swollen, but nothing too bad.” He shrugged, his fingers retracing their journey back to the balls. “Based on the horror stories your sister was telling me, I expected a lot worse, but I don’t see any reason they should hurt like you’re describing—” He stopped, raised both eyebrows, and abruptly pinched her seminal cord on both sides, eliciting a terrified yelp from his patient. “Wait, that’s the *left*…? Ah, I see what’s happened! Your testicles have gotten twisted up.”

“They…that can happen?” Flora wheezed weakly, eyes stinging from tears.

“It’s rare, but not impossible after a particularly heavy impact,” he explained, confirming his findings with a few more investigative caresses. “The swelling stopped them from settling back into their proper place.”

“Can you fix it?” she begged, her whole lower body trembling.

“Certainly!” Switching on the fluorescent lights above the bed, he pulled up a chair so he could hunch over her bed and get a good look. Whistling to himself a tune Flora found entirely too merry for the situation, he gently slid one of her balls under the other, carefully threading their surrounding cords apart. “Does that hurt less or more?” he asked.

“*More…!*” Flora squeaked, digging her nails into the bedsheets and fighting to not kick Dr. Blueschist in the head.

“Ah, then that’s the wrong way. Sorry!” He quickly reversed and extended his actions, and while his every action still sent traumatic twinges reverberating through her seedsacks, she could finally tell that the anguish was dissipating; the feedback loop of suffering in her spuds was finally, ever-so-slowly improving. “Oh god, thank you…” she finally relaxed her muscles and sank into the sheets with unyielding relief. “You did it, doc…”

“Course I did; I have a PhD in this,” he oinked proudly. “You may be feeling some ‘pins and needles’ down there, but they’ll be gone soon enough.”

It was a few minutes later before the aching had completely subsided, and until her mind had recovered to the point she realized the doctor was still inspecting her goods. “Erm, Dr. Blueschist?” She craned her head.

“Forgive me, this is just so fascinating,” he admitted, prodding the erectile tissue where her shaft joined to her scrotum. “You’ve been taking estrogen for years by now, have you not? And yet I’m not seeing any of the usual side effects to your male reproductive system.”

“I haven’t been taking hormones,” Flora flushed a darker shade of pink. “I’m a psion. My body changed its appearance naturally, without me consciously doing anything.”

"Psion?" Dr. Blueschist scoffed. “A preposterous notion, but I admit I don’t have any ready explanations for how your genitals have maintained their usual girth even with the rest of your body looking like that. Unless…were they perchance larger before your transformation?”

“No, they’ve always been that size…” Flora gulped in embarrassment as the doctor’s continued examination inevitably coaxed her penis to a more excited state, but for his part he seemed too enthralled to notice her discomfort.

“And have you experienced any loss in sexual function since the days you were biologically male?” he asked, curiously running his fingers up her length and rubbing the bulbous curve that began her cockhead.

“I…wasn’t very adventurous in those days, so I can’t say…” Flora panted as he roused her to full mast. “Doctor…I hate to sound like a prude, but why are you…?”

“Oh! Forgive me, I can stop if it’s bothering you.” He raised an eyebrow. “But now that your discomfort has passed, I confess that I really would love to learn a bit more about how you work ‘down here.’” He felt her scrotum tighten in arousal within his gloved grasp. “It’ll be an entirely pleasant experience for you, I promise.”

“Ohh…um, that sounds…fine…” Flora moaned, stretching out as the doctor efficiently pumped her shaft, his eyes taking note of every twinge, every jolt as she reacted to his stimulation.

“Muscle tension is normal…” he murmured to himself, as if he were taking mental notes for later. “Self-lubrication coming in at the expected time and volume…” Flora shivered as he delicately scraped his finger across her tip to test for precum. “Now, Flora, do you mind if I test your abdominal temperature?”

“Huh? Sure…” Flora had stopped listening to Blueschist’s diagnoses, instead focusing fulltime on the blissful sensations invigorating her loins. “How exactly do you—*eep!”* She jumped when his finger prodded her sphincter experimentally.

“You’ve had your abdominal temperature taken at the doctor before, haven’t you?” he chortled. “Just try to relax.” His finger massaged and traced her hole, leaving her squirming and trying in vain to loosen up for him. “Hmm, you are a bit tight. One second.” Grabbing a body lotion dispenser from the cupboard above them, he dexterously lubricated his hand before trying again. “There we go!” he encouraged as he slid inside her. “My, you are hot down there, I’d say slightly above normal.”

Flora felt a low groan escape her throat as she felt him toy with her prostate. “Ohhh…Doctor…keep it right there,” she urged, arching her back as he sent her to newer heights with every move his finger made.

“Well, everything feels completely expected in here!” Dr. Blueschist informed, smirking as he continued to massage her most sensitive spot. “Textbook reactions…I can’t wait to obtain a sperm sample and see what sort of genetics you’re passing forward.”

“You’re…not going to have to wait much longer…” Flora breathed desperately, her heart racing as her body pleaded for release. “Just…keep that up…” It was almost starting to feel like too much; her nerves felt frayed as her tortured testicles started working overtime, straining to deliver another messy release so soon after their incapacitation.

Minutes passed, and Flora felt propelled to higher and higher peaks of pleasure. “Hmm…most males would have certainly finished by now,” Dr. Blueschist noted, though his voice implied no disappointment in lengthening their experience. “Everything feeling alright?”

“Yes…it’s…awesome…” Flora tensed her muscles, trying to coax her orgasm forward. It felt so good, but the stimulation was too much. “Is there…any chance you could…?” she started, before spreading her legs to keep from forcing the doctor out. Her request died in her

throat…she wasn't sure what he was asking for. The finger playing with her prostate was just too much, too attentive, but she didn't want to say anything and risk him stopping altogether.

"Hmm?" He cocked his head and shifted his position, still stimulating Flora with both hands beyond all belief. At the same time, Flora's knees bent reflexively and she felt her foot incidentally brush against something hot. *What was…?* She craned her neck, and started in surprise. "Doctor!" she gasped. "Do you have a…?"

"Well, it would be hard not to!" The pig quickly crossed his legs, while nevertheless failing to hide the girth of his curly corkscrew-shaped meat. "After seeing one's patient in the throes of their sexual response cycle for so long!"

"No, it's okay…" Flora realized what she needed. "Stick it in me," she suddenly offered. "If you're into that sort of thing. No more prostate massage. At least, not the same type…"

Dr. Blueschist hesitated. "Well, if you were actually my patient that would be a violation of several laws…but I suppose since you aren't…" Extracting his hand from her nethers, Flora relaxed her cheeks expectantly as he straddled her and pressed himself into her well-lubricated hole.

Dr. Blueschist's squealing quickly eclipsed Flora's own turgid yelps as his cock began giving her exactly the sort of rhythmic thrusts she'd needed to peak. After a mere couple minutes, Flora's eyes urgently flew open as she felt familiar contractions bubbling up through her groin muscles. "Doctor…I'm going to…" her warning devolved into a haggard whimper that took her breath away as her overworked testicles finally amped up their production and coasted her towards a badly-desired finish.

Even as her own nerves lit up, she could feel Dr. Blueschist lock his legs as well, as his thrusts grew faster and harder and his cock quivered inside her. But before Flora could experience his orgasm, her own finally crested and delivered a massive payload all over her breasts, her stomach, and the bed. She could only croon in wordless ecstasy as he brought her to the largest orgasm she'd had all weekend.

But it didn't stop there. Dr. Blueschist clearly knew exactly how to make her peak last as long as possible, and over a dozen mind-blowing seconds passed before Flora's cock finally spurted its last and dropped in exhaustion. It was just long enough that Flora could feel when the doctor's own ejaculation started to fill her with an unrelenting flood. "Holy…Reginald…you're good…" she gasped. Dr. Bluechist couldn't answer, his eyes shut and his body tensed up as his seed coursed through her.

And it didn't stop. Even once Flora's own cock had shriveled back up and fallen from his grasp, his corkscrew continued to coat her insides with cum, spurting all down her legs and quickly turning the sheets into a soggy mess. "Doctor…what the fuck is happening to you?" she stammered, eyes wide with shock.

"Fourteen…" he panted, clearly proud of himself. "You came for 14 seconds. That's above-average, in my experience."

His eyes twinkled. "But you'll never hold a candle to a pig. Get comfortable, because I won't be done cumming for another 45 minutes!"

* * *

Almost an hour later, Flora hobbled out of the medical room, still nursing her balls but mostly out of habit by this point. Dr. Blueschist had sportingly offered to clean the clinic after their explosive physical therapy session, and Flora was more than happy to return to the outer resort after a thorough rinse in the clinic shower. Now that her pupmakers were fully recovered, her stomach was looking forward to seeing what food Jessica had prepared for the party.

But when she walked through the dining commons doors, she noticed the place was completely empty save for one resort worker. "Hey Flora!" Ramone waved at her from where he

was assembling the buffet. “Whatchu doing in here? Dinner doesn’t start for another fifteen minutes!”

Her stomach growled defiantly. “Could I at least get a snack?” she pleaded. “I’ve been burning calories all day, and I haven’t eaten since breakfast.”

“I could never say no to you,” he laughed. “Sit down! Tonight’s special is japanese, how does miso soup and vegetable tempura sound?”

“Amazing!” She could hardly wait until he’d returned with a steaming plate of assorted appetizers, far more than he’d implied he’d bring. “How come you’re the only one prepping the dining room?” she asked through a mouthful of battered dough.

“There’ll be more soon, these are just the cold foods we can put out early.” He fit another covered pot into a circular indentation in the buffet tables. “Let me know if you want some soy sauce in that.”

Flora shook her head as she plowed through edamame pods. “So the party starts after dinner?” she asked.

“Someone spoiled the party to you, huh?” Ramone laughed. “Yup, Jessica requested a short dinner tonight. Normally we’d have a big ole’ feast, but instead we’re gonna be dancing and playing games late into the night. Jessica has some awesome stuff planned, you’re gonna love it.”

“I can’t wait!” Flora downed the rest of her soup, not bothering with the ceramic spoon. “You and the other workers will get to participate, right?”

“Some of us will, but when you work here you tend to see a lot of parties,” Ramone chuckled. “I’ll be working this one. So you better party twice as hard on my behalf!”

Flora grinned as she polished off the last of her food. “Whoa, that was a lot more filling than I thought it would be,” she admitted. “There wasn’t a main course in there, but already I don’t even want seconds.”

“Honestly? That’s probably for the best,” he shrugged merrily as he rolled his cart back towards the kitchens. “That was almost entirely carbs, so it’ll burn off quickly and you’ll be lean and limber for the festivities tonight.”

“Oh, that’s great!” Flora took her dishes to the bin above the trash can. “I guess I can loiter in here and just keep people company while they eat, until dinner’s over.”

Ramone reached the double-doors, but stopped as an idea flicked across his face. “You know…” he suggested coyly, “if you want to do something…different from what you’re used to, there’s a very special role in tonight’s dinner that you could fill. I’m sure Willow would like the night off, she was complaining about working on her birthday.” He motioned her to follow him to the kitchen.

The sound-canceling double-doors did an amazing job hiding the well-organized pandemonium gripping the kitchen as the cooking staff prepped food at a breakneck pace. Flora had to dart out of multiple people’s way as Ramone guided her to a long table draped in a tyrian purple cloth. “Oh, hey, that’s the boss’ sister, right?” asked a white mouse sitting daintily at the end.

“Yeah, and I’m checking to see if she’d like to replace you as tonight’s model for the nyotaimori display!” Ramone explained. “Flora, we would lay you down on this table and cover you in various types of sushi. You would need to lay perfectly still so guests can walk up and grab whatever they like. Sounds fun?”

“Ooh, I’ve heard of this before!” Flora nodded. “Yeah, let’s do it!”

Willow pumped her fist and quickly departed as Ramone helped Flora onto her back. “It’s going to get a bit chilly, but you probably won’t notice so long as you’re focusing your mind on

staying still," he advised. "Laying perfectly still takes a lot more brainpower than you'd think. And try not to breathe too hard."

Flora nodded and closed her eyes. She relaxed her mind and focused on controlling her breathing as Ramone slowly decorated her in various cold hors d'oeuvres. "Looking good, Flora!" he encouraged. "I can't wait to see Jessica's face when we roll you out!"

Ten minutes later, Flora could feel the vibrations in the cart as Ramone wheeled her back into the dining hall, and specifically heard Jessica's gasp and Aysha's "Ooh!" among the responses in the now-bustling cafeteria. Ramone had instructed her not to open her eyes or converse with the guests, so she entertained herself by listening to snippets of conversations as Ramone rolled her down the aisles and various sets of chopsticks grabbed samples off her.

As Ramone promised, it was a quick dinner, and before long Flora heard Jessica addressing the crowd. "Finish up your meals, don't dally!" she announced to the congregation. "Party starts in *five minutes* in the courtyard!"

Flora heard the dinner dissolve as the crowds hustled to get outside, and finally opened her eyes as someone grabbed the last sushi roll from her stomach. "Well, look who was star of the show!" Aysha winked, helping her off the table. "C'mon, you heard your sister! The party's starting!"

And the sight didn't disappoint. "*Hello everybody!*" Jessica announced from the stage, pointing to the excited crowd while clutching a silver microphone. Flora saw every single resort-goer standing attentively in the courtyard, though workers like Chris and Ramone were away preparing the lights and punch bowl. "First of all, I want to welcome you all to our annual End of Summer celebration party!" The crowd cheered. "Technically summer ended a week ago, but Mother Nature has blessed us with warm winds and clear skies, so you all got the premium treatment without the surge prices!"

Jessica made eye contact with Flora. "We really appreciate your support, and we're glad you love this resort as much as we love you! None of this would be possible without all of you. Especially our Annual Members! Anyone with an annual membership, raise your hands!" Jessica held out the mic so it picked up everyone's applause. "We rely on you guys during the slow season," she explained, "and in exchange you are guaranteed priority room reservations and free alcohol from our cocktail bars! If any of the rest of you want to join this club, there are pamphlets in the lobby. We'd love to have you!"

She pointed into the crowd. "And, as always one *huge* thank you to our biggest supporter, Gabe Ringley!" The deer raised his beer tankard and everyone except Flora clapped and cheered. "Ringley's bakery not only supplies the fresh muffins and bread you all enjoy every morning, they also regularly donate to help us with upkeep! You're always welcome in Cherry Cove, Gabe!" Jessica's eyes flashed playfully. "Now, that's enough chitchat. Are you animals ready to *party?!"*

The stereos started blasting pop music as scattered dancing broke out among the collected crowd. The majority quickly retreated to the perimeter of the courtyard for mingling, But Aysha grabbed Flora's hand and dragged her into the dead center. "Come on, darling!" Aysha cheered. "Show me how you can dance!"

Flora grinned and gyrated her hips excitedly. She didn't recognize the song, but it was easy enough to match everyone else's beat, though Aysha was far and away setting the pace for the entire dance floor.

Jessica smiled and crooned the opening lyric as the music started swelling. "*I met her on a plane somewhere over Denver / I can still recall the dress she wore…*"

Aysha grabbed Flora and pulled her into a two-person mosh. “Whoa!” Flora laughed nervously, blushing as Aysha pressed her body against hers. Aysha just smiled and ran her fingers through Flora’s hair.

Flora gulped and looked around, and noticed with relief they weren’t the only couples grinding. In fact, Aysha’s pelvic thrusts were almost tame compared to the downright explicit courtships happening around them. Jessica grinned and flashed Flora an encouraging wink as she bellowed out the chorus.

Feeling encouraged, Flora ran her fingers down her sides while gyrating her legs in a low butterfly dance, but Aysha wasn’t interested in taking it slow and countered by tootsie-rolling 90 degrees and stuffing her ass in Flora’s crotch. “Sorry, sugar,” she cooed, twerking her butt against Flora’s goods, “I’ve never been one for subtle dancing.”

“The butterfly isn’t subtle!” Flora gasped, feeling herself getting hard and covering her crotch in embarrassment.

“Mmm, it is when you’re me.” Aysha slipped into Flora’s arms and pressed their lips together. Flora’s eyes widened as the skunk pressed her hands into Flora’s butt and squeezed earnestly.

“Aysha,” Flora stammered, looking around, “Is this really…uh…”

“What’s the matter?” Aysha trailed one hand around to playfully grab Flora’s cock. “Feeling a little crowded? Let’s go somewhere private…” Keeping her fingers curled decisively around Flora’s shaft, she led Flora behind the dining commons as the folf struggled to keep a furious blush from her face.

As soon as they were alone, Aysha knelt in front of her and palpated her erection in a pattern that was surprisingly familiar. “It was you!” Flora exclaimed, quivering as Aysha’s finger swirled around her tip. “You were the one fondling me in the hot springs!”

“I won’t deny it.” Alyin leaned forward and kissed Flora’s balls lovingly. “I’ve been hungry for you from the moment I saw you.”

Flora moaned as Aysha stimulated her with lips and tongue, but mention of her husband gave her pause. “Wait, Aysha! Would Wayne be okay with this?”

“Don’t worry,” Wayne laughed from behind her. “She’s more than welcome to sleep with whoever she wants.” Flora saw he had led a male wolf over in a similar fashion to his wife. “And so am I.”

Flora breathed a sigh of relief and allowed herself to enjoy Aysha’s foreplay. “Don’t get too comfortable,” Aysha warned, rubbing Flora’s dick in between her plump breasts. “This is just to get you warmed up. I want you *inside me* soon enough.”

Flora’s ears perked. “Um, should I wear protection?” she asked as Aysha pushed her to the ground and climbed on top of her.

Aysha shushed her by stuffing her breasts in Flora’s face. “I’m on the pill. Don’t you worry your sweet head about anything, let Auntie Aysha take care of everything.”

Flora arched her back as she felt Aysha guide Flora’s cock inside. “Mmmmm,” she sighed, burying her hands into Aysha’s ample bosom. Aysha shuddered and flexed her inner muscles with every thrust. Despite her chubbiness, Flora could instantly tell Aysha was almost as muscled as Sven, and far more aggressive. Like it or not, they were fucking at Aysha’s pace.

Aysha moaned and increased her tempo, digging her fingers into Flora’s shoulder blades. Flora could only lay limply on the ground as Aysha used her like a sex toy.

Abruptly Flora let out a frightened squeal as Aysha’s vagina tightened around her cock. Aysha slammed herself harder onto Flora’s cock as she reached orgasm, and Flora began worrying she was going to accidentally break her. “A-Aysha—” she tried to gasp, but her face was thoroughly trapped in the skunk’s breasts.

Even her vaginal muscles were strong! Flora's cock felt like it was being crushed in a vice. With no other outlet, she screamed in terror, but it was drowned out by Aysha's smothering bosom and the skunk's own cries of orgasm. For several heart-stopping seconds, Aysha thrashed wildly as convulsions wracked her body, and finally her pussy released its death grip as she rode out the pleasure and collapsed contentedly on the frightened folf. "I needed that," she breathed, hoisting herself up so she could pet Flora's cheek. "You tired already? Doesn't feel like you've finished yet. Go ahead."

Flora bit her lip and gave a few experimental pumps, but her penis was more afraid of Aysha's vagina than aroused. Luckily, Aysha unknowingly gave her an out by saying, "…though, if you're okay switching partners before you cum, I know my husband also expressed a desire to ride this dick. If you swing both ways."

"…I do!" Flora nodded hurriedly, sliding out quickly. "Yeah, I'd love to!"

Aysha gave the folf's cock one last kiss as they extricated their bodies, before sauntering over to a bison watching hopefully from the far wall. Flora realized that almost a dozen people had followed them and formed an impromptu orgy behind the dining commons. She watched with interest as a lithe she-lynx took three cocks at once, a pair of canines 69'ed in the corner, and the wolf locked his knees in pleasure as he finished in Wayne's throat.

"Ah, Flora," Wayne wiped his mouth and smiled as he saw the folf was free. "Wow, you've got one hell of a stiffie for someone who just finished. You ready and willing for a round two?"

Flora nodded, not feeling the need to explain that round one had ended prematurely. She felt a light moan escape her throat as Wayne wrapped his arms around her and rubbed their erections together. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation of their friction, but after a few seconds she realized something felt different. "Eep?" she peeped in surprise, looking down and realizing Wayne's penis was covered in spiny little barbs.

"First time with a cat huh?" Wayne smiled as Flora felt up his cock in surprise. "Yeah, most people aren't fans of those. It's part of why I became a sub; gotta get my pleasure somehow without using my dick. And Aysha is more than happy to use a strapon…" He fondled Flora's balls encouragingly, "…when I'm not lucky enough to find endowed partners like yourself."

Flora shuddered as he slathered her in lube. She was feeling pent-up from not finishing with Aysha, and when Wayne presented his hindquarters she wasted no time in pressing up against his sphincter. She expected more resistance, from experience, but to her surprise she was fully inside him before she'd even started pushing.

Wayne was the loosest anal partner she'd ever been with, which Flora honestly appreciated. Anal sex was normally so tight, but for the first time she didn't feel a need to hold back, and she pounded away as hard as she liked. Wayne purred as Flora's fingers dug into his sides, her crotch smashing into his buttocks to the beat of her high-pitched panting.

Flora tried to pace herself, to take it slow and savor the experience, but she'd been stimulated too much for too long. She closed her eyes and shuddered as she felt the familiar feeling roaring up within her abdomen. Mewing softly, she leaned forward reflexively as she coursed over the point of no return.

"Whew!" Wayne chuckled, flexing his sphincter muscles to try and milk a few more spurts out of his partner, "that was one hell of a load! Were you really on your second round?"

"No…" Flora finally whispered, sliding out tenderly. She expected more of a mess, from experience, but Wayne must have douched before the party because there was no discharge whatsoever. "My dick was a little…intimidated by your wife's strength."

For some reason Wayne found this answer really funny, but he sensed Flora's embarrassment and didn't tell his wife what she'd said. "Honey, I'm gonna shower and go grab some cake. You want me to save you a piece?"

“M-hmm,” Aysha panted affirmatively, still sandwiched between a fox and a bison. Flora couldn’t suppress an amused smile while climbing to her feet and following Wayne in the direction of the showers.

“Hey wait,” interjected Gabe, who Flora only now noticed was at the orgy. “Can you stick around? We’re a bit low on girls as it is.”

Flora took a look. Other than Aysha and the lynx, who was also servicing multiple partners already, the remaining participants were all males masturbating while waiting for a turn. “Yeah, I guess I could bottom for a bit,” she shrugged. “Not for you, though.” Instead she beckoned her finger at a watching koala, since he had the smallest dick at the orgy and Flora wasn’t feeling as limber as Wayne.

“What? Hey, come on!” Gabe whined as the koala excitedly darted forward to claim the spot.

“You kicked me in the balls while I was in the bounce house!” Flora got on her knees, lubed herself up, and tried to relax her sphincter. “And didn’t apologize or anything!”

“It was an accident!” Gabe pumped his penis a few times in frustration as the koala slid inside her with a satisfied sigh. “Come on, how about a blowjob then?” he stuffed his erection in her face yearningly.

“No!” Flora wrinkled her nose as it batted against her cheek. “The only way I’d even consider it is if I get to kick you in the nuts as hard as you kicked me.”

“What? Screw you!” Gabe retreated and watched disgruntledly as Flora moaned from her partner’s thrusts. Initially she’d been apprehensive at the thought of bottoming in front of spectators, for fear of making embarrassing facial expressions, but the koala was even smaller than her dildo at home so there wasn’t nearly as much discomfort as she expected.

In fact… “You know, Gabe’s right. Who here wants a blowjob?” She flashed a smile at the crowd. “First come first serve. Only rule is, no finishing in my mouth.”

Gabe scoffed and waited over by the lynx as a kangaroo raced forward and took her up on the offer. “Can I get in next?” he asked her as one of her current partners finished messily.

The lynx narrowed her eyes. “Did you really kick that girl in the balls without apologizing? Then fuck off.”

“It was an accident!” Gabe balled his fists and marched off, still rock hard and seething in frustration.

Flora gave the kangaroo the best blowjob she could, just to stick it to Gabe’s memory. But before she got too into it, she couldn’t help pausing to ask about two bulbous lumps above his sheath. “Umm…don’t take this the wrong way…” she prodded them experimentally, “…but are those your balls?”

“…Yeah?” He cocked his head. “You never seen a ‘roo naked before?”

“I don’t get out much…” Flora fondled them and marveled for a few seconds before remembering what she was doing.

About ten minutes later, both of her partners had finished and the remaining guys were already with Aysha or the lynx. Rolling over and catching her breath. Flora got to her feet and wandered over to the showers. *My first orgy!* she thought excitedly. *I’ve never done anything like that before. That was awesome!*

She didn’t want a long shower; she knew the piñata was happening soon. But she did indulge herself a little by sampling the shampoo, conditioner, and body wash dispensers…which was why for several seconds she hadn’t noticed when someone had entered her shower. “*Yipe!*” she covered herself reflexively, before realizing who it was. “Chris? What are you doing here?”

“I heard a bunch of you had fun behind the dining commons, and I can’t believe I missed out,” he explained, not bothering to hide his throbbing erection. “I was on the clock, and

Jessica's normally not as lenient when it comes to staff members being lewd in public…but I'm on break now. Any chance you have the energy for one more?"

"Uh, Chris, I…" Flora gulped. "It's normally polite to knock or say something before barging in. And I'm not sure there's time, I don't want to miss the piñata."

"The piñata drops in fifteen minutes, and trust me I'll be done by then." Chris moved closer, despite her complaints. "Please…" he urged.

Flora debated with herself for several seconds, and finally sighed. "All right…I guess." Wiping her hair out of her eyes, she dropped down to her knees. "Just don't finish in my—*mmph*!" Chris had wasted no time rounding on her and shoving his member between her lips. Flora shut her eyes and squealed in protest as his knot bumped against her snout. "Mmph!" she repeated, trying to ask him to be more gentle, but he pressed his hands into her scalp and forced her deeper.

Chris' tongue lolled happily, and Flora could feel his muscles tightening as he pounded her maw with reckless abandon. Her knees hurt from the cold shower floor, and she was shivering from Chris having pushed her entirely out of the shower spray, but she didn't have room to adjust her positioning and could only focus on not biting down as he had his way with her throat.

After several unpleasant minutes, Flora felt Chris' knees lock and his pace quicken in a recognizable way. She opened wider to aid him in pulling out, but in his throes of passion he clamped her mouth shut and moaned as he flooded her mouth with semen. "*Mmmph!"* Flora objected, finally pushing him away from her and spitting his seed all over the floor. "Chris!" she spluttered, "I told you not to cum in my mouth!"

"Sorry…" he panted, leaning against the wall to catch his breath. "I got…carried away. Couldn't control myself."

Flora glared as she washed her mouth out with the running shower. "I've been blown before too, you know. It's perfectly possible to control yourself."

"You're right." He frowned apologetically, but somehow Flora didn't really believe it. "That was wrong of me. It won't happen again."

Flora pursed her lips. "Look, I'm not mad. Just…in the future, show me a little more respect. I'm not even sure I'm going to say yes next time. Now, please let me finish my shower."

Chris bowed submissively and left without another word, and Flora gave herself another round of shampoo and body wash just to recover from his treatment. *What a fucking prick*, she thought to herself, wincing as she cleared her throat. She'd been with pushy guys before, and normally was more prepared, but she'd let her guard down due to everyone being so friendly. *Ah well. I won't let it get to me*. *This place is still awesome, for the most part, and I have the rest of the party to enjoy.*

Still grumbling somewhat as she dried herself off with a towel, Flora finished her much-needed shower and wandered back towards the courtyard, noticing a posse of workers rolling the piñata on a stand from the gaming room into the courtyard. "Isn't it great?" Jessica squealed, coming up behind Flora and making her jump. "Get to the front, I want you to have at least one swing before somebody pops it!"

Sven handed Flora a plastic wiffle bat and shoved her into the center of the crowd of party goers. Flora stared down the massive purple fish, gripped the bat and swung as hard as she could, but it bounced harmlessly off the piñata's cardboard exterior.

"My turn!" Gabe ran forward, grabbed the bat from her hands, and swiped at it three times, with similar lack of response. Several others took their swings, the alligator in particular left a very satisfying *crack* ringing in everyone's ears, but their target remained unfazed.

“Has everyone had a whack at it who wants one?” Jessica asked the crowd. “If so, I think it’s time for our secret weapon!” She handed Sven the bat, who grinned and stepped up, wielding it with purpose.

“Y’all ready for some candy?” he boasted, wound-up his strike, and smacked the piñata with all his might.

BOOM! The piñata exploded with the power of a bomb. Candy shrapnel littered the crowd, shattering glass and sending people scattering for dear life. Flora collapsed like a sack of bricks when a Jolly Rancher glanced off her balls with the power of a line drive.

“What…what the hell happened?” Jessica stammered, running forward. Sven was still standing, but he’d taken the full brunt of the blast and his fur looked slightly signed. Inside the ruined piñata, some sort of shattered carapace showed the source of the unexpected explosion. “What is that inside the piñata?”

“It’s a booby trap,” Sven dropped the bat and examined the remains. “This was designed to go off non-lethally. Basically a larger version of a cherry popper, just a prank.”

“A *prank?!”* Jessica interrupted angrily. “It smashed the windows! Look at our stereos, this is thousands of dollars of damage! This was *not* a prank!” Her eyes flashed angrily. “I bet it was that motherfucker Rusty. He had been poking around earlier. I’m gonna give him a piece of my mind!”

“I’d filled the piñata with candy myself this morning,” Chris piped up. “It couldn’t have been the delivery men, or anyone from last night.”

“I’m gonna fuck him up myself,” Jessica growled, but Sven grabbed her arm to stop her from marching down the road.

“Now hold on,” he interrupted. “We can’t just go down there without evidence. Let’s check the security cameras. Also, if anyone needs medical attention, I need to spend at least one shift in the medical bay!”

Jessica led Flora and Chris to the security room and checked the tapes. “All right, there it is being dropped off,” she narrated, fast-forwarding after they watched her talking with delivery men in the kitchen at midnight. “Nobody came in during the night. There’s Chris filling it with candy at 8am, and…”

They all watched as Chris left the kitchen. A few minutes later, a hooded figure crept in from the outer window and inserted a large metal object. The figure turned to leave almost as quickly as he’d come.

“Pause the video!” Jessica peered at the figure. “Well, fuck. Completely average height, build, weight…he could be anyone. Or she, I suppose.”

“Naw, that’s a guy,” Ramone chimed in as he entered the security room. “Trust me, I can tell.”

Jessica looked over. “Learn anything?”

“That bomb was a remarkable little piece of engineering.” Ramone tapped his screwdriver against his temple approvingly. “Constructed from scratch, and whoever made it knows how to engineer. It charged up kinetically, from people whacking the piñata.”

“Hmmm, so that’s why Sven’s home-run hit was the one that tipped it over the line,” Chris nodded. “Interesting.”

Jessica let out a strangled growl. “This is such bullshit. The party was going so well, too.”

Flora wasn’t feeling particularly useful as the others passed around theories, so she excused herself to go grab some dessert. But she was halfway to the dining commons when she saw something out of the corner of her eye: someone was rustling in the bushes across the way. Could it be the saboteur? Dropping to a crouch, Flora stealthily crawled over, keeping her breathing quiet. It sounded like they were wrestling with something…

Taking a deep breath, she parted the bushes for a peek and yelped in surprise to see a couple fornicating. The pony brayed in alarm as he popped out, spraying cum all over the she-lynx's crotch and stomach. "Sorry, I'm so sorry!" Flora stammered, looking away. "I just thought…I didn't think before interrupting."

"'S alright," sighed the lynx, as the pony tenderly slid out and darted away with one last scandalized look. "He'd basically finished, and the party's always over when the guy cums…"

"I'm surprised you two were even thinking about sex at a time like this," Flora admitted, following the lynx as she walked to the outdoor showers. "Everyone else is on high alert after the attack."

"Eh. Everybody calms down in different ways," the lynx shrugged, turning a shower on and not bothering to close the curtain. Flora noticed she was leaking cum from several orifices. "Turns out I do it through sex."

"Nothing, uh…wrong with that…" Flora felt like she hadn't made the greatest first impression, and tried to salvage the conversation by complimenting her. "Your stamina was something else at that orgy. I only had two partners, and I tired myself out. You had like six."

"Eight, actually, by the end of it," the lynx smiled and stretched as the water played across her fur. She had short brown hair and a short, stocky frame. "Cherry Cove is my chance to be a freak and work out my kinks. At home I'm a librarian who still lives with her parents."

"Ooh, my condolences." Flora noticed that the lynx seemed to be going out of her way to show off her curves as she scrubbed herself down. "I had really controlling parents too, growing up. I promise you it gets better once you can move out."

"Yeah, but I keep blowing all my paychecks saving up to come here." The lynx lathered her breasts with body wash, running her hands down her slick frame. "You're Flora, right? Everyone's talking about you. Name's Tamara."

"Nice to meet you Tamara!" Flora saw a slight smile play across Tamara's lips, and realized she'd been staring unabashedly at Tamara's breasts for almost their entire conversation. She immediately flushed red as Tamara scrubbed her crotch clean. "So, um, are orgies common in Cherry Cove?"

"When Aysha is here, absolutely." Tamara washed the body wash away. "I certainly don't have the courage to go starting one, and without her the girls are a bit outnumbered. But there are always plenty of one-on-one partners available. Finding a decent one, now that's another matter entirely…" Flora realized that Tamara's vaginal cleansing had slowly turned into masturbating. "Nine guys, and not one of them bothered to get me off," the lynx panted. "Is it really so hard to spare a thought for your partner?"

Flora bit her lip. "I, um… could help you with that. If you want."

Tamara smirked at Flora's swelling erection. "I thought you'd never ask. I admit my cervix is feeling a bit sore, but I'd happily trade oral."

Flora quickly climbed into the shower and embraced Tamara. She was feeling recharged after having to service three different people, so it only took a few strokes from Tamara until Flora was at full mast. She mmm'ed happily as Tamara's tongue locked passionately with hers, and her hand moved to cup the lynx's breast.

Tamara broke the kiss to trail her tongue down Flora's breasts, but Flora stopped her from going any further. "No no, you get serviced first," she panted. "You've waited long enough." Tamara sighed happily as Flora eased her to the ground and crawled on top of her, resuming their kiss. Much like Tamara had, Flora began trailing her tongue down the lynx's chest, massaging her stomach, slowly making her way down her body. Tamara let out a low moan as Flora massaged her inner thighs using the same motions she'd learned from Sven, before deciding she'd teased the poor girl enough and slid her tongue across Tamara's lower lips. She

heard a sharp intake of breath as Tamara spread her legs wide, giving Flora full access to her nethers. “Oh god…” she panted as Flora swirled her tongue around her clitoris. “…finally…”

Flora rubbed Tamara’s folds with her thumbs while sliding her tongue deeper. Tamara shuddered as Flora worked, arching her back and moaning loudly. Flora hoped nobody was walking by the showers.

“Oh fuck, Flora…go deeper…” Tamara panted, arching her back suddenly. “Right there! Right…ohhhhhh fuck—” Flora broke pace for only a second when Tamara suddenly wrapped her legs around Flora’s head and convulsed wildly. Tamara screamed as her orgasm coursed through her, every muscle tightening and releasing as she crested over the wave. Finally, she collapsed limply on the ground, laughing hysterically.

Flora massaged her neck and looked in alarm at Tamara’s unexpectedly burlesque reaction. “Uhhhh, are you okay?” she asked as her partner howled herself to tears.

Tamara rolled over, exposing her butt and wiggling it happily. “Yeah, don’t worry about it. I always laugh after I orgasm. God knows why.” Catching her breath, she crawled on top of Flora and pressed her to the ground. “You give some damn good head for someone with a dick,” she murmured huskily in Flora’s ear.

Flora grinned nervously in response, noticing with some alarm that Tamara was slowly inching her across the slicked floor. “Um, Tamara? You’re pushing me out of the—”

“—I know.” Tamara’s eyes flashed mischievously. “Guys take too long to cum in the shower. Plus I want everyone walking by to see me as I suck you off.” With one final push, Flora felt herself bounce across the porcelain tiles of the outside walkway.

“Tamara—” she gasped, but the lynx wasn’t taking no for an answer. Pouncing on her partner predatorily, Tamara forced Flora’s legs apart and quickly lapped at her balls hungrily. Before Flora could say another word, her cock was already halfway into Tamara’s maw. “Ohhh…” she moaned, closing her eyes and focusing on the sensation. “But Tamara… even out here I’m not sure if I’m gonna finish as quickly as you did…”

“Oh yeah?” Tamara swirled her tongue around Flora’s tip. “You only think that because you’ve never had a blowjob from *me* before.” She returned to her work, and Flora could instantly tell she was being serviced by an expert. Massaging her balls with one hand, pumping her base with the other, and sliding the rest of her shaft as far down her throat as she could, Tamara was worshiping Flora’s lovestick with an intensity Flora had never felt before. She couldn’t even think as Tamara moved both hands down to cup Flora’s balls and slid Flora’s entire length down her throat. Flora gasped wordlessly as Tamara began humming, a tuneless melody that sent Flora’s entire cock vibrating. It felt incredible, and Flora lay there and savored the feeling as time slowed to a standstill.

Suddenly, Tamara’s pace increased. Flora could feel that rough canine tongue trailing up and down her shaft, those fingers kneading Flora’s balls with delicate precision. Tamara’s lips slid up and down Flora’s shaft, begging for release. And, as Tamara’s song reached a crescendo, Flora felt herself tip past the point of no return. “Tamara… she gasped, “I’m…gonna…” The last of her warning died in her throat as her orgasm coursed through her, culminating in a high-pitched squeal as she ejaculated messily into Tamara’s mouth. “Ohhhh my god…” she panted, still riding the post-orgasm high as Tamara licked her shaft lovingly while things calmed down. “I hope you weren’t expecting me to pull out…”

“Of course not.” Tamara nuzzled Flora’s sac playfully. “You couldn’t if you tried, I had you in a death grip. That’s why I perfected my deep throat, when the guy cums I don’t even have to taste it.” She finally rolled aside as Flora dragged herself to a sitting position. “Or, uh, penis-owning person,” she amended. “Not guy. Though until now those two had been interchangeable terms…”

Flora smiled. “I can’t believe you’re a librarian…you’re a sex maniac. An uncontrollable ball of energy.”

“I think you’d be surprised how many closet nymphos there are in the world.” Tamara stretched and helped Flora to her feet. “You leave tomorrow morning, right? Bummer I only got to know you right here at the end. We coulda done this all weekend…”

“Something for next time, then,” Flora smiled excitedly. “I can have Jessica inform you next time I’m in town.”

Tamara nodded and sauntered off, and Flora only then realized how many resortgoers had gathered to watch the spectacle. Blushing bright red, she almost retreated to the privacy of the showers before her growling tummy demanded she finally reach the dining commons.

However, as she rounded the corner, her journey was again interrupted by a surprising sight; the courtyard had been completely evacuated in the aftermath of the fallout, but a lone figure in a coat was poking around the piñata. “Hello?” she called out.

The person took one look at her and bolted, taking the piñata with him. “Hey! Put that back!” Flora gasped, springing into pursuit and quickly bridging the distance. “Stop!” she shouted, dive-tackling the person as they reached the dirt path and sending them both skidding into the cliffside.

A shower of dirt peppered them as the figure wrestled angrily with her. “Git yer naked arse off me!” Rusty snapped angrily, kneeing her in the crotch.

“Rusty!” Jessica yelled, looking livid as she came jogging up to them. “You shriveled snake! I knew you were behind this!”

“Behind wha’?” Rusty elbowed Flora in the breast until she crawled off. “I dunnae wha’ yer talking aboot! I was just reclaimin’ what’s mine!”

“So you admit that bomb was yours?” Jessica challenged. “You’ve finally crossed the line Rusty! I’ll be filing a police report, I’m telling them *everything*, and we can finally be free of your awful presence once and for—”

“Jess, what’s going on?” Sven panted, jogging up. “Ramone said you needed me.”

“Flora caught Rusty stealing the evidence!” Jessica pointed accusingly.

“I’m not stealin’, lassie!” Rusty threw his hands in the air. “Ye’ve got errything all wrong, fer god’s sake!”

Sven narrowed his eyes. “All right, Rusty, you have one chance to explain yourself. We’re listening.”

“Aboot a week ago, I was approached by a young laddie.” Martly recalled. “Needed some parts from me farm equipment. Well, I would nae sell ‘em, but I agreed to loan ‘em out fer 24 hours. At the end of tha’ time, he promised he’d come to me house and return ‘em. But I was going on an evenin’ walk when I saw me parts in this charred thing, so I thought I’d just take ‘em back. I’ve no clue wha’ he used ‘em for!”

“That whole story is such a load of bull!” Jessica cried out angrily.

Sven thought. “What did this young man look like?”

“He was a dalmatian,” Rusty recalled, and Flora’s hands flew to her mouth. Everyone looked at her.

“There was a dalmatian at boarding school with me!” she gasped. “Oakes, a mechanical engineering major. He *hated* me, made my life hell. He was the main reason I left.”

“Hmm. The bomb could have been targeting Flora directly,” Sven pondered.

“Wait! The person who assaulted me in the Blow Zone!” Flora remembered. “They had white fur. They could have been a dalmatian!”

“You know about the Blow Zone?” Sven asked.

“Guys, guys, come on,” Jessica interrupted. “Rusty’s lying, he wants plausible deniability so he doesn’t rot in a cell forever. There’s no real proof of this phantom second person.”

“Rusty’s a little tall and thin to be the person from the security footage,” Flora pointed out. “Plus I just wrestled with him, and I don’t think he’s nimble enough to climb through that window without effort.”

“Ramone mentioned the footage showed somebody planting the bomb at 8am,” Sven chimed in. “You were kicking Rusty off the premises at the time, remember?”

Jessica’s eyes lit up. “I bet that was the plan! He was a distraction!”

“Ye can’t prove tha’, cause it ain’t true!” Rusty folded his arms. “I’m through with this. Gimme my parts and I’ll be through wi’ this chicanery.”

“Rusty, you said the dalmatian promised to return these parts today?” Sven asked.

“Aye,” Rusty nodded. “I’m holding his custom-fitted welding mask as collateral. And no, I won’t let ye see it!”

“But he’s probably got fingerprints all over it!” Jessica protested.

“I doubt it,” Flora chimed in. “Oakes was a germaphobe. Always kept everything of his so neat. Plus I don’t think it was an accident he didn’t use traceable collateral, like a vehicle or a firearm. He planned for everything.”

“Hmmm,” Sven pondered. “Well, assuming he wasn’t going to just sacrifice that welding mask, he must have expected to be able to return Rusty’s parts. But he knew these would almost certainly be destroyed in the blast, not to mention given to the police as evidence. I suspect he purchased replacements and will be giving those to Rusty later today.”

“If he’s going to be at Rusty’s later, we can lie in wait!” Jessica realized. “Catch the bastard in action!”

Rusty realized everyone was looking at him. “Ach…fine,” he grumbled, “on *one* condition: ye drop all charges from myself on these matters.”

“Not in your life!” Jessica snarled.

“Jess, we either take down Rusty or Oakes, and I’d rather get the mastermind,” Sven reminded. “Especially because if Oakes gets away, he might target Flora again in the future.”

Jessica folded her arms. “Goddammit, okay. But Rusty, you’re only off the hook if we capture that son of a bitch. Now, everyone grab some clothes and let’s move! He could arrive at Rusty’s any minute!”

* * *

Rusty handed Sven and Jessica hunting rifles. “Ye better not get his blood all over me farm,” he threatened.

“Don’t worry, we want him alive.” Sven checked the bolt and nodded approvingly. “There are two roads leading to Rusty’s farm. I’m going to hide in the bushes near this one, Jess you cover the other. Flora, best thing you could do is stay in the forest somewhere you can see both roads and serve as our extra pair of eyes.”

Jessica handed Flora a small tube on a twine necklace. “This is a bird whistle, it’ll play the wrentit if you blow into it. Use it to signal us if you see Oakes coming.”

“What if one of you sees him first?” Flora asked.

“We’re gonna be plenty loud about it,” Jessica glared. “Remember, let him finish his business with Rusty before engaging. Rusty, you make sure that tape recorder picks up everything he says, or the deal’s off.”

“Ye keep altering the bloody deal, I’m bein’ as cooperative as I ruddy can,” Rusty grumbled, going inside.

Sven gave the girls one last nod. “He could show any moment. We better assume positions.”

“Let’s take this bastard down,” Jessica nodded with resolve.

Flora clambered into the forest. It was weird wearing clothes again for the first time in over 48 hours, but a stakeout was not the place for bright fuchsia fur. Despite the warm summer air, she felt a shiver ripple down her spine at the prospect of seeing Oakes again. She’d never understood why he hated her so much, and he’d been such a defining force in her formative years that she didn’t feel prepared for him to re-enter her life for any amount of time. *Well, as much as I’ve enjoyed putting him behind me, he won’t be back in my life for long*, she thought with resolve. *I just have to trust that Jessica and Sven have control over the situation, and soon—*

With a light *fwip* something pricked her in the butt. Casting her hand back reflexively, she brushed out a tranquilizer dart.

Her heart skipped a beat and she scrabbled for the bird whistle, but her hands were refusing to cooperate. With terror, she saw someone crawling through the forest towards her, but before she could do anything she’d slipped unconscious.

* * *

Flora came to with her arms and legs feeling extremely sore. “Whu…?” Shaking her head, she slowly discovered she had been stripped naked and tied spreadeagle to a rough wooden wall.

“Good morning, Eric,” a mocking voice greeted her. It was older, and deeper, but she recognized its inflections even when she couldn’t see the speaker sitting on the dark side of the room. “Can I say you’ve matured into quite the pink young lady? Guess I’m eating my words, you could be a girl after all.”

“Oakes!” Flora struggled with her bonds in a panic, but she was cinched tight. They seemed to be in some sort of musty old barn. She could feel rotten bales of hay pressed against her feet. “Where are we?” she asked nervously.

“An old abandoned farm,” he laughed. “Once home to a happy family of eight, but the resort drove them out of business. She doesn’t look it, but your sister is actually quite the heartless, cutthroat businesswoman.”

“Oakes, what are you doing here?” Flora interrupted. “This isn’t about the resort, or you’d have tranqued and kidnapped Jess.”

“Oh, Eric,” Oakes laughed, “of course this is about you.” He stepped into the light, and with a flash of realization she recognized Chris. “I was just spraying mats in the kitchen one day, and imagine my surprise when the boss mentions that Flora, her sister formerly known as Eric, was visiting for a weekend.” Flora could now see the black dye rubbing off his fur and staining the edges of his clothes. “Where did you go anyway?” he asked, smiling. “You didn’t even graduate, one day you just disappeared.”

“I ran away! I gave up everything and fled to a new city just to escape you!” Flora recoiled as he got closer. “Why have you always hated me?” she cried. “I never did anything to you! The other bullies were mean and I was an easy target, I get it, but you always acted like it was so personal…”

“It was!” Abruptly his gaze darkened, and he cast his foot out, kicking her square in the crotch and sending her writhing in pain. “You squandered your gift!” he spat. “Look at you! You could have used your powers to become the strongest, handsomest man alive. You could have had the *world*, Eric! But you waste it turning yourself into a hideous, fucked up freakshow of male and female parts.” He kicked her in the balls again and again, mercilessly pummeling them and eliciting pained screams as she wrestled desperately with her restraints. Every punt sent a fresh wave of agony radiating from her bruised berries and throughout the rest of her body, and she couldn’t stop it no matter how she screamed, begged, and convulsed.

After several agonizing minutes, Flora couldn't feel her legs any longer and collapsed helplessly, held up only by her bonds, and only then did Oakes finally stop to rest his foot. "That's why I always aimed for your jewels," he panted. "I thought if I ever popped them, you could give up on being a hybrid monstrosity and at least settle for becoming a good-looking woman." He wrapped his fingers around her testicles and squeezed. "Though you'd never have the free power and social status of a man, you at least wouldn't be a visible disgrace to psions everywhere."

"I was 15!" Flora sobbed, locking her knees desperately as the pressure on her nuts sent waves of dull aches reverberating through her abdomen and stomach. "I hadn't even finished puberty, of course I couldn't control my powers!"

"Well, you're an adult now, and have only gotten even worse!" Oakes tugged experimentally, then sighed and slapped her across the sac just like he had in the glory hole, leaving her gulping haggard, pained breaths.

"Why the hell do you even care…?" Flora whimpered, eyes squeezed shut as she tried to ride out the soreness in her nethers. "Why are you even concerned with what hypothetical psions would think about me?"

"I am not 'hypothetical!'" Oakes countered. He grabbed a handful of pebbles off the ground and tossed them one-at-a-time in her general direction. Even though she could tell that he wasn't aiming anywhere in particular, every single pebble ended its aerial journey by bouncing off her aching balls. "Turns out my lifetime of nitpicking wasn't a coincidence." He grinned as she grimaced and tried in vain to massage her crotch with her thighs. "I can tweak moving objects to go where I please. Nothing huge, but if I want, say, every coincidental projectile to target your little pink plums, I could arrange it."

He kneeled down in front of her and roughly grabbed her sac again, spurring another bout of furious struggling. "I was so sure I'd popped these when I sent you flying out of that bounce house," he remarked wistfully, giving them a few penitent squeezes. "That was why I tortured you with the muscle rub when you powered through. I admit, it was a moment of weakness." He grinned. "But in a way, I'm glad." Flora's eyes widened as he drew a Zippo lighter out of his pocket. "Because destroying your nuts on that sign would have been too quick." He glared wickedly as the flame illuminated his twisted face. "I want your unwomanly parts to *suffer* before I remove them."

"No, Oakes, please don't!" Flora stammered, trying in vain to move her balls anywhere but the line of fire. "This is insane, think about what you're doing!" Her pupils dilated as he pulled his other hand away and inched the Zippo closer and closer to her sac. "I've never done anything to you…" she begged.

"Oh, but you did." He held the flame a hairbreadth away from her jewels, leaving her wriggling from the uncomfortable heat. "If you'd turned into a dashing man, we could have been friends. We could have taken on the world together. Two psions, with a school full of sheep to control." His grip on the Zippo wavered as he imagined what could have been. "This is for the lifelong friendship we never had, the one you killed through your selfishness."

And that's when Flora heaved her pelvis forward, swiveling her hips and knocking the lighter out of his hand with her balls. Oakes cried out in surprise, then terror when the Zippo landed right in the scattered hay bales and ignited the area. "Oh, crap," he breathed, moving to extinguish, but it was too late.

"We've got to go!" Flora urged. "Untie me!" But Oakes fled the barn instead. "Oakes?! Don't leave me in the fire!" she shouted after him, but he was gone.

The hay around her left foot ignited, burning the ropes and freeing her leg. Desperately, she shimmied her toes under the zippo and balanced it on the tip of her foot. *Only gonna get*

one shot at this… Tossing the Zippo up in a backwards arc, she gasped in surprise when her aim was true and she caught it in her restrained fist.

Twisting her hand awkwardly, she burnt her limbs free and fled the barn as the fire grew out of control. Coughing and covered in singed fur, Flora stumbled out of the barn just in time to see Oakes coming around the corner with a bucket of water. “What the…?” he gasped in surprise, seeing her.

Flora snarled and bared her claws. “You left me to *die,* asshole!” Breaking into a dead run, she didn’t give him time to formulate a new plan before burying her foot in his crotch. “What’s the matter?” she snarled viciously, giving him another good kick to the spuds as he skidded backwards and scrambled back up. “Don’t enjoy it so much when it’s *your* nuts?”

She chased him into the forest, kicking him square between the legs everytime she caught up, but his adrenaline kept him on his feet until he burst out of the treeline and dove in a panic off the cliffs overlooking the ocean.

Flora barely managed to stop in time before going over herself, and could only watch as he fell almost two stories and hit the surf with a splash. The water was so clear that she could see as his momentum drilled him through the depths until he smashed balls-first into a narrow submerged rock. “Ooooh…” she winced, reflexing cupping her own sac in solidarity.

Oakes wasn’t coming up; Flora realized he’d probably passed out from the pain. Biting her lip, she looked back at the beckoning safety of the forest…but nobody deserved to drown. Taking a deep breath (and aiming far away from that rock), Flora jumped off the cliff and hit the water with a large splash of her own.

She wasted no time darting down and rescuing Oakes from sinking any deeper, and with great effort she carried him to the surface and gasped heavy gulps of air. Kicking her legs and paddling her free arm with all her might, she dragged both of them jerkily to the rocky base of the cliffs. There was no beach to speak of, but she could at least get them out of the surf.

Oakes was still out cold. Flora splashed him a few times, but he clearly wasn’t interested in waking up. Breathing heavily, Flora looked around and assessed her options. It was high tide right now, so they were safe from the water, and she even suspected she’d be able to scale certain parts of this cliff if she had to, but she didn’t see any direction she could go with Oakes’ body in tow. *I’m gonna have to leave him*, she slowly realized. *I’ll send rescue once I’ve made it home safely. The tide’s already in, so he’s not in any immediate danger.*

She prepared to dive into the water and swim down the coast, but hesitated. She wanted…no…*needed* to know how much damage that rock had done. Gently pulling Oakes’ pants down to assess, she bit her tongue to stop from crying out at his misshapen scrotum. It looked like a shriveled, deflated balloon. She poked it delicately, and felt only jelly. His nuts had been completely smashed.

She felt her stomach flip flop. Stumbling away, she clutched her gut and wretched into the ocean, coming dangerously close to vomiting. *Thank god I haven’t eaten in hours…*

It was definitely time to go. Flora quickly fixed Oakes’ pants, though the sight of his ruined pupmakers were forever burnt into her mind. Diving into the surf, Flora first retrieved the Zippo from the ocean floor, then followed the coast for almost ten minutes before finding a cliffside she felt comfortable climbing.

Having finally reached solid ground again, and as the miles between her and Oakes increased, she felt her heartbeat finally relaxing. She was hopelessly lost, but at least she (or her balls) weren’t in mortal danger anymore.

For hours she wandered aimlessly through the woods, hoping against hope that she’d recognize somewhere, like perhaps the hot springs, but she wasn’t so lucky. Her chances grew worse when a light sprinkle slowly turned into a torrential downpour. *Well, at least that sorts out*

the barnfire… she thought wistfully, wiping her drenched hair out of her eyes. Plus, she reminded herself, she'd rather be suffering through the rain here than down on the cliffside like Oakes.

The rain eventually stopped, but the clouds remained, blanketing the forest in darkness far earlier than usual. Relying on her Zippo for light, Flora finally reached the end of the forest and discovered train tracks traveling into the endless fields. *I can follow these to the resort!* she realized excitedly, *And if I'm really lucky, I might even be able to flag down a train!*

But she was not lucky. In fact, after almost four hours of following the tracks deeper and deeper into the fields, she was forced to admit that she'd gone the wrong way, but it was too dark to turn around now. In fact, the realization was so disheartening that her exhausted legs gave out and she slept fitfully in the mud near the tracks.

A passing train woke her at sunrise, and she continued her weary hike, now incredibly hungry. It was with unimaginable relief that she finally stumbled into a neighboring city at around 6am.

"Um, hi…" she smiled weakly and covered her crotch as the early birds on main street looked incredulously at the haggard, naked folf. "Could anyone direct me to a pay phone that allows collect calls?"

* * *

Jessica hugged Flora one last time, tears running down her face. "I couldn't believe it when we got your call," she cried openly for the umpteenth time. "I was so worried. Thank god you can take care of yourself!"

"Things turned out pretty good, didn't they?" Flora smiled, hugging her back. She and her sister were at the Cherry Cove train stop. Jessica was still naked as a jaybird, but Flora had donned her outfit in preparation for reintegrating into society. "I can't wait to come back though. This resort is such a paradise. I'm already looking forward to my next visit!"

Jessica smiled as she wiped a tear from her eye. "We get that a lot. And you are always welcome back, free of charge!"

"Sounds like a plan!" Flora grinned. "Let me know when Wayne and Aysha will be there. For sure I want to see them again. I want to see all of you again!"

"Except Chris, that cunt." Jessica shook her head in disbelief as both heard the train approaching. "I heard from the police, nobody was able to find him. I hope he drowned."

Flora shook her head. "He's resourceful, and he'd reached the cliffline. It's an awful trip, but if I got out alive, he can too." She gave her sister a reassuring kiss as the train doors opened. "Luckily, we have somebody who's more than up to the task of finding him."

A red-haired vulpine with a no-nonsense expression stepped crisply off the train. "You are Jessica Harpridge, the resort manager?" she asked in a tone more befitting a command than a question. Jessica nodded and both extended a hand to shake. "Emilena Echo, former police investigator. If you have the papers, I promise I can find your wayward employee."

Jessica smiled and handed over Chris Oakes' employee file. "Good bye, little sis!" she called as Flora and Emilena stepped back onto the train before the doors closed. "I love you!"

Nairda's face was plastered against the window as Flora and Emilena found their seats. "Holy crap, Flora, your sister is *hot*!" he gasped.

"I guess it runs in the family," Flora stuck her tongue out. She glanced at Emilena. "You really think we'll be able to find Oakes?"

"I take attacks against my gang members *very* seriously." Her leader's eyes narrowed as she leafed through the file. "This asshole is as good as dead. But we'll worry about that soon enough. Tell us about your vacation."

Flora's eyes rolled happily back into her head. "Oh my god, it was the greatest weekend I've ever had. I never wore a stitch of clothing, I got to do pretty much any activity I could imagine, and I got the *fuck* fucked out of me. You would not believe how much sex I had, with so many different people!"

"Oh?" Emilena raised an eyebrow. "So will you finally stop with that ridiculous insistence that you're technically a virgin?"

Flora shook her head. "I never ejaculated in a pussy! Well, except one, but it belonged to a man so it doesn't count. My future spouse will appreciate the distinction."

Emilena sighed and rubbed her temples in disbelief. Nairda finally stopped ogling Jessica's butt as the train left the station. "You, uh…didn't sleep with your sister, did you?" he asked.

"What?" Flora shook her head with a laugh. "Of course not!"

"Well, that's a relief, at least," Emilena remarked, and Nairda nodded in agreement. "God knows nothing good would ever come from doing that…"

A Shiny Red Revelle

Eric woke up five minutes before his alarm went off, as usual. He'd never really known why that always happened, but he sighed and buried his face in his pillow and wished the blankets would swallow him up, like what happened to that kid in *Nightmare on Elm Street.* "I'd rather deal with Teddy Kreuger than anyone at school…" he muttered to Spiffy, his plush rat. "Why can't I be home-schooled like Wanda?"

After splashing water on his fur and combing out only the most obvious knots in his bed head, the young fox headed down for breakfast. Normally he needed to stay strictly presentable on pain of being sent right back upstairs, but today his parents were out of town for work and the hired help never cared enough to comment.

His younger sister was chewing with her mouth open when he arrived in the dining room. "You're gonna be late for school!" she shouted at him, even though he had plenty of time. She must be mimicking something she heard on TV. "You're gonna miss the bus!"

"I walk to school," Eric retorted, then winced when Wanda made like she was going to get out of her seat. Wanda had a habit of kicking him at the slightest provocation, and he'd long learned not to give her an excuse. Fortunately, the butler entered at that point, and the younger fox found herself far more entertained violating table etiquette to get the zorilla to protest stiffly.

Eric didn't dally as he quickly finished his mixed fruits with buttermilk and left the family mansion as quickly as he could. The walk to school was downhill, but he still massively preferred the return trip because it meant he was leaving. Nobody at school was particularly rude to him, but they weren't nice either; most of the other rich kids in his grade were sociable, attractive, or smart. He was so sheltered and overall forgettable (not to mention on an extremely tight allowance that prevented him from dressing any better than the middle class kids) that for the most part he just floated through classes doing the bare minimum and spending most of his time in his own head.

He was so similarly entrenched in his thoughts that it was almost five minutes before he realized there was a sports car on the road driving slowly enough to match his speed. *Revelle,* boasted silver letters decaled into the unique three-wheeled chassis. Eric looked curiously at the driver; he was a slender antelope in a nice suit and designer sunglasses, probably a local since this was the richest neighborhood in Lanthae.

The man lowered his window. "Hey there, you're headed to school, right? Want a lift?"

Eric almost said no, but then realized at worst the man kidnapped him, and that honestly sounded better than continuing this dreary, meaningless existence. "Sure," he agreed, trying to look nonchalant as he got in the backseat.

The man had a goatee and swept-back horns which glinted with a sheen of coconut oil. Eric suspected he was trying to look younger than he really was. "Honestly, I'm surprised your folks don't have a chauffeur for you or something," the man chuckled. "Don't see many people walking in this part of town."

"Yeah," Eric shrugged, not one for conversation.

"What's your name?"

"Eric."

“Not a talker, huh? That’s fine.” They drove in silence for a couple more minutes. “How’s school been, Eric?” the man finally tried again. “And you’re not allowed to just answer ‘fine.’ Any answer except fine.”

Eric thought. “Good, I guess.”

The man laughed. “I walked into that one, didn’t I?” He stopped at a red light. “How’re your friends doing, then? You have a girlfriend? If you don’t mind me asking.”

Eric shook his head. “I don’t really have friends.”

“Do you wish you did?”

“You ask a lot of questions,” Eric pointed out. He realized he should probably be feeling nervous, but the school was in sight at the end of the street and the man had already activated his turn signal to enter the parking lot.

“Sorry, only making conversation. If that bothers you, just tell me.” The man pulled into the furthest parking space from campus. Eric wondered if the other kids walking past would wonder why he was in a car with a strange man, but ultimately nobody paid him any heed. He attempted to open the door, but it was locked and child-proofed. “Hey! Why’s your door locked?” he demanded.

The man sighed. “Okay, look, Eric,” he confessed, leaning around. “I’ve got a proposition for you. If you say no, I’ll unlock the door and you can leave. But I’m interested in paying you if we drive somewhere private...and then you let me suck your dick.”

For a full second things went deathly silent. “What?” Eric gasped. “No!”

“You sure?” The man spread his hooves encouragingly. “I’ll pay good money, and you don’t have to do anything. Just get your dick sucked. You’ll enjoy it.”

Eric gulped and shook his head. “I’m sorry, but no way.” He wrestled with the door lock. “Let me go!”

The man sighed. “Suit yourself. But you’re missing out.” He pressed a button and the door unlocked. Eric quickly fast-walked through the parking lot, and the sports car was already gone when he gave one last backward glance before entering the school grounds.

* * *

Eric had a very hard time concentrating at school that day, and his classes seemed to blend together until the final bell rang and he began his long hike home. But he’d only reached the outskirts of the residential area before a familiar red sports car appeared on the road beside him.

“Hey, Eric! Want a lift home?” the antelope waved.

Eric bit his lip. For several minutes he stared both ways down the road, wondering if he should call the cops, or sprint for the nearest house...but as he weighed his options, a scale tipped in his mind and he climbed into the car.

“Why do you even want to...you know what?” he asked, as he shut the door and the man started the car.

His driver didn’t answer.

Eric sighed. “How much are you offering?”

“Fifty dollars,” the man answered.

Eric scoffed reflexively. “Sorry,” he apologized, “but my parents are loaded. I can get fifty bucks from the knick-knack drawer in the kitchen if I wanted to.”

“Okay, how much do you want then?”

Eric shook his head. “I’m not sure I can do this.”

“Why not?” the man pressed. When his passenger didn’t answer he changed tactics. “Would you do it for 300?”

“You’d pay me *three-hundred bucks*???” Eric gasped.

“No, but judging by that response, you’d have taken it. Which means there is a price somewhere in the middle.”

Eric couldn’t argue with that logic. He saw the turnoff to his house, but said nothing as the man drove right past. “...okay, how about a hundred?” he finally declared, half-disbelieving he was really agreeing to this.

“Deal,” the man nodded, turning off the main road into the bordering forest.

Eric felt his first few trickles of fear when the scattered trees replaced the suburban countryside. *What if this guy just kills me afterward? He can’t let me walk away, I might call the cops on him…* He was also slowly realizing the gravity of receiving money to help someone break the law. “Um, are you sure we should do this?” he asked nervously. The man parked and exited the driver’s seat. “Hey—!” Eric protested as the man climbed into the back. “I, uh, I’m not sure if—”

But by that point the man had already wordlessly unbuttoned Eric’s shorts and slid his member out from his boxers, and Eric knew there was no going back. He winced as the man wrapped his lips around his flaccid tip and teased him with his tongue until he was hard. Eric didn’t even feel particularly aroused since the goatee kept tickling his balls and reminding him his partner was a man, and he couldn’t help but repeatedly glance outside worried someone might drive by. But the road remained completely empty the entire time, and as this was the first time anyone else had ever touched his genitals, Eric ultimately didn’t require much before he finished, letting a single grunt escape under his breath as he climaxed despite his best efforts.

Panting, the man swallowed but kept teasing Eric’s shaft for a bit longer. Eric couldn’t decide whether to let him continue or forcibly tuck his unmentionables back out of sight like he wanted to. Fortunately the man obliged shortly before Eric’s embarrassment built to the point of action.

After returning to the driver’s seat and catching his breath, the man handed Eric two fifties and a damp washcloth from the glove compartment to clean up. Neither of them said anything as he shifted back into drive and returned them to civilization.

“Would you be interested in doing this again?” the man asked after Eric broke the silence to give him directions.

“Do I get $100 again?”

“Every time.”

Eric bit his lip. “I’ll think about it.”

The man pulled into the parking lot for the local park; Eric knew the way home from here, and he’d rather not let this man know where he lived. “One last question,” the man asked as Eric unbuckled his seatbelt. “Do you think you may be gay?”

“No,” Eric answered hurriedly. “No way. That was just for money.”

“Huh.” The man shrugged. “Usually I can call them. Okay then, have a nice day.”

It wasn’t until college that Eric discovered the man had been half right.

The Psionic Games

Sharal'tar let out a strangled groan as Sun Tzu punched her character's lights out for the second straight time, ending the match. "Yuri, how the hell are you so good at this damn game?" she grumbled, dropping her controller in frustration.

"I think you just suck, Sharal," Flora teased, making a grab for the controller. "My turn!"

"He stomps you every time too," the lizard countered, yanking the controller back and snapping several psionic vines dangerously close to Flora to keep her away.

"You need to run more complicated characters," Yuri advised, passing Flora his controller before anyone got hurt. "Shakespeare and Genghis Khan are too easy to counter."

The three were relaxing in Yuri's dorm on a lazy Sunday night. Their current game of choice was *Public Domain Fighter,* though neither of his girlfriends had proven very good and were basically taking turns getting trounced (literally) out of their clothes.

Sharal'tar sighed as she removed her panties and tossed them aside. "Okay, so what happens now? Flora and I don't have any clothing left to bet."

"How 'bout loser has to get Yuri off?" Flora suggested, queueing up a new match.

"Actually, I'm feeling a bit submissive right now," Yuri interjected, sliding off the couch onto his knees. "So I've got another idea. You two, scooch next to each other."

"Okay…" Sharal'tar retracted her vines so the folf could share her side of the couch. "Why?"

"Cause we're adding another dimension to this fight." Yuri fondled Flora's testicles and massaged Sharal'tar's inner thigh. "I'll be down here 'distracting' whoever's winning. Let's see who's better at keeping focused on the fight."

"Mmm…" Flora bit her lip to keep a moan from escaping. "I'm game. Sharal, you think you can remember what the buttons do?"

"I'm gonna kick your ass, Flora," Sharal'tar glowered, locking in her characters. Flora realized she hadn't been keeping tabs on her opponent's choices just as they disappeared from the screen. Not wanting to delay the match, she quickly selected her favorite character - Marie Curie - with Richard Wagner as her second.

"Single elimination, last team standing!" the announcer, Walter Kronkite, declared as Curie materialized in the Coliseum facing Sharal's character, Charles Darwin. "*Get ready…FIGHT!"*

Darwin immediately fired a finch, which Curie countered with a rock of polonium. "I'm not afraid of your long-range attacks!" Flora challenged, bridging the gap between their characters quickly. "You'll take damage just from staying near me!"

Sharal'tar growled as she tried in vain to avoid Curie's radiation field. After a few more useless finch attacks, she summoned a boat to coast herself to the other side of the map. "I've got you on the run!" Flora taunted, when suddenly she felt Yuri's fingers teasing her shaft. "Hey, wait, we're still tied!" she protested.

"She's at half-health," Yuri grinned, swirling his tongue around the tip of her cock. "You're winning."

"Eurghh…I…" Flora took her eyes off the screen for a second and completely missed Darwin's Tree of Life sprouting under Curie and pinning her in place. Attempting to break free with a beaker of acid, she failed the combo and suffered the brunt of a flock-of-finches to the face. "Fuck, fuck—" Desperately she swapped Curie out for Wagner just to break free. "Okay, Yuri, she forced a switch, I'm not winning anymore!" she begged.

Sharal'tar laughed as she ran Wagner over with the *HMS Beagle*. "Wow, Flora, never a good look to switch this early!" Then she missed a basic attack as Yuri slid two fingers between her vaginal folds, and Wagner capitalized on her hesitation to stunlock her in a Ring cycle. "Shit…dammit…"

Flora grinned as Wagner summoned two cannons and blasted Darwin to a sliver of health. *There we go…* she pulled off the combo to summon a Valkyrie and sent it to finish Darwin off, but Sharal quickly switched out to her second fighter…and the screen went black. “Wait, what?” Flora blinked in confusion.

“You didn’t notice who I picked?” Sharal laughed. “Milton, the blind poet! Now neither of us can see!”

Flora watched as her unseen opponent started hitting her with celestial and demonic attacks, and she could barely even gauge her own location from the hitmarkers. *OK, let’s see, I need to use area-of-effect attacks*— “Augh, Yuri, not now!” Her concentration broke as her boyfriend suddenly wrapped his lips around her balls.

“You scored the first force-swap!” The husky couldn’t keep a mischievous amusement out of his eyes as she shuddered with every lick and almost dropped her controller. “Congratulations!”

Between Yuri’s suckling and Milton’s blinding effect, Flora couldn’t time her attacks properly as Sharal'tar whittled Wagner down and finally blasted him off the map with Milton’s piledrive-from-heaven finisher. “Got anything special up your sleeve now?” the desert lizard taunted, only faltering for a second as Yuri swapped his focus to stimulating her clitoris.

“Yeah, did you forget *my* other character?” Flora swapped Curie back in. “I don’t need to *see* you, I just need to stay close and let radiation do the work!” Sharal'tar gritted her teeth as Milton wasted away and finally fell through the map to Hell, restoring vision to the arena. *Perfect!* Flora mentally cheered, relishing as Yuri returned to sucking her cock. *Darwin’s only got a bit of health left, I can hit him with anything*— “What the hell?” she gasped as Darwin respawned at full health with a ripped six-pack and wielding a spear.

“Uh oh, did you forget that Darwin *evolves*?” Sharal'tar pinned Curie between a new Tree of Life and a pair of summoned Neanderthals.

Within seconds, it was over. “*Darwin and Milton win! And that’s the way it is,”* Kronkite concluded the match as Flora groaned and dropped her controller.

“Fuck you, Flora!” Sharal'tar spread her legs. “I told you I’d kick your ass. Get that tongue over here, Yuri!”

Flora grumbled as Yuri acquiescently scooted over to give Sharal'tar her victory rewards. Looking away respectfully, she furrowed her brow when she noticed the door creak open a few inches. Was someone there?

Leaving the lovemakers to their fun, she peered around the side of the door and into the hallway, but she didn’t see anybody. *Huh, weird. Guess we just forgot to shut it*— “Eep!” She suddenly staggered backwards as a hispanic human in a Sartonic jumpsuit materialized in front of her.

“Flora!” Brittany pushed the door fully open. “There you are. Van Der Merwe needs you, it’s urgent!” She blinked as she suddenly realized what was happening in the room. “Er, was this a bad time?”

* * *

Sartonic’s chief admin, a raccoon named Dr. Van der Merwe, glanced over his spectacles as Flora was led into the room. “Ah, thank you Brittany. How are things, Miss Flora?”

“Fine…” Flora couldn’t meet Brittany’s eye, even though she was now dressed and decent. “What’s, uh, going on?”

“A rather unfortunate situation, I’m afraid. Do you know Tylan Harper? The test subject who can jam radio signals with his mind.”

“Yeah, he had to go to the hospital after we put in those new microwaves, right?” Flora glanced at the final other person in the room, a lean cream-colored bat she recognized as a fellow test subject but whose name she’d never learned.

“The doctors say he’ll make a full recovery, but he’ll be out of commission for the next few months until the migraines subside,” Van der Merwe sighed and shook his head. “And unfortunately, this means he needs to drop out of the upcoming Psionic Games.”

“Wait, come again?” Flora perked up.

“It’s one of the biggest international events in the psionics field,” he nodded. “Every four years, research facilities around the world send trios of test subjects to compete for medals. Brittany, Tylan and Tobias were our team last time.”

“Tylan was so excited to see China,” Brittany shook her head sadly. “This year it’s at the Railgun Stadium in Hangzhou.”

“These Games are a regular event?” Flora asked in amazement. “How have I never heard of them before?”

“You’re from America, right?” Van Der Merwe checked his records. “That would be why, they can’t be televised there. You see, the participants aren’t allowed to wear clothing.”

“It’s just like the ancient days,” Brittany nodded, as Flora’s eyes widened incredulously.

“Since materials would give certain psionic powers an unfair advantage. But aside from that, all bets are off.” She shrugged. “You’re not allowed to intentionally injure the other participants, but you can wield your powers to the fullest extent to score points in the events.”

“…You’re not telling me all this because you’re hoping that I take Tylan’s place, are you?” Flora paled. “With all due respect, why me? My psionic power is terrible, I can’t even use it within the timeframe of a sporting competition. Grab Sharal'tar, her vinebending powers would do way more than my shapeshifting ever could.”

“It’s not that simple,” Van Der Merwe shook his head. “The Games recognize three specific classifications of psionic power: Physical, Mental, and Control. Each facility can only send one test subject in each category.” He motioned to Brittany. “Physical powers are those that affect its user. We’re sending Brittany, whose invisibility will give her great advantages in the arena.”

“Next is Mental,” the bat, Tobias, chimed in. He extended a claw, and Van Der Merwe’s stapler wafted gently into the air. “Mental powers are those that can manipulate the environment. I can make objects float, and I’ve spent years practicing blocking incoming attacks.”

“We can’t send Sharal'tar because her power would also be considered Mental,” Van Der Merwe nodded. “And the last set, Control, is the hardest to fill.”

“Control powers are those considered too ineffectual to impact the events,” Brittany explained. “It’s very tough to qualify for, since they’re basically supposed to be the team’s ‘depowered fighter.’ It’s the job of the other two teammates to protect the Control.”

“Sounds weird, I know, but it’s more inclusive,” Tobias added. “The Psionic Games want to be open to all test subjects, not just those who won the superpower lottery.”

“Huh.” Flora racked her brain. “Yeah, I see why the Control category would lower your recruiting options a lot. But am I really the best candidate? I haven’t trained in the slightest.”

“That’s the ideal part about your ability, though,” Tobias pointed out. “You can alter your body to anything you like if given adequate time, so all you need to do is start imagining yourself as stronger and fitter. You’re the only test subject in this facility who could reach marathon levels of fitness in three months.”

“Which you’re going to need,” Brittany interjected. “These trials will be *grueling*, even if there weren’t nineteen other teams of psions trying to beat you.”

“We’re sorry to spring this on you so suddenly,” Van Der Merwe apologized, “but today is the last day facilities are allowed to edit their roster.” Flora noticed he already had an official webpage open with her info plugged into submission boxes. “I need a verbal agreement that you’re in, and that’ll be that.”

Flora gulped. “Wow. Um, sure. I guess I could do this…” She bit her lip as Van Der Merwe passed a thick stack of contracts and a signing pen her way. *I don’t know what I’m getting myself into here, but at least it’ll be an experience to remember…*

* * *

The next morning, Flora groggily woke up to the sound of someone pounding angrily on her apartment door. Stumbling bleary-eyed into the restroom and grabbing a bathrobe, she splashed her face with water and tried to make her fur look presentable before opening the door to see nobody. “Er, hello?” she barely got out before an unseen presence grabbed her arm and pulled her into the hallway.

“C’mon, I’ve been knocking for almost ten minutes!” Brittany’s voice griped. “The sun’s almost up!”

“I’m a heavy sleeper. Hey, wait, can I put on some real clothes?” Flora protested as Brittany dragged her to the stairs.

“You don’t train in *clothes* for the Psionic Games,” Brittany scoffed.

“We’re starting training already?” Flora hadn’t even remembered to start morphing into a more athletic build. “Couldn’t we wait until I’ve gained a few pounds of muscle?”

“Fitness is more than just muscle,” Brittany affirmed, steering her past the elevators. “It’s a *mindset*. It’s disciplined and sustained self-motivation. We need to get you *thinking* like a professional athlete or there’s no way you can perform like one.”

“Is that why we’re taking the stairs?” Flora gulped and tried to calculate how many floors down the fitness center was.

Brittany didn’t dignify that question with a response. “You better get used to this, Tobias and I have completed this routine every day for years. You have it incredibly easy in comparison.”

Flora sure didn’t feel like it by the time she stumbled into the gymnasium, her legs already feeling worked for the day. Tobias was warming up with some cherry-pickers, which gave Flora an uncomfortably good view of his lean, naked butt. “Took you long enough,” he grinned.

“You go get her next time, then,” Brittany protested, shimmering into view and causing Flora to gasp in surprise at her state of undress.

“You traveled up five floors *in the nude*?” she exclaimed.

“Nobody’s ever awake this early in the morning,” Brittany shrugged, forcibly stripping Flora from her only article of clothing and pushing her forward. Flora almost covered herself before mentally remembering she’d need to get used to this quickly. “Now get some stretches done, last thing we need is for you to pull a muscle running your first mile.”

“We’re gonna run a whole— *oop*!” Brittany blinked back out of existence, then shoved Flora into a cherry-picker stance without warning. “Mimic Tobias’ movements!” she commanded, and Tobias quickly returned to tagging three imaginary spots on the floor. “One, two, three. One, two, three. One, two, three!”

“You’re doing these too, right?” Flora panted at her invisible teammate.

“Last set!” Brittany barked, flashing back into view to show that she was. “One, two, THREE! Now, back up! Jumping jacks!”

Her teammates fired off set after set with mechanical precision, but Flora was finding it very hard to concentrate with all the jiggling body parts around her. She was grateful her sleep

deprivation and exercise dread was keeping her from feeling particularly aroused.
"How…long…do we do these?" she wheezed.

"That's enough. Now, push-ups!" Brittany and Tobias dropped down in front of her. "One!…One!… Flora, I'm not moving to Two until you've done one."

"I'm not…good at push-ups…" Flora confessed, barely managing a meek bent-knee bob.

Brittany sighed and counted out the remaining pushups for her and Tobias. "All right, let's cool down with five minutes of yoga. Downward dog!" she ordered. Flora awkwardly mimicked the weird pose they both assumed, wondering why so many of these exercises involved hindquarters shoved in the air. "Open your chest! Really stretch those quadriceps!"

Ten poses later, Flora's legs were burning by the time Brittany called a halt and the trio broke their positions. "We're gonna run this mile slowly, for the new girl's sake," the human announced, hoisting Flora unwillingly to her feet. "This gym is a quarter-mile around, so we need to complete four laps. Go!"

"Can I grab a drink?" Flora pleaded, even as the other two broke into a light jog.

"Sure, but you gotta catch it!" Tobias teased, floating his water bottle into the air in front of her at a speed that forced her to catch up with them.

What the hell have I gotten myself into? Flora pondered in despair as she desperately chased the bottle like a mule chasing a carrot.

Three agonizing laps later, Flora collapsed face-first onto the padded rubber floor and refused to get up. "I know you didn't finish your final lap, you know," Brittany teased, jogging in place to cool down. But even she could tell Flora was spent.

"Honestly, Flora, you impressed me for a first day," Tobias encouraged. "I was a lot like you before Brittany's drill sergeant routine whipped me into shape. Keep up this progress, and you'll be ready for the Games for sure."

Flora gasped for air as her only reply. About thirty minutes later, after the other two had completed a number of cooldown workouts and the increased activity in the adjacent hallways indicated the rest of Sartonic was waking up, Flora found the strength to roll over onto her back. "So…how much of the Psionic Games are gonna involve long-distance running anyway?" she finally worked up the energy to ask.

"We don't know. They never tell anyone the events ahead of time." Brittany handed Flora her robe and crossed to the lockers. "But rest assured it's going to require running, swimming, climbing, and often some form of biking or leg-powered vehicles. It's a test of physical strength as much as it is a celebration of psionic mastery."

"We were so close to medaling last time," Tobias sighed as he got dressed. "Fourth place by a quarter of a second. I was sure we had it in the bag this year, before we lost Tylan."

"Don't worry," Brittany extended her hand and helped Flora hoist herself to her feet. "I've got a good feeling about Flora. Her heart's in the right place, now we just need to help her body catch up!"

* * *

It took over a month for the morning workouts to become anything other than painful and humiliating torture sessions, but after that her psionic muscles really started growing in, and before long Flora was fitter than she'd ever been in her life. Three months wasn't enough time to grow herself into a bodybuilder, but she couldn't resist the glowing praise from her friends as she showed off her new ultra-toned curves.

"You look as buff as those tennis players on TV!" Yuri encouraged as he, Amber and Sharal'tar waited at the Egypt International Airport to say goodbye. "Do you think you're going to keep it after the Games are over?"

“Probably not,” Flora admitted. “It doesn’t feel natural, which means my body won’t maintain it without me needing to focus my psionic energy. I honestly can’t wait to go back to soft, squishy me.”

“Well, it’ll be fun while it lasts then!” Amber teased, poking Flora in the stomach.

“You knock ‘em dead in Hangzhou,” Sharal'tar urged, folding her arms and trying not to look like she was being too encouraging. “Cause if you lose immediately, we’ll be watching, along with millions of people.”

“If you insist, Sharal.” Flora stuck her tongue out defiantly. “I won’t get eliminated until the second round, just for you.”

“Flora! Let’s go!” Brittany waved from the security line to get through TSA.

Flora sighed and gave Yuri and Amber one last kiss. “Take care of each other while I’m gone. Love you both!” She hugged them and headed for the line to join her teammates.

* * *

“You see that massive body of water?” Tobias leaned over both of his teammates to jab the plane’s window. “That’s West Lake! Right next to it is Dingjia Mountain. Together they’re the most popular tourist attraction in Hangzhou.”

“Tobias always does a bunch of research on wherever we’re headed,” Brittany explained, trading a glance with Flora. “And he can never resist showing it off.”

“And look, there’s where the magic’s gonna happen!” Tobias pointed at a massive pink-and-sky-blue arena deep in the heart of the city. “Railgun Stadium. One of the most technologically-advanced buildings on the planet.”

“Are there railguns?” Flora poked her head up from her reclined middle seat.

“No, it’s one of those kooky asian names,” Brittany shook her head. “It’s owned by the Hangzhou Hong, an esports organization that got their start in the 2010s playing *Scarlet Heart*. They paid a fortune to host the Psionic Games this year, I’m really excited to see what crazy stuff they’ve cooked up for the events.”

“Absolutely. The last one was in the Scottish highlands, and they didn’t have a stadium so the events were all outdoors,” Tobias shivered. “I almost froze my nuts off.”

Hangzhou was indeed one of the most technologically-advanced cities Flora had ever seen; even the airport looked like something out of a cyberpunk movie. “Is that seriously a *gas station*?” she pointed in surprise as their taxi drove past a large marble building that looked more like a bank.

“Gasoline is a luxury good. Everything’s electric, gas is only used for vintage car shows or other stylistically-outdated machinery,” Tobias explained. “Also, notice the driver’s not actually controlling this cab, it runs itself using a network of navigational meshes built into all the roads.”

Flora realized the Cassowary didn’t even have his claws on the steering wheel. “This is incredible,” she breathed. Then her eyes widened and she screamed as the car barreled at full speed into an intersection while other cars were still driving through the crossroad.

“Voice down!” Brittany slapped her palm across Flora’s muzzle as the driver looked behind in alarm. Flora almost pissed herself as the taxi weaved miraculously through the ongoing traffic and emerged onto the throughlane without a scratch.

“Hangzhou doesn’t have traffic lights or stop signs,” Tobias explained after signaling the driver that everything was okay. “Since all the cars are self-driving using a subterranean network of sensors, they know each other’s position at all times and can avoid each other. Everything’s constantly moving, which is amazing for efficiency. Imagine being able to get into your car and eat breakfast, take a shower, iron your clothes all while the car drives you to work.”

“I don’t know if I like that part as much if it means my car has to play *Frogger* at every intersection,” Flora groaned.

There were throngs of excited civilians huddled around Railgun Stadium, and many of them started cheering and snapping pictures of their taxi as they approached. “Now *this* is a real welcome!” Brittany nodded approvingly. “Asian countries are so much better at respecting lesser-known sports. In Scotland it was like nobody had even heard we were coming.”

Flora blushed and almost hunkered down in her seat, not wanting to worry about first impressions when she hadn’t even started competing yet, but then the taxi turned and drove around Railgun Stadium of its own accord. “We’ll be heading there tomorrow,” Tobias rolled down the window and waved his wing to the delight of the crowd. “For now they’re gonna settle us into the Psionic Village.”

“It's where we stay between events, and I’m really, really hoping it’s fancier than those trailers in Scotland.” Brittany had hardly finished her sentence when a royal-green hotel appeared around the corner, bathed in lights and a massive banner welcoming the psionic athletes to Hangzhou. Here the streets were cordoned off, and two rows of busboys stood at attention along a red carpet leading from the parking lot. “Welcome!” a red panda in a dashing white suit opened their door, “You are the representatives from Sartonic?”

“That's us!” Brittany grinned as the busboys bowed respectfully. “This is incredible. You guys have done a great job.”

“You’re too kind!” The red panda escorted them into a fabulous lobby adorned with koi ponds, waterfalled fountains, and exotic decorative plants. “I am Alessi, the manager of the Viridian. Please, let us take your bags, and I’ll escort you to your quarters.”

A trio of orderlies transported their suitcases as Alessi commandeered a gilded elevator. “Not gonna complain about skipping the stairs?” Flora whispered playfully to Brittany.

“We don’t train here in the village,” Brittany shook her head. “Not this close to game time. Now we relax and let our hard work speak for itself in the stadium.”

As they reached the floor dedicated to psionic athletes, Flora noticed many of the other residents were wandering the halls or leaving their doors open. There was a Komodo Dragon going to get ice, a bull setting up a small security camera outside his door, and a pair of rodents standing in the hallway chatting in what sounded like French.

“There’s the swimming pool and gym,” Alessi pointed out a glass door on their left as they walked past. “Fully-furnished, state of the art. Across the hall is the business center, if you need to make any calls or access the fastest internet speeds in the world.”

“Ooh, did that vending machine have *vanilla cream soda*?” Flora squealed, eyes wide as she caught a glimpse inside.

“Of course! Everything’s complimentary!” Alessi promised, even as Brittany rolled her eyes at Flora’s gusto. But Flora’s spirit couldn’t be dampened. *Win or lose, this hotel’s freaking awesome, and we might get to spend all weekend here!*

But her thoughts were interrupted and she almost choked when they turned a corner to see a buxom and completely-naked elephant taking up most of the hallway in front of them. “Well now! *Here’s* a new face!” the larger woman crooned in a deep voice, grinning as she saw Flora grow pale and quickly hug the wall. “Sorry, did I startle you, dearie? No need for modesty, we’ll all be baring it in the arena soon enough.” Despite Flora’s efforts to get out of the way, she still received a sideful of breast and thigh as the large gray pachyderm pushed through the team and sauntered down the hallway.

“Siobhan Driscoll,” Brittany growled, watching her ample posterior recede with glowering eyes. “Plays Mental for Warwick Research. She’s the reason we placed fourth last year, be careful of her sonic shockwaves.”

“Once we get to our room, I want us to go over the most dangerous threats on other teams,” Tobias chimed in. “I’ve been doing research on our opponents, several facilities have breakout athletes we need to prioritize.”

“Further down the hallway is the dining room, it’s for athletes only and we’ll be serving dinner there every day. And…here we are at your room!” Alessi announced, pushing open the door at the very end of the hall. “The bathrooms and kitchen are fully-stocked, we spared no expense.” He snapped his fingers as the busboys arrived seconds behind them with their luggage. “If you need anything at all, our front desk is always staffed and you’ll be served within *minutes!* Veridian policy!”

Flora’s eyes lit up at the expensive curtains, plushy carpets and ample amenities. Most hotel rooms come with a kitchenette, but this one was larger than some apartments she’d lived in, and the bathroom had a massive walk-in shower with multiple spigots. The main room had three curtained dividers, giving each of their beds privacy. “Thank you!” she replied, before noticing Alessi and his staff had disappeared with catlike tread.

“Can we go to Asia for all future tournaments?” Tobias nodded approvingly, opening the refrigerator. “Look at the selection!”

“Tobias, did you overhear Polguinard Academie?” Brittany interrupted. “They mentioned their last teammate by name, and it wasn’t KC.”

“The two mice in the hallway,” Tobias explained to Flora. “And I don’t speak French, but if you’re right, Brittany, that’s huge. He was a serious problem last Games, I won’t miss him.”

“Flora, you ready to go over Tobias’ notes?” Brittany asked, dragging the table away from the wall so three people could fit. “There’s only thirty minutes or so before Opening Ceremonies.”

“Uhhh, sure.” Flora stuck her head into one of the bed cubbies. “Don’t we need to be over at the stadium for that?”

“Nope. They’ve got holograms to represent us.” Tobias floated his suitcase over to himself, extracted some printouts, and began sorting them into the three classifications of fighters. “Let’s start with Selkie Labs, from Stockholm. They took silver last time, and are the favorites for gold. Luckily, they only have one returning player.” He passed around a headshot of a very lean gray wolf with piercing blue eyes and mottled fur. “Karena Sarensdottir, who can extract water from the air and shape it into any form she likes. Her psionic power is insanely versatile, and her team will almost certainly prioritize defending her thanks to her team’s Control.” The next card had a muscled bull smiling awkwardly at the camera. “Garth Kovacs can reflect any damage back onto his attacker. He’ll likely be playing as Karena’s meat shield…”

Names, powers, and sponsoring research facilities just kept coming as Tobias droned on and on about the dozens of opponents they were going to face. Flora tried to keep all this new information sorted, but before long she was hopelessly lost and too afraid to ask whether they could start over.

“I can’t believe a power that useful qualified for Control…” Brittany growled after learning about the psion that could throw with perfect accuracy.

“Most of them are pretty good,” Tobias admitted. “The other labs weren’t making last-minute substitutions like we were. No offense, Flora.” He looked down. “Next let’s do Warwick Research, from Poland. We’ve already met Siobhan…”

Flora was already tuning out, but Brittany abruptly stood up, rousing Flora from her glaze-eyed stupor. “We lost track of time!” the human exclaimed. “The opening ceremony’s already started.” She grabbed the remote and clicked several buttons. Flora was looking around for the TV when a huge chunk of the wall suddenly slid open to reveal a 72-inch plasma screen broadcasting the Chinese president, a black bear, as he announced his pride at hosting the

fantastic international games about to take place this weekend. Flora noticed the television was automatically translating his words into English, which gave them a somewhat odd sentence structure.

"…*and to conclude this speech, it is my honor to showcase the first challenge our brave athletes will be enduring tomorrow morning!"* He flourished his arm and the camera swept away, past the rows of holographic teams (Flora spotted her own fuchsia fur for a split-second) and onto a wide shot of the arena, whose center was filled with a pile of gold, silver and bronze coins. "*Each team will begin on a pedestal!"* the president continued as platforms rose from the arena's perimeter, each about large enough for four people. *"The teams will have one hour to collect as many coins as they can. Golds are worth 5, silvers 2, and bronzes 1. When time's up, points will be allotted equal to the value of the coins on each pedestal, and the top half of teams will progress to the next round!*"

"Oh man, Tobias, you're going to *destroy* this event!" Brittany's eyes lit up. "How far away can you grab coins from?"

But before he could answer, a low roar drowned out the ambient noise, and the President gave a small smile as a torrent of water suddenly dropped from the arena's ceiling. Within minutes, the arena was filled with hundreds of gallons of water, leaving the pedestals looking more like lilypads. "…Ohh, crap," Tobias facepalmed. "My power works underwater, but only like ten feet away from me."

Brittany frowned. "All right, guess it won't be as easy as I thought." She pondered. "My invisibility doesn't work great underwater either. I'd be most useful guarding the pedestal. Teams are going to be sending strikers to assault the other team's collections."

"Then I'm in charge of defending Flora," Tobias nodded. "I'll deflect attacks while you go for coins."

"Could we use you to transport the coins to Brittany once we breach the surface?" Flora asked.

"Not efficiently," he shrugged. "I can only float a single object at a time."

Flora sighed. They'd done plenty of swimming practice the past three months, but never for a full hour. "I think I'm gonna go acquaint myself with water for a bit… I'll be in the pool if you need me."

She quickly learned she wasn't the only one with the same idea. "Well! There's a fur shade you don't see everyday," grinned an effeminate zebra lounging in the jacuzzi. "Let me guess, slow-acting changeling powers?"

"How did you know?" Flora gasped, then realized he'd probably just done his homework like Tobias.

The zebra laughed when Flora put the pieces together. "Jamie," he extended a hand. "You don't need to introduce yourself, Flora."

"Flora? She's the last-minute replacement for Sartonic, right?" a nude brown otter had just surfaced from swimming laps around the larger pool. Flora didn't like how effortlessly she had completed the entire circuit; *she's gonna be one to look out for tomorrow.*

"That's right!" she smiled, shedding her clothes and sliding into the large pool. "What's your name?"

But the otter had already zipped back underwater. "Don't mind Clover, she's a terrible conversationalist," Jamie waved dismissively. "We were on the same team last year, but then she transferred to Warwick."

"Oh, that's the same team as Siobhan, right?" Flora put a piece together as Jamie nodded.

“No offense, but I’m getting the distinct impression you didn’t do much research before showing up?” Jamie shook his head in disapproval. “Can’t believe you’re taking this so casually. One of my teammates has trained her whole life, dreaming of appearing here.”

“Uh…okay…” Flora felt slightly nettled as the zebra started making assumptions. “I did research! I know enough to be dangerous.”

“Yeah?” Jamie extended his hand again. “What’s my power, then?”

Flora glanced at the hand, far too apprehensive to grab it, when suddenly a newcomer burst through the door. “Evening, ladies and gentleman,” winked a cream-colored rabbit with a French accent. “*Ça alors*, isn’t this great? Can you believe we’re actually at the *Psionic Games*?” He swirled around with arms extended, lost in the moment. “What a scene, what a joy, what a lovely sight! Isn’t this an honor?”

“I’d say actually *winning* would be an honor,” the zebra countered dismissively. “It’s not like there were tryouts. Every psionic research facility was invited, and most of them are going to wash out in the first two rounds.”

“Well, it won’t be mine!” He stuck his tongue out as he shed his clothes and cannon-balled into the pool, eliciting angry jabbering from the otter in a language Flora didn’t know. “Polguinard Academie is one of the most decorated teams in the Games!” the rabbit added when he surfaced. “While you wannabes at Nachtigall Institute have never even *medalled* before.”

“At least we can keep players on our roster for more than a single year,” Jamie shot back, climbing out of the jacuzzi in irritation. Without another word, he marched out the door.

Flora smiled weakly when the rabbit turned his attention to her. “You’re playing for Sartonic, right?” he asked, flashing her a flirting smile she found wholly unearned. “This is my first Psionic Games too. Hope we never become jaded like him!”

“I don’t think Jamie’s jaded, just taking this rather seriously.” Flora transitioned to the jacuzzi, then regretted it when he followed her. “My name’s Flora. And you are…?”

“Larousse,” he attempted to bow with a flourish, but didn’t quite succeed due to huddling up to his shoulders underwater. “*Sacre bleu,* they keep that pool cold. Hope the water in the arena is warmer!”

“I wouldn’t count on it,” Flora sighed. “What’s your psionic power, Larousse?”

The rabbit’s eyes lit up. “I thought you’d never ask. *Behold!*” Another wave of his hand, and the pool area around them shimmered and replaced itself with a beautiful mountain viewscape. “I am the world’s greatest *illusionist!*” he boasted as Flora gasped in delight. “I can take you anywhere in the world; name it!”

Flora touched a nearby patch of grass, but her hand went right through. “Hmmm. How about the moon?”

“Oh, too easy,” Larousse shrugged, as the mountainscape shimmered and morphed into desolate gray fields of rocky craters. “Why would you pick the most *boring* conceivable location? Let’s spruce this up a bit!” Flora’s eyes widened as walls grew out of the ground and formed a lunar base around them. Ceilings, rovers, machinery, and workers appeared around them, and a proud French flag waved from the ceiling. “With my power, the sky’s *not even* the limit!”

“That is really impressive,” Flora nodded, then yelped as the otter phased through the wall to plop into the jacuzzi. Flashing both of them a grumpy look, she began splashing warm water on her face.

“Hey there, Clover!” Flora was determined to make a better second impression. “You’re a great swimmer, I bet you’ll have an easy time with tomorrow’s event.” Clover grunted. “Um, if you don’t mind me asking, what’s your psionic power?”

Clover snapped her fingers, and abruptly Flora’s nose began violently vibrating. She screamed and grabbed it as both her poolmates began laughing uproariously. The otter

snapped her fingers again, and the vibration moved to Flora's left nipple. "Stop it!" she snapped, leaping out of the hot tub, and Clover snapped her fingers one final time to stop the effect.

"Forgive me," Larousse wiped his nose, tears streaming down his face, "but you have to admit that was funny!"

Flora didn't particularly think so, and left the pool room without further ado. She was halfway back to her room when she noticed activity in the business center. At least a dozen different athletes of all shapes and sizes had pushed the computer desks aside, and busboys were setting a row of buffet tables up with snacks, punch and desserts.

She spotted a familiar face texting in the corner "What's going on?" she asked Jamie.

"Siobhan always prepares a little party before the competition starts," Jamie shrugs. "I always attend because the punch is spiked."

"Sweet, I'll stick around for that." Flora looked at the others present. "Are either of your teammates here?"

"Plum said she's on the way, but she's pretty asocial so I'm not holding my breath." Jamie glanced up. "Oh, never mind, there she is."

A plump but muscled cow had just walked through the door, and her ascot and blouse caused Flora to realize she hadn't even noticed the other athletes weren't wearing clothes. *Wow, nudity sure normalized quickly…I guess that's to be expected with this crowd.* "Hi Plum!" Flora extended a hand. "My name's Flora, I was just talking to Jamie."

Plum's cheeks reddened and she bashfully turned away and plodded off. "Don't take it personally," Jamie muttered, already back to texting. "That means she doesn't hate you."

Flora looked askance as the cow quickly poured herself a glance of punch and hid in the corner facing the wall. *It's like nobody here knows how to socialize like a normal person.* She went and grabbed her own glass, while still giving Plum her space.

The busboys finished setting up the buffet and retreated as Siobhan called for attention by tapping her glass. "Attention!" she crooned, trunk rolling in a languid curl. "I know you all want to tuck into the hors d'oeuvres Warwick Research has kindly paid for, but I've had far too much to drink and will be passing out in a matter of minutes. So I wanted to say, before everything gets competitive and cutthroat tomorrow…let's enjoy tonight." She raised her glass in the air. "To the Games!"

"*To the Games!*" the congregation cheered. A few clinked glasses, but for the most part everyone seemed to have huddled into little protective social circles.

"For the next three days, we will be learning who among us are the *best!*" Siobhan drained her glass, then almost stumbled into the dessert table. "But at the moment we are all equals. Some of us have medals from last year—like me," her eyes twinkled. "But that doesn't mean anything. It never has." She made her way towards the door. "May the best lab win!" She finished her speech, drunkenly grabbing a giraffe around the neck to stop from falling over. The giraffe helped keep her steady as the athletes cheered one last time and everyone drained their glasses.

Flora almost choked as she took a larger sip of the punch than she expected. "Fuck, this is strong…" She repeatedly exhaled to get the burning sensation from her tongue. *Isn't anyone worried about getting plastered? We've all got to swim for an hour tomorrow morning…*

"Hey there!" Larousse the rabbit suddenly appeared, pouring himself another glass. "Sorry for what happened in the pool area. Next time I'll back you up!"

"Oh, yeah, thanks." Flora started noticing an…unusual atmosphere in the air. "Is it getting…hotter in here?" she murmured.

"Probably Anatoly," Larousse took an unconcerned sip and motioned to the giraffe helping Siobhan to the door. "He heats up when he gets drunk."

Flora watched as Siobhan's fingers trailed down Anatoly's spotted thigh and fondled his crotch, teasing his penis out of its sheath before they disappeared around the corner. "Did you see that?" she gasped.

"Mmm?" Larousse glanced over, and Flora realized they'd hardly been the only amorous couple in the room.

All around her, the athletes were groping and petting each other. Some pairs were leaving to their rooms, others were electing to get down and dirty in full public view of the remaining crowd. "Is…uh…is this normal?" she gulped.

"Oh yeah," Larousse grinned, slapping a Komodo Dragon on the ass as he walked past. "This is why I wanted to come. You've never heard the reputation of the Psionic Village?" he chuckled. "We've all been training every day for the last four years. No social life, no escape from the monotony of physical fitness except our shared dreams of glory…" Flora looked away as he began stimulating himself. "All pumped up on protein, endorphins and the adrenaline of competition…" Flora jumped when Larousse's hand grazed her balls. "You gotta be feeling it too, right?" he asked.

She indeed feel rather hot. "What was *in* that punch?" She shook her head to clear it and swatted his hand away. "I…um…I'm gonna head back to my room."

"Oh?" Larousse wiggled his eyebrows. "Can I come with?"

"No—!" Flora's cheeks flushed crimson. "Not right now. I mean, uh…" Stepping gingerly over a fornicating pair entwined in a psionic cocoon, she navigated through the courting couples towards the exit, heart hammering as she tried to get her thoughts in check.

"Hey, pinkie," invited a lizard whose first hemipenis was deep inside a tufted deer while his second bobbed invitingly in the air. "We got an open slot, you wanna bring that ass over here?"

Flora stammered an apology and backed away, running directly into a spotted hyena. "Excuse me!" the hyena barked, glancing derisively as her assailant stumbled and fell on her knees. "Keep off the goods, snookums, I'm straight."

"No, sorry, I wasn't—" Flora broke off, locking eyes with a plump penis dangling in her face. "Wait, you have a…?"

The hyena rolled her eyes. "That's how we're built, you didn't know that? Now, if you'll excuse me…" Pushing the folf daintily aside, she sat right on the lizard's crotch as Flora regained her footing and finally burst into the hallway short of breath.

"Oh, hey cutie," a white dog heading for the party perked his ears when he saw her. "You taken? I've never fucked a chick packing heat before."

Flora shook her head violently and raced for the door to her apartment, her mind still spinning as she stumbled back into her room and collapsed safely in the darkened entryway. Tobias and Brittany were either out or asleep, and either way she appreciated the chance to catch her bearings without interruption. *It all happened so suddenly…* she rubbed her forehead. *If I hadn't been so startled, I might have considered partaking, but we're supposed to be focusing on the event tomorrow…*

Feeling her way to the kitchen, she poured herself a glass of water. "Nobody asked your opinion…" she growled at her raging stiffie. *I can't risk being tired in the morning, Tobias and Brittany would be—* Abruptly the door opened and she heard Brittany audibly grunt as she crashed to the floor. "Brittany?" Flora quickly left the kitchen to help, then gasped as she saw her teammate locking lips with Plum the cow. She quickly averted her eyes as the pair broke their embrace just long enough to stumble through the curtain to Brittany's bed.

For several seconds Flora merely blinked and tried not to think too hard about the noises coming from Brittany's side of the room. *You know what?* she finally decided, *we may lose*

immediately and this is my only night here. If Brittany's not concerned about going right to sleep, I don't have to be either.

Taking a deep breath, she marched back to the party room where she spotted Larousse as the only untaken partner. "Hey, is that offer still on the table?"

Thirty seconds later, she and the rabbit collapsed on her bed, rubbing dicks together and making out like newlyweds. Flora found him to be far less annoying when he was drunk and focused on her cock, and could finally relax and just enjoy the sensations coursing through her body.

"I'm not used to girls bringing their own *petit Jésus*, but I'm always happy to try something new…" the rabbit admitted, sliding forward to press his length between her breasts. "Any requests for a specific locale?"

"Locale?"

"No reason to make love in a boring dark room," he grinned. Flora gasped when the area shimmered around them and she found herself on an endless beach, crystal clear waves crashing into the sand a mere feet away from them.

"Oh, wow…" she ran her tongue along his tip as he pumped away between her breasts. "Um, how about you pick? Wherever you've most wanted to make love."

"Make love? We're not making love just yet." He scooted forward, and Flora obligingly took him into her mouth. "The night's just getting started. But if you insist I choose…"

The beach around them swirled and shifted into a beautiful scenic mountaintop view. Frosty snowflakes swirled around them, and the tundra stretched all the way to the boulders signifying the hundred-foot drop in any direction. This certainly wasn't the sort of location Flora expected, but she wasn't going to interrupt her blowjob to ask when it was clear he was enjoying it from his heavy panting.

Flora was just getting into it when she felt his muscles stiffening and his tip flare in her mouth. *Already?* She hardly had time to prepare herself when he suddenly flooded her mouth with seed. "Mmm, there we go…" she milked the last few drops out and swallowed. "I gotta ask, why the top of a mountain?"

Larousse had collapsed on top of her, and slowly shimmied down so their cocks were rubbing together again. Flora was surprised to notice he was still hard. "This is the top of Mt. Shiner. I saw it every day from my childhood bedroom, and always wanted to climb it. When I got older, I finally conquered its heights…and when I got even older I dreamed of making love at the top. In real life it'd be too cold, hard, and exhausting to try…but anything's possible in an illusion."

"Mmm. Well, I'd have happily partook if you hadn't blown your load already…" Flora wriggled with pleasure as his friction kept her stimulated beyond belief.

"Oh, have you never been with a bunny before?" he teased. "We can finish a *lot* more than once in a single session." Coaxing her onto her frontside, he dug his fingers passionately into her buttocks as he teased the tip of his cock against her sphincter. Before Flora could even warn him not to go too fast, he'd already plunged in.

Thank god he's not that large… Flora gritted her teeth and bit her lip as his pounding got harder and faster. "Ohhhh…" a low groan escaped her throat and she dug her fingers into the sheets. "Be gentle…" she begged, but Larousse was lost in a world of his own. The snow falling on the mountain built up, and a whirlwind of ice and hail battered them harmlessly as the rabbit increased his speed.

Flora's eyes flew open as he reached her prostate, and she mewed pitifully as she felt her own orgasm roaring up. "Larousse…" she panted, "…I'm—"

And then the storm reached full force as her partner stiffened up and finished noisily. The wind and sleet reached a crescendo and the sky darkened…and then the storm cleared as he pulled out and flopped onto the covers beside her.

"No no…keep going!" Flora pleaded, but it was too late, and seconds later she felt her sweet release seep away. "I was almost there…" she complained, collapsing next to him.

"Oh, sorry about that." Larousse climbed out of bed and headed to the bathroom to wash up. "Don't worry, the night's still young!"

"Can you two…keep it down…out there?" Brittany panted from behind her curtain. Flora flushed red and quickly followed Larousse to the bathroom.

"Sorry about that, I forget other species can't cum as quickly as lagomorphs do." Larousse washed himself off in the sink, then gave Flora room to do the same. "But this is for the best; you should get to pick where it happens. Anywhere in the world."

She'd had plenty of time to think by this point, but Flora still blushed as she admitted her choice. "I've sometimes had weird thoughts of trying…sex in the Oval Office…" she admitted. "And not when it's empty. Right in front of the President."

Larousse's eyes lit up playfully. "You've got a bit of an exhibitionist streak, don't you?" he teased, as the world shifted around them. Suddenly, Flora found herself dead center in one of the most recognizable rooms in America. Strafing them were the two distinctive yellow couches, where the President had apparently been meeting with the leaders of Congress, until the untimely interruption sent all of them leaping backwards in alarm. Flora was equally surprised by their sudden arrival, and she instinctively covered her crotch with her tail before Larousse swatted it away. "Let's leave the bed out of this one," he decided, kneeling down in front of her, and Flora realized he'd subtly turned the bathroom countertop into the President's desk so she could support herself as he ran his tongue up her shaft.

"Larousse…" she grunted, locking her legs and squeezing her eyes shut as he massaged her aching testicles. "I'm not sure I'll…last long at this rate…"

"Aw, don't finish too quickly. You need to last longer than Clinton did!" The rabbit smiled and took her throbbing length into his mouth. Flora gasped and arched her back, locking eyes with the House and Senate majority leaders who looked scandalized at their behavior. It was exactly what she needed. With a final tortured groan she hunched her back and grabbed the newspaper stand for balance as she finished messily. "That did the trick," Larousse teased her cock a bit longer as the vice president called for security. "Now I need to clean up. Care to join me?"

Flora panted in exhaustion, the after-effects of her orgasm still coursing through her. Larousse helped her through the corner door to the supply closet, and only when the fire sprinkler went off and covered them in actual water did Flora realize he'd navigated them into the walk-in shower. "All the bottles are your actual supplies," he informed her, grabbing a real tube of shampoo from the shelf and sudsing his face.

Flora took several moments to gulp down swallows of water before beginning her rinse. "Are you…seeing anyone back in Polguinard?" she asked. "Your psionic power seems like a sexual fantasy dream come true."

"Oh yeah, my girlfriend loves it." Larousse scrubbed down with body wash. "And no worries, she gave me a pass for anything that happens here in the Village. She just said no vaginal intercourse. Which is why I took a liking to you when I saw you out of your clothes…"

Flora felt his erection poke against her butt. "Again? Already?" she gasped, looking down in shock.

Larousse chuckled. "Like I said. When you sleep with a bunny, you're signing up for a *long* night…"

* * *

”Flora! Wake up!”

Flora was abruptly roused from her slumber when Brittany shoved her curtain aside and practically dragged the tired folf out of bed.

“C’mon, we’re almost late!” Tobias urged from the other side of the curtain. “We gotta freshen up and look respectable.”

Flora winced as both of her thighs protested how quickly she stood up. “Oh man…just give me a second, I’m a bit…”

“You can take that second to wake up in the bath, we gotta go fast.” Brittany pushed Flora quickly into the shower and both of her teammates quickly joined her. “No time for modesty. Get some shampoo in that hair and soap your fur down, fast.”

It was impossible for the three of them not to repeatedly bump each other in the cramped shower, especially when Larousse and Flora had knocked most of the bottles to inconvenient places on the floor. “Honestly, how long were you two in here last night?” Tobias asked good-naturedly as his butt pressed Flora against the wall while he tried to reach the soap wedged in the corner.

Flora gulped. “Sorry, I think I got a bit carried away. It won’t happen again.”

“It’s okay to have fun off the clock, but we can’t have it affect our actual goals here.” Brittany hustled them out the door as soon as they looked respectable. “Towel yourselves down in the elevator, let’s go go go!”

Thirty seconds later they burst into the lobby. The other athletes had already taxi’d to the stadium, so Flora felt a little weird running naked through a hotel full of ordinary guests, but everyone seemed to understand why they were here and what few glances they got were those that merely wanted a good look at the athletes.

“*Taxi!*” Brittany flagged down the very first one and quickly bundled them into the back. She didn’t need to explain their destination; the driver was already racing them to Railgun Stadium. “Okay, I think we’re fine…” she panted, checking the clock on the dash. “Whew.”

Flora opened her mouth to apologize again, but Tobias interrupted. “Look, it’s okay, no fault no foul. But both of you need to set your own alarms tonight. It was an act of congress getting either of you to wake up.” He grabbed some protein bars from a backseat pouch and passed them out. “Here, eat these; you both missed breakfast and you’re gonna need the energy.”

Thanks to the efficiency of the Hangzhou roadways, their taxi arrived in a matter of minutes, and the second the wheels hit the parking lot Brittany hustled both of them to the testing tents.

“You’re cutting it awfully close, the pregame show is just wrapping up!” A busty hippo warned them as they reached the tents. She roughly grabbed Flora’s arm, swabbed the inner elbow down with an alcohol wipe, and pressed a small rectangular device into her flesh. Flora yipped when it pinched her, and for a moment she thought she’d been stapled. “What was that?”

“Blood sample, to test for drugs.” The hippo handed her a small clear-plastic cup. “Step into a booth, urinate into this, and then get to the center stage. The event goes live in about three minutes.”

Flora was grateful she’d trained as hard as she did these last three months, because she quickly regained her stamina when she finally reached the other athletes in the holding tunnel under the stadium. “Wow, you made it,” a gray wolf with a Scandinavian accent remarked. Flora remembered her from the briefings but couldn’t recall the name. “I was worried.”

“Yeah, this is my first Psionic Games, still learning the ropes…” Flora shifted her foot nervously.

The wolf smiled and extended a hand. “You’ll do fine. I remember my first time, I was pretty nervous too. Of course, I was twelve.”

“You’ve been doing this since you were *twelve?*” Flora gasped.

“Heavens no, it was the Youth Olympics. I was on the junior Swedish dodgeball team.” She winked. “We beat Russia, so if you plan to hit me with any psionic attacks, you better aim better than they did!”

Flora felt cowed by the intensity of the wolf’s gaze, and with a weak smile retreated over to Brittany and Tobias, who had just completed the drug testing. “Don’t let Karena get under your skin,” Tobias advised. “She’s good, but she never really turns it off.”

“It’s fine.” Flora glanced as the massive gate sealing the front of the tunnel slowly creaked open, letting the President’s voice echo from the top of the stadium.

“*…a round of applause, for this years’ esteemed athletes!”*

A deafening roar emanated from the bleachers as Flora and the other teams walked in crisp regimented lines into the stadium. Spotting the Sartonic pedestal off to the left, Flora and her teammates broke off from the crowd and climbed up the long reinforced ladder to the top.

“*I urge every team to compete in the spirit of camaraderie and excellence*,” the President continued while the athletes took their places. “*These games are a celebration of scientific advancement, and the culmination of your research facility’s years of hard work and progress. Give your facility a performance to be proud of.”*

The stadium began filling with water again. Flora shivered in the drafty air and tried not to look too hard at the throngs of cheering audience members in every direction. She forced herself to keep focused on the pile of coins in the center of the arena, even after the water got so deep it was no longer easy to see.

“*Get ready,”* the President warned soberly as the water stopped at the top of the pedestals. *“Three…two…one…BEGIN!”*

Brittany blinked out of existence as Flora and Tobias dove into the pool. Flora mentally sighed with relief when the water proved to be a comfortable lukewarm temperature, letting her devote her full attention to the dark shadows of other divers quickly converging on her position.

Clover the otter was far-and-away the quickest to reach the coins, grabbing a massive handful and kicking off the bottom back towards her home. Karena was next, her head enveloped with a protective bubble she no doubt created with her waterbending powers. Flora could tell she and Tobias were going to arrive at around the same time as the main pack, and readied herself for being attacked—

Abruptly a massive, angry octopus popped out of the coin pile and gnashed its beak in fury. Many divers broke their pace and paddled backwards in alarm, including Tobias, but Flora recognized the telltale shimmer of Larousse’s illusions and swam right through the cephalopod, grabbing a handful of coins and launching herself upwards.

Then she felt something glance off her backside, and she looked behind to see an angry ferret sling a whip of energy at her. He readied for another attack, but Tobias cast his hand forward and sent the ferret floating away from them.

“Sorry about that!” he gasped when they breached the water’s surface. “He snuck up on us.”

“That’s okay!” Flora dog-paddled urgently to the platform and dropped a handful of coins, sensing Brittany’s presence above her. Without further ado, she took another deep gulp and dove back down.

There were several pockets of combat going on underwater as different psionic athletes dueled for positional and monetary advantages. Flora noticed a jerboa ‘unzip’ her body parts to fall in pieces through a turtle’s force cage, a ram helping a drowning mouse to the surface, and

four different assailants ganging up on a giraffe who superheated the water around him into a shower of bubbles so he could make his getaway. Flora used the same bubbles to bypass the front lines, and Tobias ensured nobody got too close as they reached the bottom…

…until they saw Karena. The wolf wasn't delivering currency to the surface, like Flora expected, but was instead gathering gold coins into her own little pile, taking advantage of being the only combatant who could breathe underwater. Flora saw the ferret snapping his whip angrily, but Karena effortlessly dodged until he needed to surface for air.

Not sure how she's gonna get those to the surface…maybe her teammates are making the deliveries. Flora started to feel a burning in her lungs. *But I certainly don't have the ability to duel her for those coins, and I'm happy to settle for smaller points.* Grabbing a handful of bronze coins, Flora once again tore away for the surface, emerging with a strangled gasp.

"Brittany needs help!" Tobias warned. Sartonic's platform looked invitingly empty, and several opponents were taking the chance to try and snatch some free coins, but invisible attacks kept knocking them off the platform.

"Thanks guys!" Flora heard Brittany wheeze as Tobias sent a frog flying with a wave of his hand. "Keep up the good work! Most teams haven't scored any points."

"Should we revert to full defense?" Tobias asked, dragging a glowing skink back into the depths.

"No, I've got this. Grab more coins!"

Flora nodded and cut back down the water. But this time her way was blocked by Jamie before she could reach the pile.

The zebra grinned and shot a blast of electricity that singed Flora's fur as Tobias psionically pushed Jamie back. Flora realized Tobias couldn't block her electricity at the same time a second salvo blasted her right in the testicles. Flora screamed, letting loose a brilliant stream of bubbles as a dull pain reverberated through her abdomen, and it took the last of her air to swim desperately back to the surface.

"You okay?" Tobias asked, helping her swim.

"That bastard shot me in the *nuts!*" Flora cried. "Is that legal?"

"Anything's legal so long as he doesn't cause lasting damage." Tobias floated a single gold coin into his hand. "At least I was able to grab this. But we need to find a way around Jamie. You ready to go?"

Flora rubbed her stones until the feeling returned in her legs. "Yeah…he just took me by surprise, is all." She gritted her teeth. "I have an idea."

Seconds later, the two submerged and paddled directly at Jamie. Flora gritted her teeth at the zebra's mocking grin as he aimed another electric blast at Flora's weak spot…and missed. Tobias pulled Flora roughly to the left, then the right, letting her dodge with inhuman speeds Jamie couldn't predict. Gnashing his teeth, the zebra chose a different target as Flora reached the floor.

Where are the coins? She looked around in confusion, only able to spot several pitiful bronzes lying around, before she realized the coinpile had been depleted. Gathering up what few she could, she kicked her way back to the surface.

"The coins are all gone!" Tobias warned Brittany, as Flora was getting too winded to talk. "Can we go full defense *now?"*

"No, we can't! We're in eleventh!" Brittany blinked into visibility and pointed at the massive scoreboard at the top of the stadium. "We need to be on the offensive, and I have a plan. Tobias, you're now defending our platform. Flora, with me."

Flora willed her legs to keep paddling as the human steered her towards a nearby platform guarded by a hyena and a striped polecat. She didn't know the facility's name, but she

recognized from the logo on the pedestal that they were currently in 10th. “Distract them!” Brittany ordered, blinking invisible. Flora nodded and grabbed the hyena by her ankle, dragging her into the water.

“*Hey!* Let go!” her victim whined shrilly before belly-flopping into the surf. The polecat looked over enraged as Flora hoisted herself onto the platform. “Give me those coins!” Flora shouted, making a swipe, but then he formed a rectangle with his fingers and a blast of flame shot her right in the testicles. Flora screamed as her soaked scrotum survived the attack unscathed, but the searing heat put her off her balance and allowed the hyena to grab her by the tail and eject her from the platform.

Flora briefly ducked her head underwater as the polecat fired another flame blast to dissuade her from trying again. “Good work!” she heard Brittany pant beside her, and noticed a human-shaped water displacement clutching a handful of coins while paddling beside her.

“Why is everyone going for the balls?” Flora whimpered, struggling to keep up with her teammate.

“If you had a ranged power, I guarantee you’d be doing it too.” Brittany dragged herself onto their platform. “Tobias, where the *fuck* is half our gold?”

“It was Karena!” he shot back. “She hit me with a wave, I can’t block a *wave!* I held onto what I could.”

“She’s really starting to get on my nerves,” Brittany growled, glancing to Karena’s team’s platform. Several different attackers were swimming away clutching various body parts, and Flora wasn’t sure why until she saw Clover levy a punch into Garth’s chest. The bull took the hit full-brunt, and his power transferred the attack back onto the hapless otter, who crumpled off the platform like a leaf.

An idea sparked in Tobias’ eyes. “Clover’s down! That means Warwick’s pedestal is exposed.”

“We just need to get rid of Siobhan.” Brittany noticed the elephant blast a trespassing cow into the air with a sonic blast. “You ready for another distraction, Flora?”

Flora sighed and leaped back into the water. It was a brisk swim to Siobhan’s platform, but her fuchsia fur made her stick out. She winced as Siobhan’s eyes bore down in hers. “You want to try taking my coins?” the older fighter challenged. “Come and get them!”

Flora’s nerve failed her and she remained swimming around the pedestal, not interested in getting sent halfway across the arena like Plum. *At least I’m sufficiently distracting…* She noticed Brittany’s water-displaced form climb onto the other side of the platform, but unfortunately so did Siobhan. “Not this time!” she hissed, sweeping both arms and sending Brittany drilling into the water with a strangled grunt.

But Flora had noticed something; Siobhan’s shockwave had sent several coins scattering off the pedestal. *Her sonic attack is area-of-effect! If I get her to aim poorly…* Her heart sank. She knew what she needed to do. “Thanks for the distraction Brittany!” she shouted, climbing onto the platform and flattening herself on top of the enemy coin pile.

Siobhan noticed her and blasted her with a sonic wave, milliseconds before realizing why Flora wasn’t grabbing any currency. “*Noooo!”* the elephant shouted as Flora went flying…along with most of her team’s points.

It was like blood in the water. Other swimmers converged on their position, intent on grabbing the newly-freed windfall that was raining to the bottom of the pool. Flora curled in a ball as she saw three different enemies converging on her…until she was suddenly airborne.

“Nice thinking, Flora!” Tobias congratulated, floating her back to their platform. Flora noticed he was airborne, having sufficiently dried his wings off defending their pedestal. “Where’s Brittany?”

“We got separated, but I kept ahold of some coins!” Flora dropped to her hands and knees while furtively trying to regain some stamina. “*Now* do we go full-on defensive, or…?”

And then she screamed in alarm when one of the coins shapeshifted into a yellow-furred ram. “Ah ha!” he shouted in a Greek accent, kicking Flora square between the legs. “You thought Siobhan was *alone* defending our loot?”

Tobias yanked him into the air and lofted him as far away as he could. “Crap, I forgot Warwick’s Control can shapeshift into inanimate objects,” he growled. “Did he get any coins?”

“No, he used his sneak attack on my coinpurse instead…” Flora was curled in the fetal position, furiously clutching her sac and trying to will the fresh waves of agony to subside. “How much time is even left…?”

“Scoreboard says less than a minute!” Brittany answered from thin air, dropping a few more coins in the pile. “Warwick is in shambles, and everyone is playing defensively. Tobias, how are things looking?”

Tobias glanced around. “Nobody’s near us,” he reported. “We’re looking—”

“*Below us!”* Flora screeched, her crumpled position letting her notice Karena shimmying up their pillar wall with a manic expression. Seconds later, the wolf breached the surface and blasted Tobias with a vicious jet of water that hosed his wings and sent him plummeting uselessly into the water. Brittany dove at her, only the barest of flying droplets revealing her position, but Karena’s keen vision and reflexes were enough to dodge the tackle, sending the human flying uselessly into the water. With one last smug smirk at her cowering final opponent, Karena swiped her hands to grab a handful of gold coins.

Flora’s brain worked even faster then she could consciously register as she ignored Karena’s swipe and spread her body across the far side of the pedestal, creating a wall that blocked Karena’s surprise wave from sending all their coins washing over the side.

A massive blaring horn resounded across the stadium. “*Time!”* the president announced, and the scores on the board visibly locked in place. “*All athletes, please leave the stadium. It’s time for the judges to count the coinpiles and double-check the standings!”*

Karena narrowed her eyes as Flora picked coins out of her fur. “Clever. I didn’t expect you to see that coming.”

“Well, there was no reason for you to steal any, seeing as you couldn’t possibly get them back to your platform in time.” Flora was panting furiously as she hoisted herself to a sitting position. “So I figured you were bluffing with that swipe.”

Karena smiled, and without another word swan-dived into the stadium as it slowly drained. Realizing she didn’t want to climb the ladder down, Flora followed her, though she only had the energy to float languidly after cannonballing and the wolf was long-gone by the time her backside landed softly on the floor.

“Holy shit, Flora!” Tobias gasped, wading through the last of the water to get to her position. “You saved us!”

Flora yelped as Brittany abruptly appeared in front of her and buried her in a hug. “We tied for *fourth*!” she shouted, stabbing her finger at the scoreboard. “*Fourth* of the ten teams that keep going! That’s the upper half!”

The three cheered along with the crowd, as did a smattering of other athletes who were enjoying the spotlight. But the majority were retreating for the tunnel, mostly ones from teams that didn’t reach the Top Ten.

“Most of the dangerous ones are still in the running,” Tobias noted as his team finally made their leave. “At least Polguinard got eliminated.”

“Ooh, poor Larousse,” Flora winced.

“Warwick barely scraped under the wire,” Brittany muttered as she grabbed them towels to dry off while walking to the parking lot. “I’d be a lot more comfortable if they were out.”

“Siobhan has a very vengeful playstyle, they’re gonna target us going forward,” Tobias agreed. “Them and Karena’s team, Selkie, are still the biggest threats.”

“How soon do we learn what the next event is?” Flora asked as Tobias hailed a taxi.

“It’ll be later tonight,” Brittany assured. “After the losers are flown home and the rest of us get dinner.”

“You’re gonna love dinner,” Tobias grinned. “Honestly, it’s always been my favorite part.”

As Brittany predicted, Flora saw a large number of athletes waiting in the lobby fully dressed. None seemed too happy, and she realized they were the losers being kicked out. Larousse and the two rodents from Polguinard immediately claimed the same taxi Flora’s team emerged from. Flora tried to think of something encouraging to say about his performance, but Larousse slammed the door shut before she could compose anything.

“Well, if it isn’t the wildcards from Sartonic,” someone remarked behind them, and Flora turned to see Jamie. He was still naked, implying his team had made the cut. “Your little stunt on Warwick certainly shuffled the standings,” the zebra teased, smacking Flora encouragingly on the butt. “It’s the first time we’ve ever placed above them!”

“Oh, glad to hear you qualified,” Flora smiled. “Best of luck in the next event!”

Jamie laughed. “Thanks, I guess? You shouldn’t be talking as if we’re friends. Me, I hope you and all the other teams do terrible.” They’d reached the elevator, but the zebra hung back. “I’ll wait for the next one,” he shrugged, eyes twinkling. “See you tonight at dinner.”

“I just can’t figure out if he’s friendly or not…” Flora cocked her head as the doors closed and carried them to the athlete’s floor.

“Fuck him,” Brittany shrugged. “Nachtigall Institute isn’t even a real threat.” The girl was practically skipping as they headed to their apartment; Flora suspected she was buoyed from seeing all the athletes being sent home. “God, I hope Van Der Merwe was watching back at home. We kicked ass!” The second they’d walked into their apartment, she suddenly slammed Flora against the wall and planted a massive kiss right on her lips.

Flora’s ears perked in surprise as the human’s hands dug into her back. “Mmph…mm?” She spared a glance at Tobias, who’d given them privacy by quickly leaving for the kitchen.

Brittany’s fingers were running down Flora’s sides, and the folf became suddenly aware of their breasts pressed against each other. Both of them were still chill from all the swimming and walking outside, but their skin soon warmed to each other’s touch. With a turgid sigh, Flora felt her erection stiffen and press into Brittany’s thigh.

Brittany noticed it too, and suddenly her eyes widened and she broke away. “Sorry!…sorry,” she stammered, flushing red. “I got carried away.” She broke eye contact. “I have a personal rule; no fooling around with teammates.”

“That’s, uh, okay,” Flora covered her crotch quickly. “It *was* rather unexpected…”

“Yeah, I just—winning gets me excited.” Brittany suddenly turned invisible, and the curtain to her bedroom opened of its own accord. “My bad. I’m gonna get some rest before dinner…”

Flora blinked and remained plastered against the wall, still digesting what just happened. She glanced at Tobias, who’d returned with a glass of water. “Don’t look at me,” he chuckled, taking a sip. “I’m asexual.”

Flora stumbled past him and grabbed her own glass in the kitchen. “I’m gonna…go for a little walk,” she panted. “Maybe cool off in the pool.”

As she suspected, the pool area was completely empty; she figured everyone else would have had their fill of water from today’s event. Before doing any swimming, she checked out the vending machine and dispensed some pretzels and trail mix. *I’m not eating nearly enough to*

stay energized for the rigor of these events… she ruminated, picking out the chocolate candies to eat first. *I need to make sure I don't skip dinner tomorr*— "Oh!" she yelped, as her feet came out from under her and she tumbled to the floor.

"Hello, Flora." Siobhan had entered the pool area behind her. From how she was stumbling, Flora could tell she was already drunk. "We weren't properly introduced yesterday," the elephant crooned, curtsying condescendingly.

Flora tried to stand back up. "Um, hi Siob-*ahh*!" With a swipe of her hand, the elephant sent Flora skittering along the tiles to hit the far wall; luckily everything was padded for pool safety.

"That was a nifty little trick you pulled in the arena…" Siobhan locked the door behind her; from where Flora was, nobody would be able to see her through the hallway window. "Baiting me into scattering my own team's coins." She stabbed her hand forward in an open-palm strike, and another smothering wave of sonic energy pinned Flora to the wall. "It was humiliating, so congratulations," she glowered, trunk flaring in anger. "Not many people can embarrass Siobhan Driscoll."

"Umm…you know it wasn't personal, right?" Flora stammered, fighting fruitlessly against the ethereal force keeping her repressed. She gulped as Siobhan's portly form bore down on her; the elephant could probably crush her if she wanted.

"Oh, of course." Siobhan lifted her hand to drag Flora up the wall so they could see face to face. "I was the one saying yesterday that we're all sportsmen. There's no need for any *animosity*."

"…Exactly…" Flora laughed nervously. "And I mean, you still placed tenth… that's—" Her words broke off as Siobhan's fingers suddenly clenched around her balls.

"Of course, my exact words last night were 'before everything gets cutthroat *tomorrow*.'" Siobhan's trunk played tauntingly across Flora's breasts as the folf lost her breath trying to squeeze out a beg for mercy. "No no, I don't need to hear any more from you," the elephant murmured, tightening her sonic energy's grip on Flora's windpipe. "You don't have to worry. I'm not actually here to hurt you."

Flora was still desperately trying to close her legs when the elephant's crushing grip loosened and transitioned into fondling. Suddenly Siobhan's trunk wrapped lovingly around Flora's head, and their lips pressed together in warm embrace. "I'm just *rewarding* you for besting me," Siobhan whispered in her ear. Flora trembled as Siobhan's fingers trailed up to her shaft, pumping her cock until it was stiff. "See? You can enjoy yourself. Just lie back and enjoy it." Flora grunted in confusion. "Oh, right, you can't lie back. I'll fix that…" Siobhan lowered Flora onto the floor, then mounted her. Flora squeezed her eyes shut as she felt her cocktip pressing against Siobhan's folds.

Without another word, Siobhan slid Flora inside, letting out a low trumpet as they merged. Flora felt a low moan escape her lips as the pressure on her esophagus loosened to let her breathe. She still couldn't move, but Siobhan had more than enough muscle to pump for them, and Flora had little choice but to lose herself in the sensations of sex as the dominating elephant had her way with her.

After almost ten minutes of pounding her prey, Siobhan stiffened and pressed harder as she orgasmed heavily. "Ohhh…that's it, right there…" she uttered, arching her back. Flora's breath came ragged and she wondered if the elephant would let her go, but her captor only tightened her vaginal muscles. "Your turn…" Siobhan's trunk played with Flora's nipples encouragingly. "I never leave my partners hanging…"

Flora tightened her muscles and lost track of time as Siobhan slammed herself again and again on Flora's cock. Her gaze was transfixed on Siobhan's massive bouncing breasts, her existence boiled down to the feeling of Siobhan's wet lips torturing her body with pleasure.

And then she felt the pressure bubbling up, igniting her nerves and leaving her panting high-pitched yelps. Siobhan recognized the signs and increased her intensity, and Flora let out a final tortured groan as her groin muscles tightened and she crested messily. Siobhan, for her part, smirked and hoisted herself up at the last millisecond so the folf coated her own face with ropy streaks of cum.

For several minutes neither of them spoke, Flora only feeling capable of gasping weakly for breath. Finally Siobhan released Flora from her psionic bondage, but the folf continued laying on the padded floor, very slowly recuperating from their romp. "See?" teased the elephant, finally climbing off her prey and dipping into the pool. "That wasn't so bad."

"I would have preferred you asked first…" Flora murmured weakly. Her skin was caked in their various fluids; she knew she was going to need a swim too.

"I saw how you were ogling my breasts yesterday in the hallway," Siobhan chuckled. "I knew you wanted me. And I don't have the patience to dance around an elephant in the room."

"Yeah, I noticed…" Flora crawled to the vending machine and dispensed a bottled water. "So…I'm getting mixed signals here," she confessed. "Are you mad at me about what happened during the first event, or not?"

"Oh, I'm furious about what happened." Siobhan left the pool and sidled towards the exit. "Just not at you."

"Really?" Flora cocked her head. "So, are we even then?"

"*Even*?" the elephant laughed mirthlessly as she unlocked the door. "If you're thinking this was payback, it's not. *That* comes tomorrow, in the arena." And with that Siobhan left the pool area, leaving her last threat lingering in Flora's ears.

Flora sighed and collapsed into the shallow end. *I swear to god, everyone in these games is a sociopath…* She winced as she tenderly massaged her scrotum. *If I can just survive the last two events, I can go home and not give a damn what placement Sartonic gets.*

After several minutes cooling off in the pool, Flora's grumbling stomach finally convinced her to towel herself off and head for the dining room for the scheduled dinner. The dining room was a massive converted ballroom, and she recognized a lot of the same tables that had been at Siobhan's party last night. Waiters were bringing trays of delicious-looking asian delicacies and pitchers of dark-colored drinks.

"Finally!" someone harrumphed loudly from behind her, and Flora scampered out of the way of the giraffe who'd left to sleep with Siobhan last night. "I've been *starving to death* waiting for them to unlock this blasted room," he grumbled in a slight Russian accent. "The vending machine ran out of pistachios hours ago!"

"I remember you! Your name's Anatoly, right?" Flora asked.

"Of course," he bounced his shoulders. "Don't recognize you, though." He hadn't even looked at her, too busy eyeing a massive plate of something noodly.

Flora felt the temperature rising just standing near him. "I'm Flora!" she introduced herself, glad to finally meet someone who also hadn't done their homework on the competition. "Which team do you play for?"

"I've actually played for more facilities than any other test subject," he craned his long neck in a self-satisfied swish. "But right now I'm with Hawke Psionics after being transferred for melting my cell doors down."

"Wait, what?" Flora's ears bristled.

“It’s true! Shoddy craftmanship if you ask me, if it couldn’t handle me after a few bottles of vodka—”

“—No no, *Hawke Psionics* is participating in these Games?” she interrupted urgently. She had something of a bad history with them after having orchestrated a nonviolent facility uprising to prevent Hawke from absorbing Sartonic in a corporate takeover.

“Well, every facility goes to the Games, dunno what you were expecting,” Anatoly scoffed. “Not the best team I’ve been on, in any case, but at least it was easy to qualify.” He cracked his neck joints to interrupt her attempt to reply. “I carried us through the first event, and I’ll just have to keep doing it until we win!”

He sidestepped a waiter to choose his preferred spot at the tables, and only after he’d left her side did Flora realize she was covered in sweat from standing in his heatwave. She quickly picked her own seat on the other side of the table, mind still calculating the newfound dangers involving people at the table being representatives from Hawke. *Maybe the other two are also traded athletes like Anatoly…* she rationalized nervously. *He didn’t seem to hold any grudge, or even know Hawke’s history. So long as their team keeps to themselves, I’m more than happy to leave the past in the past.*

More and more athletes were arriving as the hours waned, especially when the mouth-watering aromas filtered into the hallways. "Ah, looks like you're all excited for our first dinner!" Alessi the hotel owner said excitedly, tapping a glass for attention. Most of the athletes chose to ignore him and start piling their plates, but he pressed on anyway. "Tonight we could think of no better introduction to Hangzhou than a full Asian feast, with options from savory to sour and everything in between!"

Flora couldn't figure out whether she was supposed to wait for everyone to be seated (or, at minimum, for the waiters to finish setting the tables) especially when nobody else was honoring proper etiquette and her stomach was furiously hungry; she'd only had a couple protein bars all day.

"We'll be interrupting dinner in thirty minutes to watch the announcement for tomorrow's event, but until then I encourage you to tuck in!" Alessi finally gave up on listing what the dishes were and conceded the floor to the sound of faces being stuffed.

"Oy, waiter!" interrupted the white dog from last night's party. "Are these noodles gluten-free?"

Jamie choked on his lemon chicken. "Are you actually allergic to gluten, or just a hipster?" he teased.

"None of your business," the canine shot back.

"I'm just saying, I saw you eating the same vending machine graham crackers I did." Jamie tried to dodge the rangoon suddenly chucked at him, but the dog psionically curved it to bounce off the zebra’s forehead.

Flora reached for a steaming plate of egg rolls and jumped when Brittany tapped her on the shoulder. “Don’t eat too much, now,” the human warned. “We got a big event in the morning.”

“Aww, but we don’t even know what the event is!” Flora acquiescently put them back and grabbed edamame instead.

“Well, I’m not worried whatever it turns out to be!” a Komodo Dragon boasted, grabbing the same tray of egg rolls and dousing his in szechuan sauce. “It’s mathematically certain to be something involving bicycles, and I was a professional stunt biker in college!”

“Wait a minute, ‘mathematically certain’ according to what metric?” Tobias interrupted. “I crunched the numbers too, and historically the second event is usually running when they lead with swimming.”

“Exactly, which is why they won’t do it again,” the Komodo Dragon grinned, revealing a mouthful of half-chewed food. “The only sustainable pattern is that they don’t like to repeat themselves. And biking has never before followed swimming.”

“I suppose that’s one way to look at it…” Tobias muttered, clearly not convinced.

“Hey, Desmond, if you’re so into the stats, which athlete is mathematically the strongest in each category?” a tree frog asked. “I bet it’s me for Physical, Karena for Mental.”

“Nonsense, they’re *both* me,” Anatoly interrupted. “I’m the only athlete in the Games’ history who’s won medals in both positions, since back in my early years I could only superheat my own body.”

“What about Control?” Garth the bull asked.

“Nobody gives a fuck about Control,” the tree frog rolled her eyes, and Anatoly nodded in agreement. He reached over Siobhan’s plate to grab the hot sauce, ignoring the elephant’s drunken swat of annoyance, but a tufted deer swiped it before he could reach it. “Come on, you’ve already used the whole bottle on your end!” she snapped.

“Well, my food’s not hot enough!” he shot back.

“Oh, please. You don’t use *volume* to make food hotter.” Brittany yawned theatrically. “Not that I’d expect *you* to know that. Take it from a Mexican, no vodka-swilling Slav could handle real spice.”

“Oh yeah?” Anatoly leaned forward. “Anything you can eat, I can eat *hotter*,” he challenged.

Her eyes flashed mischievously. “You’re gonna regret saying that.” She quickly flagged down a waiter. “Excuse me, my friend thinks he’s tough shit. What’s the spiciest thing you’ve got in that kitchen?”

“Hmm, probably tien tsin peppers,” he thought. “I can bring one out.”

“Sure, and grab a second for me.” Brittany shot Anatoly a competitive look. “Hope you enjoyed your bed last night, cause tonight your burning mouth’s not gonna let you sleep.”

“You fool,” he sneered. “I *literally can’t feel heat*. Of any kind. You’re fighting an impossible battle.”

The waiter returned with two thin red peppers and set one down in front of each of them. “Bottoms up…” Anatoly grinned, popping his into his mouth. Brittany narrowed her eyes, grabbed her pepper by the stem, and delicately swallowed it. Other than her cheeks flushing red and her eyes tearing up, she defiantly avoided showing any pain. “Oh please,” the giraffe waved dismissively, pepper still in his cheek. “You didn’t even chew it up. Watch this.” Viciously he gnashed his pepper into a paste before swallowing, with such a lack of reaction even Brittany was taken aback. “Still think you can do better?”

Brittany narrowed her eyes even as tears streamed down her face. ‘Waiter!” she shouted. “I *know* these rookie peppers aren’t your strongest! I thought this was the finest hotel in Hangzhou! Bring us *the hottest stuff you got*!”

“Brittany, don’t let him bait you like this,” Tobias whispered urgently, but she brushed him off angrily. At this point, most of the table was watching the drama.

Several minutes later, the waiter returned with two truly evil-looking peppers; wrinkled and jet-black with shriveled tips that tapered off like scorpion stingers. “Since you insisted…these are Huangdi Hō-ōs,” he explained. “Named for mythical fire birds that ruled the skies, they’re three times hotter than Carolina Reapers and a contender for the spiciest pepper in history. Please don’t touch them with your bare skin.”

Anatoly smirked and stabbed his with a fork. “I’ll go first. I want everyone's eyes on you when they have to take you to the hospital.” Closing his eyes, he popped it into his mouth…and his eyes flew open and he gasped urgently for breath. “*Blyat! It’s too hot! I can’t take it!”* He

reached desperately for his water…then swallowed the pepper whole and laughed at everyone's reactions. "Just kidding," he sniffed. "I literally don't have the taste receptors to feel this heat." He flashed a wicked look at Brittany's haunted trepidation. "Let's see if Chiquita Banana's genetics were so kind…"

Brittany's face had gone white, but the room could tell she wasn't prepared to back down. With a deep, nervous exhale, she grabbed her fork and… "Hey!" she exclaimed, "where's my pepper?!"

The second Huangdi Hō-ō was gone. Brittany and everyone around her began looking around the table (even under it) and it was nowhere to be seen. "Who took it!?" Brittany snapped. "I was going to eat it, I don't care how badass Anatoly thinks he is!"

"Wait, shut up!" interrupted the white dog, pointing at the room's television. "It's coming on!"

Everyone immediately changed their focus as the President took to the podium to announce tomorrow's event. "*A warm congratulations to all the athletes who participated in yesterday's event, whether they were sent home or will continue onto tomorrow. Our previous event harkened to the ancient Roman spectacle of Naumachia, where gladiators would fight sea battles in a stadium filled with water. In keeping with the thematic spirit of ancient competitions, tomorrow's event is…chariot racing."*

The camera abruptly cut to the stadium to show the outer ring was now a racetrack. Gasps rippled through the room as the starting line came into view boasting ten colored chariots, each with only ankle-high walls to protect its rider from falling off. Two beautiful racing bikes were strapped to the front of each chariot, connected in the middle by a removable clasp. "Told you it was biking!" Desmond ribbed Tobias.

"*The teams will race three laps*," the President continued. "*Points will be awarded not only for the order in which they complete the full circuit, but also for how many teammates remain on their vehicle for the full round. A team will earn zero points unless at least one athlete remains on either the chariot or attached bicycles for the entire race.*"

"Are they insane?" the tufted deer exclaimed. "This looks insanely dangerous."

"Robyn, you better stay close to us…" Jamie muttered to a humanoid figure whose species Flora couldn't quite place.

"Did anyone get a better look at those chariots?" Anatoly asked. "Are they made of wood?"

Flora opened her mouth to answer that they looked more like safety plastic, when she felt a wet *slap* between her legs. Looking down in surprise, her eyes widened when she recognized the missing Hō-ō, bisected and slapped side-by-side onto both of her testicles. "Hey! Who did tha-*aaaahhh!*" she screamed, pushing her chair back urgently as her scrotum erupted into unbearable tingles. Her chair legs got caught and sent her sprawling on the floor, still crying in terror at the sudden fire in her loins.

"What happened?" Tobias exclaimed, leaping up.

"*Someone stuck that black pepper on my balls!*" Flora sobbed, cupping her crotch desperately to try and smother the uncontrollable burning. It was hotter than anything she'd ever felt, like her nuts had been dipped in molten lava. "*Oh my god, it hurts!*"

"Who did that?" Brittany snarled, rounding on the shocked bystanders. "That's a low blow, targeting someone outside the events!"

"C'mon, Flora, get up," Tobias urged, dragging her to her feet still miserably cupping her sac. "Let's wash it off."

"*Make it stop!"* Flora screeched, barely able to hobble to the door even with Tobias' help. "*I need a doctor!*"

“No no, we can fix this. Brittany, grab a glass of milk!” Tobias shouted down the hallway as they reached their dorm. “Turn on the sink,” he ordered Flora as he practically dragged her into the bathroom. “Start scrubbing until Brittany gets here!”

Flora palpitated her spuds furiously, but it only seemed to spread the agony around. “It’s not working…!” she begged him, sinking into the fetal position. With every passing second the furious burning got worse. “Fuck fuck fuck—!”

The door to the apartment opened, but it wasn’t Brittany. “Hold on, I can help,” urged the humanoid whom Jamie had called Robyn. She gently rolled Flora over and pressed her hands against Flora’s scrotum. “One more second. Just focus on my touch…” she urged softly.

The folf’s eyes rolled back in her head as the burning miraculously lessened, then disappeared altogether. “Oh my god…” she breathed, every muscle in her body relaxing simultaneously as she crumpled into a pile. “Oh, you cannot *believe* how bad that hurt. You’re a lifesaver.”

Robyn smiled. “That’s why they keep me around.” Her fingers remained pressed firmly into Flora’s crotch. “Sorry, I just need to stay here for about a minute.”

“Where the hell is Brittany?” Tobias asked.

“Last I saw, she was accusing Anatoly,” Robyn answered. “I think there was mention of a duel at sunrise?”

Tobias facepalmed and quickly hurried from the room.

Flora observed her savior more closely than she could at dinner. Robyn had dark curly hair, a large nose, and an oddly broad forehead. “I can’t thank you enough, Robyn.” She extended a hand. “I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced. My name’s Flora.”

“Nice to officially meet you!” Robyn returned the shake. “If you don't mind me asking, Flora, what species are you anyway? I’m normally quite good at recognizing them, but you seem to exhibit both lupine and vulpine characteristics.”

“That sounds about right, I’m a folf. Side effect of my psionic power.” Flora cocked her head. “I was actually wondering as well, never seen a girl like you before.”

“I actually identify as gender-neutral,” they corrected politely, “but I’m a Neanderthal.” Robyn giggled when Flora’s eyes widened in alarm. “I take it you’ve never heard about Nachtigall Institute’s greatest claim to fame? They successfully recreated our genome and birthed the first new Neanderthals in tens of thousands of years. I’m the only one who’s developed a psionic power, though.” Robyn finally removed their fingers. “All better! I can only deactivate pain receptors for a limited time, but it’ll be long enough that the pepper will have worn off by then.”

“You…deactivated my pain receptors?” Flora prodded her own crotch curiously. “Will I go completely numb down there?”

“Oh no, I’m very precise.” Robyn flicked her in demonstration, and the folf winced in anticipation for testicular pain that surprisingly never came. “Pain and pleasure are similar sensations in practise, but they’re caused by different signals from the brain.” They gave Flora’s cock a few encouraging pumps, failing to suppress a grin as Flora unwittingly stiffened up. “I’ve extensively researched my powers and the effects it has on the body. Though I’ve never done any testing with folfs in particular…”

“Well, we are quite rare,” Flora smiled, but mentally she was taken aback by the intense arousal coursing through her nerves at Robyn’s touch. “You’re…doing something with your powers right now, aren’t you?” she panted.

Robyn’s eyes glinted. “I couldn’t resist. You’re a fascinating hybrid, I had to test whether you reacted stronger to male or female hormonal mixes.” Flora felt an uncontrollable horniness

grip her body, and it took all her energy to keep from collapsing. “I admit I didn’t expect you to react to both…may have overdone it…”

Flora moaned softly as she popped an uncontrollable boner and couldn’t even bring herself to hide it from a potential sex partner. Everything about Robyn, from their scent to their freckled breasts to their impish brown eyes, was exciting Flora out of her mind. “Not to worry!” her partner suddenly announced, standing up. “I got you into this mood, I’m more than happy to help you back out. Let’s get you to bed.”

Flora was too turned-on to reply intelligibly, so Robyn helped her to her feet and tenderly steered her through the living room and past the curtain. “You know,” they whispered excitedly as they stroked Flora’s length encouragingly, “Neither of our species are born in the wild, so our lovemaking will be the *first pairing of its kind* in history. Isn’t that exciting?”

But Flora wasn’t capable of high-level thought at the moment. Without further ado, she threw her partner onto the covers and mounted her urgently, grunting and moaning uncontrollably. “Goodness, I really did a number on you!” Robyn hummed contentedly as Flora pumped away, fingernails digging into their shoulders. “You sound like a caveman. Fitting, in a way.” They traced Flora’s cheek as the folf shuddered and pounded furiously for release. “You must be ready to pop. But that would be far too quick, I’m just getting warmed up.” They snaked their hands down to cup Flora’s butt, and with their touch Flora felt her uncontrollable orgasm suddenly recede. “No need for the fun to end so quickly, right?” Robyn grinned. “I’m going to take you to peaks you’ve never even known were possible. When you finally crest, it’s going to feel like a *tsunami*.”

Flora mewed pitifully, her breathing coming in ragged gasps as she felt Robyn flood her with an ever-intensifying mixture of hormones, a blazing cocktail that spurred her pleasure to increasing heights while coyly dancing her climax just out of reach. Pupils dilating, the folf moaned desperately and wordlessly begged for release as their lovemaking threatened to overwhelm her nerves with sensation.

She’d long lost all sense of anything beyond her own pleasure by the time Robyn suddenly squinted their eyes shut and stiffened as their body racked with orgasm. “Mm, that was perfect…” they breathed, failing to suppress a grin as a low yearning moan escaped the back of Flora’s throat. “Oh, alright…I suppose you’ve wanted it long enough.” The Neanderthal maneuvered their hand inward and tapped Flora’s balls. The folf’s breath caught in her throat as she suddenly felt a jolt of raw adrenaline shoot through her genitals, more than enough sensation to finally push her over the edge. “Don’t hold back for me,” her partner murmured lovingly in Flora’s ear, and it was all the invitation she needed.

With a low guttural cry, Flora gritted her teeth as a massive orgasm built up. Strangled gasps escaped her throat and she pressed herself against Robyn as a series of powerful contractions rippled through her. Suddenly Robyn pressed their fingers back into Flora’s buttocks, and Flora cried out as she felt Robyn psionically extend her ejaculation by what felt like almost a minute. Jets of cum painted their insides as Flora shuddered uncontrollably, lost to the endless throes of release.

She felt thoroughly drained by the time the wave finally crested, and collapsed dizzily on top of her partner. “Holy fuck…” she breathed, “you should really give more warnings…”

“Now what research could I get if I did that?” Robyn teased, rolling over and rubbing their crotch invitingly against Flora’s rapidly-deflating member. “Ready for round two?”

“Two? Sorry, but I’m completely spent.” Flora already felt half-asleep, the darkness in her vision was threatening to envelop her. “If you’re really so well-read, you’d know cocks can’t go again that quickly anyway—”

Then her eyes flew open as Robyn clenched her balls, and suddenly Flora's erection sprang to full attention. "Oh yeah?" Robyn teased, keeping their fingers pressed down and flooding Flora's loins with a familiar, uncontrollable lust. "Maybe you forgot what I can do. When you're with me, Round Two isn't a request. It's an appetizer…"

* * *

"*Flora!*"

Flora blinked dizzily, then covered her face when someone pelted her with buttered toast. "You missed breakfast again!" Brittany shouted. "Get up!"

"We're not late this time, so don't worry," Tobias added, setting a plate with synthetic eggs, bacon and hashbrowns on Flora's bed. "But we do need to discuss strategy before heading to the arena. This chariot event's a lot more cerebral than mindlessly diving for coins."

Flora guzzled the orange juice before even thinking of the food. Robyn had apparently left after fucking Flora unconscious, but she felt well-rested and fully energized to a degree that she suspected the Neanderthal had used their power for one final gift.

"You just eat, and we'll fill you in on our plans." Brittany sat on the other side, pointedly avoiding the massive wet spot. "The chariots are obviously designed so two people pedal the bikes while one stands on the platform and defends from attacks. Logically, Tobias would take platform so he can use his power to deflect incoming attacks."

"But we were considering a more…risky idea." Tobias waited for Flora to finish a particularly large gulp. "Namely that I take off immediately and defend from the air."

"Now that does automatically sacrifice one of our lifelines," Brittany conceded. "It'd be up to you or me to avoid getting knocked from the chariot. But the chariot would become a lot lighter, letting us outstrip the other teams for free. And Tobias would have more freedom to defend us from the skies."

Flora thought. "I mean, that makes sense." She nodded. "Okay, I'm on board."

"Great, but that does add one last complication for you in particular; I'm likely going to be invisible the entire race, simply to avoid giving our enemies free information." Brittany spread her hands apologetically. "That's going to leave you as the most obvious mark for anyone who targets the chariot."

Flora gulped nervously. "Well, guess it'll be up to Tobias to defend me, then." She winced as she finally sat up and climbed out of bed. "Did you learn anything about who targeted me with that pepper?"

"No…" Brittany sighed. "Anatoly seemed sufficiently surprised, plus I think he really wanted to see me eat it."

"About half the people at that table had a psionic power that could have done it," Tobias admitted. "There's really no way to narrow it down."

"I bet it was Siobhan," Brittany affirmed as Flora staggered to the shower. "She was super salty about that stunt you pulled in the first event. She could have fired it with a sonic blast."

"I…settled things with her in the pool room," Flora admitted, testing the water for warmth. "I think the two of us are square."

"Karena, maybe?" Tobias hypothesized. "She could have used a stream of psionically-controlled water."

"I really don't see her doing that. Selkie Labs is in first place, wouldn't be worth risking disqualification." Flora sudsed herself down, mindful that they were a bit low on time. "I appreciate the support, guys, but I've already put it behind me. I'll be more careful going forward, and just make sure nobody gets any opportunities for another cheap shot."

But those hopes were dashed when they traveled to the stadium and she mounted her bicycle for the first time. “Erm, these are a little…exposed, aren’t they?” She wiggled, trying fruitlessly to change her angle.

“Racing bikes always leave your butt in the air like that,” Tobias shrugged. The other teams were choosing their own positions on their own chariots; each was painted in the colors of the country hosting each particular research facility.

“Yeah, well in normal races people aren’t constantly targeting each others’ nuts,” Flora grumbled.

“Look, the alternative would be a normal bike seat, and slapping your balls against one of those for a whole race is probably the worse option,” Brittany pointed out. “Let’s stay focused. If we break from the pack, it won’t matter what they want to sling at us.”

The crowd was murmuring with excitement as the teams lined their chariots up at the beginning of the track. “*Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the second day of the Hangzhou Psionic Games!*” the president announced cheerfully from his podium. “*I won’t prolong your anticipation with another long speech. Yesterday was the day for introductions…today is the day for action.*”

Flora took a deep breath as she gripped her handlebars. Next to her, Brittany shimmered out of visibility. On her other side, Robyn flashed her an encouraging thumbs-up from the Nachtigall chariot.

“*On your marks…*” the President warned, raising a starting pistol in the air, “*Get set…GO!*”

His gunshot punctuated his final word, and every chariot lunged forward. The bikes were extremely high-quality, and Flora felt almost no resistance as her pedaling translated effortlessly into forward movement. Tobias instantly took to the air, swiping Jamie’s legs out from under her as she readied an attack at Flora. The zebra barely grabbed onto the side of her chariot to keep herself from tumbling to the racetrack.

Sartonic’s empty chariot gambit instantly paid off; within seconds they were outstripping the competition, with only clear tracks ahead of them. “Someone’s gaining on you!” Tobias shouted a warning. “Inner curve!”

Flora spared a single glance, and noticed Warwick’s chariot was bearing down on them. She could only see Siobhan and Clover on the bikes; their platform was just as empty as Sartonic’s. “Who’s the third psion for Warwick?” she asked Brittany.

“Nikos. He’s probably shapeshifted into a wad of gum or something weightless,” Brittany panted. “Don’t get complacent!”

Siobhan spared just a moment to shoot a sonic boom that rattled their platform, almost causing Flora’s bike to skid out from under her. “We can’t shoot back if they keep behind us!” she gasped.

“Don’t give them an inch!” Brittany snarled. “Tobias, can you do something?”

“I’m on it!” Tobias swooped down, scaring Siobhan from firing off another attack. Clover raised his finger to start vibrating Tobias’ wing, but the bat beaned him in the face with a snowball. The otter covered his face, breaking tempo and causing Warwick’s chariot to abruptly slow down.

“Nice!” Flora whooped. “But where did you get a—*oww!”* A brand new snowball smacked her right in the spuds, sending equal waves of pain and freezing cold rippling through her abdomen.

“It’s Selkie! On your outer curve!” Tobias warned. The blue-and-yellow chariot was matching their pace despite carrying three people. Karena was forming snowballs with her mind and firing them even while pedaling. Flora howled as another smacked her right across the stones.

“Tobias, you gotta block these!” Brittany snapped as a followup shot shattered against her invisible flank.

“I am, there’s a lot of them!” Tobias caught one and flung it at Garth, who was defending Selkie’s platform. To his surprise, Garth grinned and happily let the shot hit him dead in the face. “Fuck—” Tobias gasped, falling out of the sky as the damage reflected back onto himself.

“Tobias!” Brittany shouted in alarm. “Slow down,” she ordered Flora urgently. “Let them pass. We can’t fight them 1-on-1 without Tobias.”

Zane, the skink, stuck his blue tongue out at them as Selkie whizzed past them for the lead, just in time for both to finish their first lap.

Flora and Brittany quickly upped their pace once Selkie was off and away, but the concession gave the faster teams a chance to catch up to them. Flora gulped as a trio of chariots, all neck and neck, slowly absorbed them and nosed them into the inner ring. Nachtigall Institute held the undesirable outer ring, and between them Hawke Psionics was vying for position with a Vatican-themed chariot led by the tufted deer.

“Keep pace!” Brittany panted. “We have the inner curve, so they have to pedal harder to keep up!”

“Uhh, Brittany?” Flora gulped as Hawke changed its focus and started hemming them out of rank and file. “They’re nosing us out of the track!”

On the other side, the tufted deer’s team apparently had the same idea and was forcing Nachtigall into the stadium walls. Jamie abandoned her bike as its handlebars warped and sparks flew from where it skidded against the walls.

Flora almost lost control of her pedals as the wheels of their chariot bounced haphazardly along the grass of the inner perimeter of the stadium. Her mind reeled as she tried to think of a solution. If Hawke succeeded in forcing them off the track, it would be hell to get back on!

Suddenly, both chariots had something more important to focus on when Plum suddenly stood up from the back of Nachtigall’s chariot and let out a massive, bellowing roar. Flora’s eyes widened as the cow suddenly leaped through the air, aiming for the tufted deer’s chariot. Before she landed, Plum turned her skin into gleaming metallic chrome. The tufted deer screamed as Plum cannonballed right through their platform, blasting the chariot into splinters and sending all three occupants flying. “Holy fuck!” Flora heard Desmond gasp from Hawke’s chariot.

“That gives me an idea…” Brittany muttered. “Keep pedaling.” Flora obeyed, sensing her imperceptible teammate shimmy onto their platform and leap off. Seconds later, Desmond staggered as Brittany sucker-kicked him in the nuts and shoved him off Hawke’s chariot. Anatoly shouted and raised the temperature around his own team’s ride to punish her, but the invisible human didn’t even react.

“Brittany?” Flora squinted. “Where are…?”

“Here!” Tobias suddenly interrupted, floating their invisible teammate back onto the bike. “Sorry to abandon you like that, just needed to regain my bearings.” He crumpled onto their platform. “I just need…a bit more time, and I’ll be back to defending us.”

“No worries,” Flora breathed a sigh of relief. Hawke’s chariot was in disarray and quickly slipped behind them, taking the heat off for the time being. With the Vatican chariot down, that only left… “Aaugh!” she cried as Jamie blasted her in the balls with a lightning strike. “Goddammit!”

“Jeez, already?” Brittany quickly matched Flora’s tempo and helped steer around a wrecked chariot in the middle of the track. “Want me to turn visible? They might target me a few times instead of you.”

“No…I’m fine,” Flora gritted her teeth as they breezed through the checkpoint for the second lap. “Race is almost over, just keep—*Aaaugh!”* Another lightning bolt to the gonads blasted the feeling from her legs.

“Fuck, I should be defending…” Tobias staggered dizzily to his feet. “Sorry, I got this…”

But then he didn’t need to do anything; abruptly a shockwave sent Jamie and his bike flying from Nachtigall’s chariot. Warwick was back, and this time Siobhan was out for blood.

“We’re next!” Brittany warned as the last surviving member of Nachtigall, Robyn, quickly slowed down in a clear sign of submission. “Tobias, you got anything in the tank?”

“Almost…” he panted. He swept his arm, but Siobhan dug her hands into the bike and shrugged off the attempt to buck her. “Fuck…she’s too big and too strong…”

Flora tried and failed to hide her balls between her legs as the enraged elephant fired another debilitating shockwave at them. There was no way to dodge, and it was clearly strong enough to send Flora flying from the chariot. She closed her eyes and winced in terror…

…and an unseen force blocked the shot. Flora heard Brittany cry out one last time, a cry that receded into the grassy inner circle and abruptly cut off as it hit the ground. “Brittany!” she gasped.

“You’re more valuable than she is,” Tobias explained. He was gripping the platform desperately; Clover was vibrating his wing to stop him from flying. “She’d left the chariot once before; you’re our final hope for scoring points this event.”

Flora spared a single terrified look at Siobhan. “Well, I’m not gonna last much longer with her on our tail…”

“Don’t worry, it’s my turn.” Tobias’ eyes flashed angrily. “Brittany’s sacrifice gave us what we’ve desperately needed…a ranged weapon of our own.” Psionically yanking her bicycle from the chariot, he flung it directly in Warwick’s path. Siobhan was so focused on targeting Flora that she didn’t react quickly enough, and both Warwick bikes flipped spectacularly, sending the whole chariot tumbling head-over-heels into the stadium wall. Flora gasped in horrified awe at the scene. “Now let’s finish this goddamn race…” Tobias glowered, psionically carrying Siobhan’s abandoned bike and reattaching it to Sartonic’s chariot.

“Holy crap Tobias, that was incredible—” Flora breathed as Tobias climbed gingerly back onto the bike with a wince. The racetrack was littered with destroyed bikes and ruined chariots, and it was turning into more of an obstacle course than a race. “Is anyone near us?” he panted.

Flora spared a look backwards. “Yeah, somebody’s coming…” Her ears perked. “Fuck, it’s Hawke.”

All three members of Hawke were working overtime to overcome the distance, and Flora could tell they were gonna catch up before the race finished. “I thought Brittany threw one of them from the cart!” she panted.

“Desmond can swim through ground like it’s water. He just got back on,” Tobias informed grimly. “We gotta slow them down.”

Flora could tell as soon as they got in range because her bike started heating up. “Tobias…Anatoly’s doing that thing again,” she whimpered as her butt and hands started burning from the heat.

“Okay, ummm…” Tobias glanced back. Anatoly was staring him down, smiling. “Crap. He completely sees me, if I try anything he’ll be ready to dodge.”

And then suddenly Hawke’s chariot wobbled, and Anatoly looked away for a split-second. Tobias took that opportunity, and without another word spread his wings and abandoned Sartonic’s bike. Before Anatoly could react, Tobias smothered him in a full tackle and sent both tumbling off the chariot.

The last two members of Hawke were pedaling furiously, but Flora could see the finish line up ahead. *I think I can outpace them!* she thought wildly. *We're both moving roughly the same speed, so if I can just keep—*

Suddenly she oofed as something heavy landed on the platform of her chariot. "That was a nice idea!" Desmond taunted, catching his balance. "Jumping onto enemy chariots! I'll have to tell Brittany thanks for the inspiration." Stumbling forward, he cupped his talons around Flora's balls and squeezed. "Stop the chariot!" he shouted.

"No!" Flora shouted. She wanted to fight back, but she needed to focus fully on out-pedaling the white dog still in Hawke's chariot. "Let go!"

"You first!" Desmond dug his claws into Flora's sensitive fleshy bits. The folf felt a terrified, primal pain grip her body, and her brain screamed for her to do whatever it took to save her babymakers. "If you don't stop, I'll *force you!*" he threatened, grabbing her and trying to wrestle her off the bike.

The finish line bore down on them…but not quickly enough to prevent Flora's vision from blacking out in pain. Her pedaling faltered, and Hawke's chariot caught up by another half-length. Her balls felt misshapen, reforming like a stress ball around his fingers. She couldn't keep this up…

And then somebody yanked Desmond off of her and flung the Komodo Dragon from the chariot. Her vision hadn't returned by the time she breezed blindly through the finish line, hit somebody's wrecked chariot, and went tumbling into the grass clutching her family jewels.

The crowd erupted in cheers as Hawke's chariot became the last one to complete the race. The many athletes who hadn't endured the whole course stumbled back into the center area to help the remainder from their chariots. Flora gave herself a few minutes to massage her spuds pitifully before the pain had subsided enough to walk. Someone climbed out of Sartonic's chariot, and it wasn't anybody she expected. "Nikos?" she cocked her head at the ram who played for Warwick. "Was that you who saved me at the end?"

"I was a tassel attached to the bike Tobias stole," the ram cheerfully explained. "I knew if I kept quiet you'd let me cross the finish line with you. As per the rules, I never abandoned the bike so I technically counted as completing the course for Warwick." He seemed quite pleased with himself. "Great work back there, keeping it alive for both of us. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go tease Siobhan and Clover mercilessly."

Flora limped over to Tobias, who was nursing a bump on his head and helping Anatoly clear field debris from their path. "Tobias, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," the bat nodded. "But jeez, I think Hangzhou bit off more than they can chew with this chariot event." He collapsed to the grass with a wince. "Hopefully tomorrow's event is less life-threatening."

"Are you kidding?" Anatoly interrupted. "That was *awesome!* Probably my favorite event of any Psionic Games." He looked to where Plum was helping extricate Jamie from her wrecked bicycle.

"Does anyone look overly injured?" Tobias asked Flora, who remained standing.

Flora shook her head. "Just nicks and bruises. The chariots were built super lightweight, and the stadium floor is padded so I think the crashes looked more dangerous than they were." Anatoly shook his head in disappointed agreement as he walked away.

Tobias glanced around. "Any idea what happened to Brittany?"

Flora wasn't sure, but she gained a clue when she saw two medical personnel leaning over an apparently-empty patch of grass. "Excuse me?" she asked, trotting over. "Is she okay?"

"I'm fine…" Brittany muttered, flashing into view and waving the doctors away. "I just had the wind knocked out of me."

“You should spend a bit of time in the infirmary,” a doctor protested. “Just to check you over for a concussion or any lasting damage.”

“No, fuck off.” Brittany staggered to her feet, relying on Flora for support. “I can’t believe you pulled off that finish…” she smiled. “That was incredible.”

Flora nodded and finally checked the massive billboard showcasing the scores and the board. “Wow, we beat Hawke and Warwick for third?” she breathed.

“Not surprising, considering only five teams managed to finish.” Brittany waved at Tobias. “In hindsight, we were pretty foolhardy dropping one of our three lifelines right off the bat. But it worked out.”

Flora noticed that Selkie was the only team that completed the course with two athletes. “I don’t think anyone was properly prepared for how much damage we all took. Barely anyone scored any points.”

“It’ll be weighed so each event is worth an equal amount. Which is unfortunate…” Tobias joined the conversation as they all limped off the pitch. “We haven’t scored stellar in either event, so we’re officially long shots. I’ll crunch the numbers back in our rooms, but I think we’re going into the final round with a significant gap between us and the top 3 teams.”

Brittany was not pleased to hear that, but Flora was just happy she’d managed to finish the chariot event at all. The taxi ride back to the Viridian passed in silence, and Flora once again noticed a large knot of athletes waiting in the lobby, clothed and departing the games for good.

Brittany stole the shower the millisecond they reached their apartment, so Flora sat in the living room and picked grass out of her fur as Tobias explained their circumstances for the upcoming final event. “Selkie has the clear lead, followed by Hawke and Nachtigall,” he scribbled out some basic computations. “Warwick’s actually ahead of us by a few points, which means we’re dead last of the five teams progressing forward, and there’s basically no way we can catch Selkie.”

“So, the best we can hope for is silver?” Flora cocked her head.

Tobias nodded. “And we gotta do *really* well. Obviously I don’t know how the final event will be scored, but we’ll likely need to come in first or second in that event.”

Flora exhaled. “Well, at least we weren’t sent home early, right?” She glanced at the bathroom, where Brittany’s shower had shown no sign of slowing down.

“Hey, don’t get any ideas, I want to shower next,” Tobias interrupted.

“I’ll play you for it,” Flora grinned competitively. “Rock paper scissors, best of three.”

Tobias nodded and promptly trounced her with double paper. Sighing, Flora headed for the pool area, deciding that she’d rather wait her turn in the jacuzzi and come back later.

But she noticed someone was far more actively using the pool; Karena had dragged a mannequin all the way from the clothing store outside the hotel and was currently balancing it on a floating bubble of water. “Sorry, am I interrupting?” Flora took a step back as Karena shot her a look.

Karena gritted her teeth and ignored her. Silently, Flora watched as Karena waved her arms like a conductor, bending the bubble to her will as it threw the mannequin in the air and failed to stop it from punching through and splashing into the pool. “Ugh!” the mottled wolf finally sighed with frustration, letting the water collapse with a massive splash. “It’s no use.”

“What’s wrong?” Flora asked.

Karena sniffed dismissively. “During the race, Siobhan knocked Zane out of our chariot. I tried to catch him with a bubble of water, but I messed up the surface tension and he wiped out in the dirt. An unacceptable mistake.” Taking a deep breath, she formed a new bubble and levitated the mannequin back out of the pool. “I’m training so that doesn’t happen again.”

“Hmm.” Flora watched as the mannequin bobbled and slipped out the bubble. “Are you sure it’s even possible?”

“It must be!” Karena cried. “I’ve carried heavier things. Bodies are just so…slippery.” She gnashed her teeth as the waterlogged mannequin sank to the bottom of the pool.

“Hmm. Well, I hope you figure it out.” Flora noticed with disappointment that the jacuzzi wasn’t turned on. “You know, mannequins may be the right shape, but they don’t actually share much in common with a real person’s body.”

Karena pondered, then glanced Flora over, as if she were sizing her up. “That’s true. Would you be interested in helping me?”

“Uh…no, sorry,” Flora amended quickly. “Last thing I need is to be hung in the air like a ragdoll. I came here to relax.”

“I can heat the jacuzzi for you.” Karena waved her hand, and the hot tub suddenly bubbled with inviting warmth. Flora stepped forward excitedly, but Karena ended the effect just-as-quickly with a snap of her fingers. “Actually, I can sweeten that pot. If you help me practice, I’ll give you a massage.”

“…A massage?” Flora didn’t like the look in Karena’s eyes.

“You said you came here to relax, right?” Karena smiled. “My deep-muscle water massages are one-of-a-kind. I give them to Zane and Garth daily, keeps them limber.”

Flora bit her lip. “In that case…I guess so.”

The wolf’s eyes lip up. “Perfect!” She pointed her thumb to the taller of the two diving boards. “Climb up there and jump off into the pool. I’ll simply try to catch you.”

Flora gulped as a wave of water shoved her expectantly forward. “H-how long are we gonna do this?” she stammered uncertainly.

“Until it works.”

Flora scaled the towering ladder and took a deep breath. She’d never been bothered by heights, but she hoped Karena didn’t make her water too hard or cause Flora to bounce over onto the floor, as she was certainly too high to survive a landing anywhere except the pool. “Okay, here goes—” she yelped as the water suddenly shoved her forward, causing her to tumble wildly off the board. Karena didn’t waste any time, summoning her bubble and practically smacking Flora in the face with it as the folf punched through and splashed painfully into the pool.

“Hmm, that was better than before,” Karena murmured as Flora surfaced for air. “Again.”

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Flora spluttered, dragging herself ashore. “I could have died!”

“I had you under control. And we’re practicing *saves* here,” Karena reminded. “No point in having you jump, you need to look like you were swept away.”

“Screw that!” Flora shook her head. “I’m not doing it again! I…” she trailed off as a psionically-powered stream of water delicately swept across her testicles.

“You sure?” Karena teased, as the stream rippled lovingly across Flora’s shaft. “Cause if you quit now, you won't get a massage.”

Flora shuddered at the water’s touch…but it disappeared just as she got used to it. “…fine,” she groaned, staggering to her feet. “One more time.”

But it wasn’t the last time…or even the second-to-last time. Again and again, Karena sent Flora tumbling into the pool, trying and failing to catch the folf’s body before the inevitable splat. But Flora could feel that the bubble was improving, learning the nuances of Flora’s curves to better support them. Before long, it felt less like the bubble was dropping her, and more like it was botching a catch. Until finally…

“Yes!” Karena cheered, as Flora levitated precariously on a bobbing bubble. “I’ve got it! Now don’t fight it! Let me hold you.”

Flora’s instincts were begging her to catch herself, and it took all her willpower to surrender her balance to the bubble. Every moment she felt like she was slipping off, but the water would weave and reshape itself to fill the gap.

“Now, let’s see if I can move you…” Karena narrowed her eyes and delicately carried Flora from the pool over to her side of the room. “I get it now,” her eyes widened in understanding. “That’s why the mannequin didn’t work. It’s all about the *motion*, about the target surrendering their control to me.”

“Erm, target?” Flora laughed nervously. “Can we use a more combat-neutral term, like, uh…buddy?” She tried to extricate herself from the swirling water around her, but Karena wasn’t letting go. “Also, I think we’re done…”

“Done?” Karena’s eyes flashed. “But it’s time for your reward. Just lie back and let me take over.”

Flora felt a series of ripples travel up her shoulderblades, pressing against her muscles and releasing tension she didn’t even know she had. “Mmmmm…you sure this shouldn’t happen on the ground…?” she murmured one last protest.

“I’ll never drop anyone. Not again.” Karena contracted her arms, and her twin currents pressed Flora deeper into the bubble. Flora couldn’t repress a moan as her aquatic prison tightened around her, firm torrents pattering up and down her limbs. The rivulets kneaded deep patterns into her skin, and the water heated to a temperature somewhere between warm and hot. It felt more incredible than the jacuzzi ever could have been.

Time slipped away as Flora arched her back and allowed Karena’s tributary to have its way with her. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the aches and pains evaporating from her overworked joints. The currents got hotter, and the water got fiercer as it pressed deeper into Flora’s core. Jets of steam battered her skin, numbing her nerves and allowing the water to palpitate her muscles without pain.

It was the most intense massage Flora had ever endured, and just when she felt like she couldn’t take the pressure anymore, she felt the cold floor of the pool area touch her backside as the water lay her gently down. Karena smiled as she returned the water to the pool and silently left the room.

Flora spent several minutes just regaining her bearings; the massage had been more than she’d bargained for, and she didn’t want to expend the energy necessary to re-enter the world. But at some point, somebody else interrupted her drowsy meditation. “What, er, are you doing?” Clover asked, looking askance at the folf spread out along the ground.

Flora sighed and staggered to her feet. “Nothing. Was just heading out.”

The otter raised his eyebrows. “And…uh, what were you doing with the mannequin?” he asked, glancing pointedly at where it lay a short distance from Flora.

“Nothing!” Flora flushed red and scampered back to her apartment before he could ask any more questions. The shower was finally available, so she contentedly surrendered herself to more hot water. “Don’t take forever,” Brittany called from the living room, where she was researching Tobias’ notes. “Dinner’s soon.”

Despite Brittany’s warning, Flora took her time and the dinner was well underway once she finally reached it. Tonight’s menu was dedicated to Indian food, and none of the empty seats were next to people she knew, so she decided to finally meet the white dog from Hawke, the last remaining player whose name she hadn’t learned. “Hey there!” she introduced herself. “I’m Flora.”

“Trust me, I know your name…” he groaned. “Desmond is still angry about that stunt you and Nikos pulled.” He slathered a piece of naan in butter sauce. “He even took dinner in his room.”

“Hey Quincy,” Jamie called to the white dog from across the table. “That naan isn’t gluten-free, you know!”

Quincy glowered back at him and defiantly put his naan untouched back on his plate.

“Well, tell Desmond he kinda tipped my hand, and I don’t hold anything against him, even though he tried to squash my nuts like grapes.” Flora ladeled herself a bowl of yellow curry and grabbed some dipping naan. “So how are things at Hawke Psionics?”

Quincy looked at her. “I think I know what this is about.” He sighed. “I’ll save you the trouble of trying to dance around your question. *Yes*, the administration warned us about you. They explained about that corporate coup you foiled last year, and they weren’t happy when you subbed onto Sartonic’s roster. But the three of us told them we wouldn’t single you out or target you unfairly. And I like to think we’ve been living up to that.”

“Desmond *literally*—”

“Brittany started that!” Quincy countered. “Remember we even completely ignored Sartonic during the first event. But of course we’re gonna butt heads at least a little, as more and more teams get eliminated.” Quincy scooched his chair out, done eating. “If you don’t take anything personal, we won’t.”

Flora wasn’t sure she was wholly convinced even after the canine took his leave. “Would you believe him if you were me?” she asked Plum, the person to her other side.

Plum shrugged shyly. “I don’t know…” Flora couldn’t believe this meek wallflower was the same cow who let out a barbarian war cry and demolished the tufted deer’s chariot in one cannonball.

“Hey, that was really incredible, what you did during today’s event,” Flora assured encouragingly. “It’s gonna be in the highlight reels for sure.”

Plum blushed and looked away. “Thanks…” she muttered.

Flora grabbed a synthetic meat kebab and dipped it in her curry. “Is this your first time here too? Jamie mentioned that one of his teammates had been training for years hoping to qualify.”

Plum nodded, finally looking back at Flora. “Yeah, he was talking about me,” she stammered in a small voice. “When I was young, I thought my chromeskin power was a curse. The other kids would tease me about it…” Her eyes misted over. “It meant so much to me when Nachtigall found me and hired me as a test subject. I’ve dreamed of winning a medal in the Psionic Games ever since. I just want to…take my power back, I suppose. To show that my ability is a gift, and I’ve earned it.”

Flora was a bit taken aback by how suddenly Plum was spilling her inner thoughts. “Well, that sounds pretty awesome, congratulations.” She patted the cow encouragingly on the back. “And you’re doing it, Nachtigall’s in third place! Almost there!”

Plum gave her a faint smile and looked away. Flora assumed the conversation was over, but then Siobhan interrupted. “Don’t get too attached to that pole position!” the elephant drunkenly countered. “We’re *coming* for you, and we’re gonna flatten you in the next event!”

“Nobody even knows what the event *is* yet,” Jamie shot back. “Also we beat you in both of the others.”

“Yeah, no thanks to *her!*” Siobhan pointed accusatorily at Plum. “I kicked her fat ass when she tried to steal my coins, and the chariot race was *hand-crafted* to make her useful! I can’t wait to see how she does when the goal is to *not* destroy whatever she’s standing on!”

“If you don’t shut your drunk mouth, I’ll knock you out!” Jamie sprang to his feet and brandished his sparking fingers threateningly, and Clover quickly leaped up to defend Siobhan,

but the damage was done. Tears welled in Plum's eyes, and the portly cow ran crying from the room.

"You've got some nerve!" Jamie's eyes flashed as he knocked his chair aside. "Calling her fat when you're not exactly waiflike yourself! No wonder your team's on the ropes!"

Siobhan let out a defiant bellow with her trunk. "We came back from worse when we took bronze four years ago!" she trumpeted. "And you won't be the first team that gets complacent and slips up because you see your *first-ever medal* a hair's breadth away!" She connected her fingertips into a firing stance and dared Jamie to attack.

"Whoa, come on now," Tobias interjected. "Can we keep it on the field?"

"Remember your first-night speech, Siobhan," Garth urged. "No hard feelings, no one should take anything personally. We're all just here to compete."

Siobhan narrowed her eyes, then took a deep breath and lowered her combat posture. "They're right. I'm sorry." She extended a hand. "I got carried away. Best of luck tomorrow."

Jamie didn't accept the handshake. "I'm not the one you should be apologizing to."

"Then pass it on for me, dearie." Siobhan stumbled to her feet, grabbing Zane for support. "Ooh, you're delightfully strong, and I've never fucked a reptile before. Come with me to my quarters," she commanded. Jamie pursed her lips as the elephant flashed her one last inebriated smile. "*Chin up, Nachtigall!*" Siobhan called over her shoulder as the skink escorted her from the room. *"It ain't over until the fat lady sings!"*

An uneasy silence gripped the room in her wake. "Where does she keep getting the alcohol?" Brittany broke the silence to ask. But before anyone could answer, the television snapped on.

"*Good evening, Hangzhou!*" the President once again graced the stage. Below him, holograms representing the athletes from the five remaining teams stood at attention. "*I hope you're all getting a good night's rest, especially those of you with tickets to the final event tomorrow! I know the athletes are resting up in the Village, and preparing to give you a jaw-dropping finale to conclude this year's Psionic Games!"*

The camera panned out to reveal the entire stadium…and then continued panning out so it could display the spiraling pentagonal tower that had been erected in the center. Every level had different obstacles and constructions to impede the progress of anyone hoping to scale it. Surrounding the tower was a massive cylindrical dome composed of wire meshes, ensuring the only entrance to the tower was at the very bottom.

"*Since this last event will determine who goes home on top, we thought it fitting that it literally challenges our athletes to <u>reach the top</u>!"* the President announced to the hushed murmurs of the crowd. "*At the apex of the tower is a red button. Each team may send two athletes into the tower; the third must scale the outside mesh or remain on the ground. Teams are scored <u>only</u> on how quickly their Control player presses the red button. No other teammate may press the button."*

"Shit, can we go back?" Tobias asked when the camera panned away from the tower and back to the President's smiling face. "I was sketching that!"

"*The scores this year are surprisingly close,*" the President concluded as the camera angled so the scoreboard appeared behind him. "*It's very possible for any of these teams to seize the gold medal! Good luck athletes, we'll see you in the stadium tomorrow!"*

Brittany grabbed both of their arms. "C'mon," she muttered urgently. "We need to discuss strategy. In private." Most of the other teams seemed to have similar thoughts.

"Alright, at least we have an easy answer to the biggest question," Tobias started once they were safely locked in their apartment. "Brittany goes in with Flora, I fly on the outside. My power will still work through the mesh."

Brittany nodded. “You’ll have to be careful, Tobias. If anyone shoots you out of the sky, it’s a long way down and we won’t be able to help you. Flora, did you see any particular side of the tower that looked like you wanted to climb it?”

Flora bit her lip. “Hmm. Probably the bit with all the ropes.”

“What about the staircase?”

“Well, two things. Firstly, everyone’s gonna want to take the stairs. Secondly, I don’t trust the designers to be playing fair. The stairs are so obviously preferable to the other obstacles that they’re probably booby-trapped.”

Brittany mulled that over. “Fair points. Okay, we’ll commit to the ropes for now, but warn me if you change your mind. We should communicate as little as possible in the tower, I’ll be most useful if the enemy can never pinpoint my position.”

Tobias was scribbling points and calculations on the back of the napkin he’d stolen from dinner. “Yeah, same as before,” he reported. “Flora needs to tag the button third, ideally second, or our goose is cooked.”

“Oof.” Flora sat back. “That’s a lot of pressure…” she sighed, “but we’ve come this far. I think we’ve figured out most of our enemies’ tricks by now.”

“No, trust me, that never becomes any easier,” Brittany countered grimly. With a yawn she stretched and pushed her curtain aside. “We need to get to bed; the big show’s in ten hours. Can’t have anyone feeling sleepy.”

Flora headed for the door. “I’ll be back soon, promise. I just want to check on somebody.” She made her way down the hallway looking for the apartment with Nachtigall Institute’s name and knocked politely on the door.

“Flora!” Robyn beamed, flinging the door open. “What a pleasant surprise! What are you doing up?”

“I just wanted to see if Plum was doing okay.” Flora shifted her feet. “Siobhan didn’t pull any punches at dinner, and I feel bad that the impetus was a conversation I started.”

“Trust me, she knows it’s not your fault.” Robyn bit their lip. “But yeah, it might be good for her to hear some assurances from somebody other than her teammates. We haven’t gotten her to leave her bedroom.”

Jamie was sitting in the living room on a chair facing Plum’s curtain, and perked his ears in recognition when Flora walked into the room. “Er, Plum?” Flora asked uneasily. “Are you still awake?” She could hear muffled sniffles coming from behind the curtain, but Plum otherwise didn’t acknowledge her. “Um, I just wanted to say I’m sorry you had to listen to Siobhan at dinner. She’s really vindictive, I got to be on the receiving end after I humiliated her in the swimming event.” Flora glanced at Robyn, who flashed her an encouraging thumbs-up. “You really shouldn’t put any value in what she says. You took out a *whole chariot* single-handedly. You’ve more than earned your stripes—er, spots.”

Still no response. After one more look at Robyn and Jamie, Flora shrugged and turned to leave when Plum suddenly stuck her head out. “Do you really mean that…?” she whimpered, eyes watery and nose red.

“Of course!” Flora pushed the curtain aside and helped Plum back into bed. “Plum, just think of everything you’ve been through to get this far! Those bullies from when you grew up, the years of training to qualify for the Psionic Games. And now you’re here, and you’re so close to winning your first-ever medal, and you’re really gonna let a drunk elephant ruin your day with some mean words? Fuck her!”

Plum couldn’t hide a smile. “Well, when you put it that way, it does sound kinda silly…” she admitted.

“See, Plum?” Robyn chimed in. “It’s not just your teammates telling you to be more assertive. These Games are your *dream*, you should be way happier that you’ve finally made it!”

“Live it up more!” Jamie agreed. “You were so positive at Nachtigall, but we’ve barely gotten you out of this room since.”

Plum steeled herself. “You’re right. Tomorrow, I’m going to go to breakfast, and not leave dinner early.”

“And what about the orgies?” Jamie asked. “Before we arrived you were saying how excited you were to lose your virginity, and up till now you’ve missed every single one.”

“Wait, there’s been more than that first orgy?” Flora asked, surprised.

“Every night!” Jamie laughed. “You’ve both been missing out. Better make tomorrow’s, since it’s the last one.”

But Plum’s face had grown pale and she shook her head urgently. “Oh no no, I couldn’t do that. I’d have no idea what to do, I’d make a fool of myself.”

“Oh come on, it’s really not that difficult. It’ll come naturally,” Jamie promised, but Plum continued to shake her head.

“Plum is kinda right, though,” Flora pointed out in her new friend’s defense. “I’d be pretty intimidated at the notion of an orgy if I’d never had sex before. They’re a little…unpredictable.”

“Hmmm.” Robyn gave Flora a calculating look, and the folf suddenly realized where their thought processes were likely going. “What if you had a ‘practice run’ tonight, under more controllable conditions? Flora, would you be willing to help out?”

“Me?” Flora flushed red. “I mean…um, it would depend on what Plum wanted.”

The cow looked nervously at Flora’s member. “Um…wow. This is super sudden…I…” she trailed off. Finally, she took a deep breath and nodded with conviction. “No, no more being scared. Let’s do it. I’ll lose my virginity tonight, and then be ready for the orgy tomorrow.”

“That’s the spirit!” Jamie began massaging Flora’s testicles, encouraging her cock as it stiffened up.

“I’ll get the lube!” Robyn announced, darting from the bedroom.

Flora shivered as Jamie fondled her to full mast, but still shot a nervous glance at Plum to make sure she wasn’t getting cold feet. But now that she’d committed, the cow seemed a lot more interested in the process. “Could I…see it a bit closer?” she asked shyly, prodding Flora’s erection curiously when Jamie obligingly scooted aside. “It got…bigger than I expected,” she confessed. “It’s so small when soft. No offense.”

“None taken…” Flora locked her knees as Plum experimentally pumped the skin along her shaft. “I’m a grower, not a shower. Umm, be gentle with those!” she added quickly when Plum squeezed one of her balls.

“Do all dicks look like this when hard?” Plum asked, brushing the slit and causing Flora to wince reflexively.

“Hell no,” Jamie chuckled. “They come in all shapes and sizes, especially across species. You’re lucky you’re not starting out with a bull like I did, their cocks are too big and they never know how to use them.”

“Except Garth, for some reason. I slept with him the first night, he’s way smaller than you’d expect.” Robyn returned with a swish of the curtain and handed Plum a clear-plastic tube. “There you go. Lube her up!”

“…Like this?” Plum squirted a ribbon of gel along Flora’s cock. “This feels weird…” she admitted, wrinkling her nose as she spread it around. “It’s like…putting mustard on a hotdog.”

Jamie and Robyn found this comment hilarious, and within seconds both were cracking up on the floor. “You, uh, put a little more than necessary…” Flora critiqued as delicately as she

could. “But that’s okay! Um…” Before Plum could get any more embarrassed, Flora took a deep breath and plunged in.

It took a while for Robyn and Jamie to realize they’d missed the moment of penetration in their mirth. “How is it, Plum?” Robyn asked excitedly.

Plum’s eyes were squinted shut, but she was slowly realizing it wasn’t going to hurt. “Umm…it’s not bad.” She glanced down and watched Flora’s stomach as it bounced up and down on top of her. “It doesn’t…feel like much, really.”

“You hitting the G-spot, Flora?” Jamie gave her butt a helpful shove on the next thrust. “Kick it up a notch!”

Flora grunted in reply, trying to thrust harder.

Several minutes later, Plum gulped. “Sorry. Maybe I’m not very sexual…” she confessed.

“Nonsense, it’s merely first-time jitters. You might just need more stimulation,” Robyn suggested. “Mind if I help?” Climbing onto the bed, they took Plum’s nipple into their mouth.

“Mmm…” Plum tensed her muscles for the first time in the session. “That *does* feel good. Actually…” As Robyn danced their tongue across her breast, the cow’s eyes flew open, and she wrapped her legs around Flora. “*All* of it finally feels good!” With a heavy moan, she began bucking back in tandem with Flora’s tempo. “*Harder*!” she suddenly brayed.

Flora was already gulping for air, and Plum’s begging only exacerbated her aching muscles. Then Robyn snaked their hand around Flora’s rump and fondled her balls, and Flora felt a familiar energy fill her loins and rejuvenate her stamina. “Hey!” she gasped, finally realizing the source of the cow’s sudden enthusiasm.

Plum couldn’t stop moaning low deep groans as she squirmed in ecstasy underneath her partner. “Oh my god…” she breathed, “this is…*incredible…*”

Robyn grinned and closed their eyes, lost in thought. Their tongue seemed to be exploring where to go to set Plum off. As Flora fought to keep thrusting even as Plum’s powerful legs wrapped around her and pressed her deeper inside, Robyn seemed to have mentally finished learning their subject’s body chemistry. Somewhat experimentally, the Neanderthal reached up their other hand to lovingly trace Plum’s ear.

“Mmmm…not the ears…” the cow whimpered, though her deep moans and renewed vigor suggested she was enjoying it. “They’re sensitive…I…” Her pupils dilated. “Wait, I…what is…*Oh!* Ohhh…!” Her squealing reached a crescendo as she dug her nails into Flora’s back and squashed the folf’s face between her heaving breasts. Flora could feel Plum’s vaginal muscles tightening as the cow suddenly turned rigid underneath her, and could only gasp in alarm as Plum’s skin grew hard and reflective, a solid gleaming carapace of chrome. With one last heavy bellow, the silver bovine arched her back and squirted messily all over Flora’s cock in a writhing, mind-shattering orgasm. Flora could only close her eyes and hope she didn’t break anything as she suffocated in Plum’s bone-crushing hug.

“…*Oh my god…*” her partner eventually sighed in satisfaction, finally relaxing. “I can’t believe it…I did it…”

“Good job, Plum!” Jamie spanked the folf again. “Told you it wasn’t bad! Great work Flora.”

Flora nodded wordlessly, finally slowing down her rhythm and sliding out. Plum’s metallic vagina felt uncannily different from how it had been as flesh; like she was thrusting in and out of a warm, malleable pipe.

“Yes, thank you Flora…” the cow murmured sleepily, turning over and closing her eyes. Robyn wordlessly tucked Plum under the covers before they and Jamie steered Flora back to the main room.

“Are you sure that was a good idea?” Flora whispered once Plum’s snoring echoed through the apartment. “Supercharging her first sexual experience with your powers. That might affect her expectations for the rest of her life.”

“So what?” Robyn shrugged. “She had a blast, and now she’ll be excited for more. You can never make a new first impression, you know.”

“Speaking of which…” Jamie interjected, and Flora yelped when the zebra suddenly grabbed her still-throbbing erection. “Looks like you weren’t quite finished yet, and I haven’t gotten my ‘first impression’ of this bad boy. Can’t let my teammates have all the fun.”

Flora barely had time to gulp before the zebra had already dragged her to the ground. “Robyn, give us a double dose of whatever you spiked Plum with,” Jamie licked his lips as he sat directly on Flora without missing a beat. “Considering what it turned Plum into, I’ll be disappointed if I don’t break all my personal records tonight…”

* * *

Flora was incredibly thankful that Robyn could psionically turn a few hours’ sleep into the resting equivalent of a full night’s slumber, because there was no way in hell she’d have managed to wake up before noon otherwise. As it was, she was out of bed before Brittany or Tobias, and even managed to attend breakfast for the first (and only) time of the tournament. The eating area was on the first floor of the hotel, where even civilians could attend, and she was rather unprepared for the entourage of cameras, rubberneckers and adoring fans snapping photos and holding papers over the barrier ropes hoping for autographs.

“Has it been like this every morning?” she asked, sitting down with her waffles at an empty seat next to Quincy and Nikos.

“Yup!” Nikos grinned and flexed his biceps when he saw someone snapping a picture of him. “Especially after people started getting eliminated.”

“Nobody really cares about us Controls, though,” Quincy noted grumpily, watching side-eyed as Karena signed a fitness magazine that had her on the front cover. “Maybe 80% of the attention goes to the big names, even though we’ve all fought our way to the Top 5 by now.”

“That’s pretty much always true, though,” Nikos pointed out. “Nobody really remembers you unless you get gold.”

“Do you have any medals yet, Quincy?” Flora asked, substituting honey for syrup when she noticed she’d forgotten to grab some.

“Nah, this is my first Psionic Games, like you.” He still seemed a bit down in the dumps. “And we better enjoy it, cause Controls never get invited back anyway.”

“What?” Flora froze halfway through her next bite. “Why not?”

“Well, that’s not always true, this is my second time,” Nikos pointed out. “But he’s right statistically. What happens is, the facilities constantly submit new candidates for Control, to see what they can get away with. If you can undersell a kickass power, there’s good odds you can trick the committee to basically giving you an extra Physical or Mental athlete.”

“And my power sucks almost as much as yours,” Quincy added with a pointed look at Flora. “You’re literally the closest thing the Games have had to a powerless athlete in years, and my ability—throwing things with perfect accuracy— comes bundled for free with most ranged psionic attacks, like Siobhan’s or Jamie’s.” With a sigh he pushed his seat away and headed outside. “I’ll see you in the arena, I guess.”

“Don’t let him get you down, your power’s plenty cool,” Nikos assured through a mouthful of jellied toast. “I wish I could grow boobs whenever I want. Oh wait…I guess I can!” With a pop, he turned into a blow-up sex doll, flopped onto the ground, then returned to his normal ram-self to the delight and laughter of the crowd.

But Flora had a much harder time enjoying her breakfast after these new revelations. *Could that be true?* she wondered, as her teammates arrived in the breakfast area and said hello to her. *Would they really drop me just like that? I mean, I was a last-minute replacement, but I think I've earned my place—*

"Good to see you finally getting a full breakfast!" Brittany encouraged, plopping down with a plate of eggs and bacon. "Wouldn't have recommended waffles though, you need protein to keep you full and energized. Here, take some of my eggs."

"Can you believe the big day is finally here?" Tobias stretched a few token poses before sitting down. "The last event! I knew we'd get this far. Now we just have to close it out in the top 3!"

Brittany whooped and high-fived him. Flora blinked when someone's flash went off as they took the team's picture. *Okay, Flora, reframe things before you give yourself a panic attack,* she closed her eyes and forced her brain to get ahold of itself. *You knew this was likely your only Psionic Games. You never even really cared what score your team got. But if I'm really not coming back…*

She opened her eyes and took a controlled breath. *…then I'm leaving with a medal.* "I've already eaten. I'll see you both at the stadium, if that's all right," he excused herself from the table.

There were taxis available in the parking lot, but she decided to walk; the stadium couldn't be ten minutes away. For the first time since arriving, she really appreciated the futuristic architecture and fantastic displays of technology ingrained into the littlest of things. Everything was stacked for maximum efficiency; roads, buildings, even sidewalks contained ramps or tunnels allowing pedestrians to cross the streets without interrupting the nonstop cars. Here for the first time did Flora gain more attention than the high-profile athletes, mainly due to the lack of other candidates. Though not all the attention was positive; while police officers knew better than to stop an athlete from the Psionic Games, Flora realized that her transgenderism was probably not ingratiating herself to the average Chinese citizen.

After reaching the stadium and passing through the drug-testing booths, Flora finally felt her nerves returning when the massive tower loomed over the inner recesses of the stadium. *Maybe I should have kept my pattern of arriving just in time, if only to avoid having to wait and get antsy…*

There were a few other athletes also stretching and preparing for the final event, but nobody seemed interested in talking when this close to the action. That included Flora, who was more than happy to loiter and watch as the stadium seats slowly filled. She hadn't really thought about why the tower was a pentagon until enough athletes arrived that people started assuming positions; each team started on their own side. Nikos flashed her a thumbs-up from Warwick's starting zone to her left; but to her right none of the players from Selkie had eyes for anything but the tower.

"*Ladies and gentlemen,*" the President began his closing statements, "*it was my joy and my honor to preside over these Games. For the last three days, these athletes have worked tirelessly to redefine the limits of what any of us thought were possible. And now, it all boils down to this. With the scores so close, it can be anyone's game. So I encourage everyone on the field to give it their all and never quit until it's over."* He took a deep breath and raised his starter pistol. *"Athletes, please assume your positions.*" Flora felt her heart flutter as everyone assumed running stances. "*On your marks…get set…GO!*"

Flora ducked and lost a pace behind everyone else as Tobias swooped into the sky. "Tobias, block Nikos!" Brittany ordered as she blinked invisible, but the bat was already well aware that Warwick's ram had shapeshifted into a rock before Siobhan blasted him into the sky

with a sonic shockwave. Nikos would have sailed effortlessly through the mesh at the top of the tower if Tobias hadn't psionically grabbed him and shunted him back to the ground. Flora heard Siobhan's trumpets of rage fade behind her as she hoisted herself a short way up the outer mesh and climbed into the tower base.

The bottom floor was a series of catwalks, with only flimsy rope banisters protecting combatants from enemy attacks while reaching the staircases leading upwards. Flora could see why the rules baited every team into leaving their Mental psion outside, as ranged attacks would sweep the competition with ease. As it was, most teams kept to themselves as they reached the staircases, other than Karena firing several long-range snowballs at Quincy and Desmond, though Anatoly melted them effortlessly before any reached his teammates.

As Flora predicted, the first real melees took place around the staircases, brutal grudgematches she thankfully avoided by using the knotted ropes. Though the ropes were unwieldy enough that she still wasn't faster than Clover and Nikos, the first pair to reach the second floor. "Quickly!" Tobias warned, buzzing the outer wall as Flora hoisted herself onto a floor of colored tiles. "Hawke's coming for you!" Flora wasted no time leaping to her feet and racing forward—

Only for both tiles to come out from under each of her feet, plummeting her legs down and smashing her nuts directly on the bordering frame in between them. "Flora, wait!" Brittany warned far too late. "Not all the tiles are safe!"

The teams who had reached the second floor were making similar realizations, and all thoughts of fighting each other disappeared as they each tried to navigate to the rock-climbing walls in the center of the tower.

After several seconds of pained attempts to return to a standing position, Flora gingerly climbed forward onto a red tile, which held steady. "I think…it's color-based…" she forced out. "Stay on the…red…"

"At least red and white are safe," Brittany reported. "And not yellow!"

"What, but *they're* using yellow!" Flora pointed at Zane and Garth, the two teammates from Selkie, seemingly the only team able to take the blue and yellow tiles with impunity.

"I don't know, just keep going!" Tobias urged, maintaining altitude outside the mesh. "Here, I'll do it." Flora yelped as she felt herself suddenly lifted into the air. "Keep up with her if you can, Brittany!"

"Oh no you don't!" Nikos and Clover had arrived, also sticking to the red and white tiles. With a leap, Nikos transformed into a net and Clover threw him onto Flora. "You can't float *two* things at once, can you Tobias?" Clover challenged, as Flora crashed dangerously close to a set of yellow tiles. Wrestling Nikos desperately off herself, she yelped as the ram shapeshifted back and buried his kneecap into her balls while trying to lock her in a wrestling pin. But then Brittany was on them, an invisible force socking Nikos in the face and sending him stumbling. Clover moved to help, but Tobias swept her away. "*Run, Flora!*" both of her teammates shouted at once.

Dizzily clutching her sac, Flora stumbled forward, taking advantage of a streak of white tiles. Behind her, she heard Brittany cry out as Nikos overpowered her and set off loudly after Flora. "Tobias…?" she whimpered, but out of the corner of her eye she noticed her teammate pinwheeling away from the tower; Clover was vibrating his wing again, making flight impossible.

Flora could hear the ram bearing down on her position as she took red tile after white tile…*the colors!* she thought frantically. *What do they mean?*

She barely dodged Nikos' swipe as she vaulted a yellow tile. *Where have I seen that shade of yellow before…?* she tried to recall. Her mind thought back to Team Selkie, the only ones able to use the yellow tiles.

And then her brain put the pieces together. Dodging left unexpectedly, Flora felt the ram shift in surprise but continue his chase as she chose a black tile over a white one. It remained solid for her, but duly dropped when Nikos put his weight on it, sending him plummeting into the floor before getting wedged in the hole by his muscled chest.

"How did you do that?" Brittany panted in exhaustion when she finally caught up with Flora halfway up the rock-climbing wall leading to the third floor.

"The colored tiles, they're from everyone's flags!" Flora replied, gritting her teeth as she wedged a single finger into a tiny handhold. "Each team could only step on the colors from their country. Sartonic is red, white, and black because Egypt, and Warwick—"

"—is Poland, which is only red and white!" Brittany gasped in surprise. "Good puzzle-solving! I think we're still on track to take second, keep it up!"

But both of them sighed outwardly when they reached the next level. "Oh, for god's sake…" Flora groaned as she hoisted herself onto the next set of tiles, which immediately wobbled like see-saws and threatened to unceremoniously drop her. "This one's all about *balance…*"

"We can counteract it by staying on opposite sides of each tile, but that'll constantly give away my position…" Brittany grumbled. "Where's that damn bat?"

"We don't have time to wait…" Flora bit her lip as she saw the Nachtigall team bearing down on them. Each floor of the tower was smaller than the last, and there was no room to avoid Plum and Robyn right on their heels, with Jamie on the outer mesh defending them.

Brittany cried out as Jamie fired a lightning bolt with perfect accuracy despite her invisibility. "I think we'll have to fight, without Tobias we lack a ranged attack."

"Okay…" Flora felt Brittany match her pace as they sprinted for their targets. Jamie, who was guarding them from the mesh, snarled and blasted Flora in the nuts with another electric salvo, but the folf defiantly remained standing. "That's your biggest weakness, Jamie!" she challenged, dodging the next shot. "Your power hurts, but it doesn't do anything else!"

"Yeah?" Plum suddenly leapt forward with unexpected speed and grabbed Flora with a bone-crushing grasp the folf was all-too-familiar with. "What about mine?" Without further ado, she flung Flora halfway along the series of wobbly tiles.

Flora felt herself in freefall for several stomach-churning seconds before Tobias floated her back onto the semi-solid ground. "Where's Brittany?" he shouted, as Flora quickly balanced herself on the middle of a tile, above the axis of rotation.

"Getting her ass kicked over there!" Flora could see Jamie and Robyn both force an invisible figure off the side of the third floor.

"Crap, I have to go grab her. Stay safe!" Tobias adjusted his angle to swoop over and help Brittany escape the safety nets protecting anyone who fell. But Flora didn't have long to continue tip-toeing for the fireman poles leading to the next level before both members of Nachtigall rounded on her next.

"Why don't you just jump off, Flora?" Jamie challenged as his teammates bore down on her position. "It'll make it less painful for you!" He fired another blast that shot right between Flora's legs and sent her scrotum erupting in painful twinges. "I don't understand it, I'm not even *aiming* for your balls half the time!" the zebra laughed. "You're like a nutshot magnet!"

Flora grimaced and forced herself to keep along the axle. When she felt her assailants right on top of her, she stopped and turned to face them. "Not a step closer!" she warned, planting her feet rigidly on both sides. "Or I jostle the tile and you fall with me!"

"You think I'm gonna let an *unguarded* Control tell me what to do?" Plum snarled; Flora could tell she was in another barbarian-esque rage. "Stay behind me, Robyn!" The enraged cow darted forward with unexpected nimbleness; Flora tried and failed to dodge as the cow wrapped

her meaty fist around Flora's wrist again. "I'm sorry about this…" Plum growled. "I like you. But I *want* that medal."

"It's okay," Flora gulped; a terrible idea crossed her mind, and with little other option she snaked a hand out to caress Plum's ear. "I forgive you…"

Robyn suddenly realized what Flora was doing and urgently tried to cross the balance beam, but they couldn't move fast enough as Plum suddenly stumbled, moaning softly. "You…you *bastard…"* the cow's eyes lit up, and she tried to whip Flora away, but the folf desperately dug her fingers into Plum's arm and remained stroking her ear. "How *dare* you? Stop!" Plum shouted, feeling her body slowly turning to metal. Robyn leaped on Plum's back and tried to bat Flora away, but it was too late. With a knee to Plum's stomach, Flora wrenched herself free and landed spread-eagle on a tile as Plum turned to metal and her weight ripped the tile out from under her. Jamie screamed in throttled rage as both of his teammates plummeted down onto the safety harness.

Flora dodged a few retaliatory lightning strikes as she finally reached the poles and awkwardly shimmied up to the fourth floor. *Only one floor after this one…the one with the button…* she panted, exhaustion from her various skirmishes finally catching up to her. *I don't know where the hell Tobias and Brittany are, perhaps she forgot to turn visible so he could grab her. But I can't slow down, there are still two teams ahead of us…*

The next floor was a maze, and despite her better judgment she charged in blindly hoping to luck her way to the final stairs to the top floor. But this only succeeded in thoroughly discombobulating her, and before long she couldn't even remember where she'd come from.

"Gotcha!" A fist suddenly emerged from the wall and punched her directly in the spuds. She dropped like a sack of potatoes, Desmond's laughter ringing in her ears as he 'swam' out of the wall and through the next one. *Ughh…* she grumbled, nursing her crotch as she slowly hoisted herself back to her feet. But Desmond had given her a clue; thanks to his psionic power, he'd no doubt explored this whole section in record time. If he hadn't found the entrance to the next floor yet, it must be back where she came from.

She gritted her teeth when she next heard footsteps coming her way. *I'm so sick of motherfuckers targeting my nuts…* she grumbled, readying herself around the corner. *Let's see how they like it for once!* With a war cry she leaped around at the perfect time and buried her foot right between the legs of— "Goddammit, Garth!" she howled as the startled bovine quickly reflected the damage right back into her battered orbs. Both Garth and his protector Zane quickly continued down the hallway as Flora curled herself into the fetal position to recover from her self-induced testicular assault. Her vision was washed with color, fireworks exploding to the beat of the aching misery pulsing through her bruised plums.

It was a bit before she could finally return to her feet and continue her journey. The endless identical hallways finally merged as she stumbled into a massive circular chamber containing the center support bearing of the tower. Normally, this would house the entrance to the next floor, but this time the inner circle displayed only a plaque reading a bizarre poem:

North's brother
Or South's other
Neither West
East unless

She blinked in confusion, even after reading it multiple times. *Is it telling me where to go? Is it a riddle?* She glanced at the four corridors, each leading in a cardinal direction. *Well, the first two lines imply it isn't North or South, and "neither West", so…I guess East?*

But East quickly proved to just be more endless corridors. Somewhere to her left she heard a *splash* from one of Karena's water attacks and Desmond cry out in pain, which alerted

her that Selkie and Hawke were also both trapped in the maze. *They've been in this labyrinth way longer than me…maybe there's no solution*. She stopped running wildly and examined the pristine white walls and ceilings. *None of these other floors have been played straight…there's got to be more to this than simple navigation.*

Retracing her steps to the central chamber, she yelped and hid as she saw Clover arrive huffing and puffing into the room. The otter panted and leaned on her knees as she caught her breath and read the poem with the same amount of confusion as Flora had. However, after several seconds, she saw the lightbulb go off in Clover's eyes. "N-O-N-E…" the otter read the first letter of each line aloud. After examining the sign closer, Clover's eyes lit up and she reached into her armpit to fish something out.

Flora's eyes widened as she saw her remove a rock and begin hammering away at the sign. "Hey!" she shouted, leaping out. "The rules say you can't use outside tools. You hid a rock in your otter flap!"

"What? No I didn't!" Clover countered, looking alarmed at her sudden appearance. "This…this is Nikos!"

"Then make him shapeshift back, I wanna see it!" she challenged. Then they heard it at the same time; Nikos' heavy breathing as he approached from the entrance to the maze.

Before Flora could say another word, her nose suddenly buzzed from Clover's ability. "Hey!" she protested, cupping it defensively. "That won't stop me—*Aaaugh!*" The otter had merely buzzed her nose to distract her hands, and proceeded to pitch her rock straight into the folf's stones at the speed of a fastball. Flora's vision went black and her nerves erupted with uncontrollable anguish as she buckled and crumpled to the floor without further ado, bawling with agony.

"What did you do?" Nikos exclaimed as he entered the room.

"Nothing, c'mon, we've got a shot for first place!" Clover quickly ushered her partner through the newly-revealed hole behind the ruined sign, leaving the shriveled folf to her torment.

Fuck…god…fuck… She couldn't even curse coherently, every wince caused fresh waves of torturous pangs radiating throughout her lower body. *I gotta…get up…can't let it end like this…* With herculean effort, she finally forced herself to stop crying, and loosened the vice-grip on her pupmakers. Pitifully massaging her jewels to try and get feeling to return to her lower body, she forced herself to stand and hobble weakly to the hole leading to the top floor. *There'll be time to recover after the event…*

It was still an incredibly painful shimmy to reach the final floor, and Flora was barely limping faster than a full crawl when she emerged onto the final leg of her journey. Grunting and wheezing tearfully, she noted with relief there were no gimmicks or obstacles this high up, only a straight shot to the bright-red button in the very center.

Nikos was pinned against the far mesh, with Tobias and Karena both working to keep him locked despite his frantic shapeshifting and Clover and Siobhan's efforts to free him. Flora heard a commotion happening beneath her and realized Selkie and Hawke had both discovered the crawltube and were fighting their way to the top floor.

She quickened her pace despite Anatoly deep-heating the air around her; the button was so far away, but there was nothing stopping her from being the first one to tag it. But the many, many traumas to her nether regions had been adding up, and she could hear the other teams catching up to her. Gritting her teeth, she broke into a loping sprint, willing her frayed muscles to find a second wind.

Quincy cried out in frustration behind her as they both realized nobody would be able to catch her. The button loomed ever closer to her reach…twenty feet away…ten feet…five…

And then Desmond's foot suddenly emerged from within the floor, connecting squarely with her nuts and sending her sprawling in equal parts terror and pain. She skidded wildly and hit her rump against the stand housing the button, shaking her head to catch her bearings. She only had a split second to see Garth and Quincy bearing down on her. Casting her hand wildly upward, all three hit the button in a frantic dogpile.

A bell rang off, and orderlies raced into the tower from observing stations in the walls. One urgently ordered Desmond to step back before attempting to manipulate the order of hands currently smacked down on the button. Flora forced herself to keep her awkward pose as the overseer delicately peeled hands off to reveal the final standings; Quincy had slapped the button first, followed by Garth, followed by Flora.

"Is that—is that the end?" Quincy panted. "Did I win?"

"What about Nachtigall?" Zane asked, helping Garth to his feet.

"They're still halfway down the tower," Anatoly explained, as orderlies unlocked gates allowing the Mental athletes to enter the top of the tower. "They're not gonna beat Nikos."

"Do they even score any points?" Garth asked as Nikos tapped the button just to lock in his team's fourth-place finish.

Flora wasn't participating in the conversation; she remained curled in a ball at the base of the button, covering her crotch for protection and waiting for the dull aches to subside. It was some time before her teammates emerged from the grate to join the others chattering excitedly about what this means for the standings.

"Well, it's clear enough that we won the gold medal!" Zane boasted proudly, and even Karena couldn't repress a self-satisfied smile. "Winner of the first two events, and second place in the third. Have fun fighting for silver!"

"It's more than a fight," Anatoly interrupted, looking at the scores. "Two of us are perfectly tied."

Flora allowed Brittany to help her to her feet, and glanced up at the scoreboard. Anatoly was right; between Sartonic and Hawke, they'd tied the first event, Sartonic took the second by a hair, and Hawke took the third by a hair. Both of them were sitting squarely in second place overall.

"Are we both going to get silver medals?" Quincy asked as Nachtigall finally reached the top.

Tobias shook his head. "There are tiebreakers." Flora noticed he didn't sound happy. "And the very first one is—"

"'—*highest placement in any specific event*,'" Desmond quoted with smug satisfaction. "And the highest Sartonic ever got was third. Since we took first in this event, we're gonna get silver."

"Ha!" Quincy punched the air. "Fuck yeah, second place! Have fun in *third*, losers!"

The top of the tower suddenly opened and the mesh retracted, revealing the athletes to the cheering crowd. "*What an amazing match!"* the President announced. "*Congratulations to all five of our finalists for their jaw-dropping performances! However, before we announce the final standings, we must note some slight changes to the event scores.*"

Flora shielded her eyes from the sinking sun. The athletes perked up curiously and the crowd fell silent as the President's tone made it clear that he was discussing a very serious matter.

"*Firstly, it saddens me greatly to learn that one of our teams violated the laws of fair play we ascribe to these Games,"* the President noted somberly. "*Clover Garhide, playing for Warwick Research, not only broke the rules by bringing in an outside object, she used it to*

assault a member of another team. For these actions, we have decided to award Warwick zero points for this event."

Flora heard a sharp intake from several other athletes, and in Siobhan's case, more of a seething gasp of rage. For her own part, Flora mostly focused on remaining standing; she was still a bit too lock-kneed for respectable public appearance, but she didn't expect anyone would be paying much attention to her…until the President suddenly mentioned her by name.

"Secondly, after some deliberation, the judges have concluded that Warwick's actions directly affected the placement of Flora Harpridge, playing for Sartonic Labs. Had Ms. Garhide not illegally impeded her progress right before the final stretch of the course, the judges believe that Ms. Harpridge would easily have completed the course faster than the three-way photo finish currently shown in the standings. Therefore…"

Flora's eyes widened and she could barely believe it when the scoreboard shuffled to put Sartonic in second, Hawke in third, and Warwick in fifth. The three members of Hawke couldn't believe it either, and Quincy flashed Flora a furious glare.

"*…the final placements will be: Selkie Labs taking gold, Sartonic Research taking silver, and Hawke Psionics taking bronze!*" the President announced, and the crowd erupted into renewed cheers. Karena quickly thrust herself front and center, raising her arms in triumph and milking the attention, and Flora saw Brittany equally ecstatic on her left. Anatoly, Quincy, and Desmond were far less enthused about their bronze metal, and Siobhan was downright seething.

"What sort of '*ten points to Gryffindor'* bullshit was that?" Anatoly burst out the second the athletes had left the spotlight and were heading down the stadium tunnel to the parking lot. "They *overrode* the standard tiebreaking order to steal silver from us!"

"You wouldn't have been in the running for silver if Clover hadn't cheated!" Brittany countered. "The Prez spelled it out super clear!" She hugged Flora again for good measure. "*We did it!*" she squealed. "We've finally earned our medals! We get to stand out in front of *everybody* during the closing ceremonies and show off our *first ever Top 3 placement!* What is Van Der Merwe going to think?"

"That his team can't win except through bullshit loopholes?" Desmond grumbled, but all three Sartonic teammates paid him no heed. Flora couldn't imagine caring what they thought; she'd earned a silver medal, in her first-ever Psionic Games, and in 48 hours' time would be arriving back in the labs to tell her friends and lovers about the amazing things she got to experience.

But as they crossed through the lobby and Flora noticed Nachtigall and Warwick's stuff was waiting for them in the lobby, she knew she had an apology to make before she could follow her team up the elevator to her room. "Hey, guys," she gulped as Jamie, Robyn and Plum sadly got dressed. "You all did really good. This was a well-fought competition."

"Nice of you to say that, Flora. You fought really well, too." Jamie spared her a single resigned glance while looping his belt. "Congrats on your silver."

"Thanks! It could have been anyone's game though. You came really…" Flora's heart sank as she saw Plum look away, unable to make eye contact. "…really close. And…I'm sorry I was the one who eliminated you."

"You don't need to apologize for playing your best," Robyn shook their head, though the loss was clearly affecting them as well. "That's just the way it works. Though if we knew you'd use Plum's erogenous zones against her, we might not have given you so much 'free information' last night…"

Flora bit her lip. “Fair. That’s totally fair.” She glanced one last time at Plum, but the cow was determinedly focused on a potted plant by the door, and shortly afterward Jamie steered the team away to hail a taxi.

Warwick had some unhappy looks to send Flora’s way as well. “We don’t want to hear anything from you,” Siobhan spat as Flora opened her mouth to say goodbye. “Get the fuck out of here.”

“Jeez, I was just gonna say good game.” Flora felt her fur bristle. “And best of luck next year. I’d rather there not be any bad blood between us—*Ack!*” Abruptly her balls started vibrating with uncontrollable tremors that left them rattling painfully in their sac even as she locked her legs and cupped her crotch urgently. Clover’s stone-faced glower followed the back of her head as she quickly abandoned her olive branch and hobbled desperately to the elevator to escape.

Goddamn! For all their talk of sportsmanship, they sure were sore losers… She gritted her teeth and collapsed against the railing as the door shut and finally blocked the otter’s farewell present. *Well, fuck ‘em. Everything’s said and done, and they’re right in fifth where they deserve to be.* Regaining her composure just in time for the elevators to open, she stumbled back out and headed to her room, looking forward to a quiet dinner and then a restful sleep before tomorrow’s closing ceremonies.

But the adventure wasn’t over yet. “All right, everybody *can it* with the moping!” Karena announced at the end of supper after the three remaining teams enjoyed a Mediterranean feast, the last one of the tournament. “No more grumpy faces from Hawke. I haven’t fucked *anyone* yet because I’ve been training every single night, but now that it’s all over I’m not letting the last orgy of this year get cancelled over scoring quibbles. Everyone interested, let’s go to my room!”

Flora wasted no time in following the majority of both teams; only Tobias elected to return to his apartment. “Little disappointed in the gender ratios this year,” Anatoly remarked lightly, glancing his eyes over the selection. “Only three girls, and one of them has a dick.”

“Good…” Karena pounced on him as soon as everyone was inside. “More for me.”

Flora quickly realized she, Brittany and Karena weren’t going to have trouble finding partners tonight. Desmond’s dual hemipenes were flopping expectantly in her face before she’d even had time to get to her knees, and she obligingly took him into her mouth, not entirely sure whether she should be prioritizing one over the other, but he didn’t seem to mind.

Five minutes later he unexpectedly squirted her in the face with the one she wasn’t currently sucking. “You give decent head…for a mammal. Glad you’re not mad about me scrambling your eggs in the last five seconds of the games,” Desmond teased as he contentedly lumbered away to grab a glass of water from the bathroom.

Flora shot him a disgruntled glare, but she didn’t have much time to clean herself up before Quincy presented his member with equal gusto. “You gonna give me a warning before you finish, unlike your friend?” she asked, raising an eyebrow as he waggled his meatstick expectedly in her face.

“Finish? Don’t worry, I’m not going to blow my load with the first partner of the night,” he promised, sliding his length audaciously between her lips. “The night’s still young!”

Flora acquiescently serviced him, feeling much more comfortable with his canine anatomy than the Komodo Dragon’s. Though she did jump when he yanked back sharply after she tried to get her hands involved. “Sorry, I don’t like people touching my balls,” he interrupted. “Consider them off-limits, please.” Flora shrugged and reached for his cock to resume her work, but he suddenly circled around. “Actually…” he propositioned, “now that I’ve sampled your front, I’d like to try your rear if you don’t mind…”

Flora didn't have much time to agree before he'd already pushed her into the doggy position and slid his length inside with a satisfied sigh. Lubricated by her saliva, he thrust as roughly as he pleased, grunting with pleasure and digging his fingers into her cheeks. Flora had been hoping against hope she might get a reach-around, but it quickly became clear he was more focused on his own pleasure so she had to settle for wincing every time his scrotum clacked against hers. *Are those augmented?* she wondered, gritting her teeth after a particularly-heavy collision sent reverberations vibrating through her tortured knackers. *I've clapped balls in this position before, but they don't normally hurt like this. Mine might just be overly sensitive after all the abuse they've taken…*

Several none-too-pleasant minutes later, she was just wondering if she should ask if Quincy planned on ever finding a new partner when he unexpectedly locked his knees and shot a load deep inside her. "Ufff…" he groaned, continuing to thrust even after her eyes flew wide open in surprise. "Fuck, that just roared up on me. Sorry…" he shook his head and pulled out as she grimaced. "You okay?"

"I…yeah, I guess." She tenderly crawled to her feet and tried to hold her cheeks shut before she leaked on the carpet. "You sure that wasn't revenge for stealing silver?" she asked, squirming as she felt cum trickling down her inner legs.

"I promise it wasn't. Normally I've got better control, I swear." He glanced with disappointment at Karena, who was calling out for someone to join her and Anatoly in a threesome. "Welp, guess I'll have to watch for a while until I'm recharged. See you."

Flora sighed as he walked off to chat with the lady of the house. *Hawke really needs to teach its test subjects better manners…* Glancing with mild disappointment at her own twice-deprived erection, she took this spare moment to visit the bathroom and wash off.

"You know," Garth chuckled, following her inside after she was done sitting in the sink, "I'm not saying you're picking the wrong guys, but I have a hell of a lot more to offer than they do."

"Oh yeah?" Flora gingerly reached over and pumped his shaft a few times; Robyn was right, he was surprisingly small for a bull. "And what exactly would that—" her words died in her throat when she looked down in alarm; was someone grabbing her penis?

Garth laughed again, and Flora slowly realized what was happening as her strokes translated back onto herself. "Ever wanted to know what it felt like to suck your own dick?" His eyes twinkled, and Flora wasted no time dropping to her knees and discovering for herself.

Immediately the sensations of her own warm maw sent waves of pleasure rippling through her groin, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she teased his cockhead with the back of her throat. "Mmmph…" she grunted, adjusting her technique to hit the spots she really liked, to do all the little things her partners never knew to do. "Holy fuck…" she panted, finally coming up for air. "You have the *best* power. You should *charge* people to try this."

"I get that a lot," Garth nodded. "Especially from the ladies."

Zane abruptly stuck his head in and saw what was going on. "Hey, Garth's giving self-jobs? Move over, I wanna turn!" he interrupted, and Flora obligingly slid aside so the skink could give it a go. She returned to the main apartment and glanced around; Brittany was happily riding Desmond, and Karena was stuffing herself with Anatoly and Quincy at the same time, which left only… "Nikos?" she asked in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"Same as everyone else; not missing the last hoe-down of the season!" The ram didn't seem to hold a grudge regarding Flora's involvement in his team getting dropped to fifth.

"Yeah, but…no offense, I thought they sent Warwick and Nachtigall home."

"Oh they did, but I got to stay because I won *this*." The ram suddenly shapeshifted into a small gray medal which dropped into Flora's hands. "The Piers de Corbentine medal is only awarded for acts of extreme sportsmanship," the frenchman on the obverse explained in Nikos'

voice. “And I revealed to the judges what Clover did to you in the maze. Her actions just didn’t sit right with me.”

“Wow…” Flora traced the medal with her finger. “That’s pretty selfless of you. I appreciate it.”

“You’re welcome. And I know how you can repay me…” The medal suddenly shapeshifted into an artificial vagina. “…and enjoy yourself at the same time.”

“You don’t…uh, want a normal fucking?” Flora asked, uncertainly sliding her cock inside.

“No way, you have *no idea* how this feels…” Nikos sighed in satisfaction as his inner recesses vibrated, alighting both of their nerves in pleasure. “It’s like my *whole body* is being plowed. Mmmm…harder, please.”

Flora nevertheless felt very weird as she masturbated with a sex toy in the middle of an orgy, a weirdness that only increased when it started dribbling cum that wasn’t hers. “Ohh, that’s it…” Nikos groaned, turning back into a ram and flopping on the floor as soon as Flora had pulled out. “Thanks, *filia*.”

“…No problem.” Flora smiled weakly as he fell asleep right on the floor. She was starting to feel pretty pent-up herself after so many unfinished false starts, but those worries disappeared when Karena motioned her over with a beckoning finger. “Got an open slot, honey,” she opened her mouth invitingly as Desmond crawled away. “And once Anatoly finishes, you can move down.”

Flora looked in awe at the drained men laying exhausted around the she-wolf. “Wow, you basically single-handedly took out the orgy,” she marveled. Karena chose to wrap her lips around Flora’s cock rather than reply, and Flora quickly realized how she did it; her new partner gave one of the best blowjobs she’d ever experienced. “Oh my god…” she panted, realizing that Karena was intentionally pacing herself to prevent Flora from peaking. “You’re…*really* good at this…”

Anatoly finally stiffened, finished, and crawled away, blessedly taking his heatwave with him. Karena’s eyes twinkled as she disconnected and forcibly moved the folf over to the mating position. “You know, I don’t normally sleep with girls…but for you, I’ll make an exception,” Karena whispered. “Backdoor though, please; I’m saving myself for marriage.” Flora nodded and wasted no time plunging into her inviting warmth.

She couldn’t keep a subdued stream of pleasured yelps from escaping her throat as Karena rocked her hips in tandem with Flora’s thrusts, milking her length for every drop of precum she could squeeze out of it. “My only problem with guys is how many aren’t okay with letting me stimulate their prostate,” the she-wolf murmured softly in her ear. “You’re okay with that, right?”

“I— in theory, yes, but how…?” Flora’s eyes widened and she yelped in surprise as she felt something poking her backdoor. Karena had created a prehensile tentacle of water, and now that she had Flora’s permission she wasted no time sliding in between Flora’s cheeks, rippling and stimulating her in ways she’d never felt from anal before. Flora squeezed her eyes shut as the self-controlling torrent found her most sensitive spot…but defiantly danced around it, alighting her whole lower body with pleasure but refusing to let her coast to a finish.

“Can’t have you tapping out too fast…you’re the last one awake.” Karena’s glowing eyes were the only light left in the room as the sun dipped over the horizon. “A girl has needs too, and if you keep thrusting…right…there…” The wolf locked her knees and dug her hands into Flora’s buttocks. “Yes…just like that…”

Flora bit her lip as the aquatic tentacle rewarded her efforts with more and more delicate massages. Her whole body yearned for release, her nerves were on fire with longing, but Karena was setting the tempo to her own beat. Digging her claws softly into Flora’s flesh, the

muscled wolf howled loudly and a massive splash of water doused everyone in the room as she finished messily, in tandem with her tentacle finally giving Flora's prostate the vigorous attention it yearned for. As the intense stimulation finally allowed Flora to crest over the point of no return, Flora was only seconds behind Karena as she stiffened up and cried out as her own orgasm painted Karena's insides with hot seed.

For several seconds, both of them could only breathe heavily. Karena lay limply underneath her, and Flora felt sleep taking both of them. She didn't have the energy to pull out, even after Karena's tentacle became yet another puddle in the slowly-spreading pool around them. Resting her head on Karena's breasts, she closed her eyes and felt unconsciousness take her.

* * *

Flora's memory was pretty hazy from post-sex lethargy, so for several moments she thought she was waking up on Karena's floor like expected. But when it was still pitch dark and, more importantly, none of her limbs could move, she slowly realized something was wrong. "Mmm…?" She blinked in confusion, trying to get her bearings.

"Finally, you're awake," a cruel voice mocked, making her fur stand on end. "It's past midnight, you know. You would have been attending the closing ceremonies later today…but I like you better in here."

"Huh…?" Flora shook her head. "Where…?" She tried to adjust her position and instantly felt a tight pinching in her nethers. "Ow! Hey…what's going on…?"

As her brain sorted out her situation, she realized she was currently strapped spread-eagle to a cold concrete floor. The rope bindings on her wrists, ankles, hips and thighs were tied tight enough that she couldn't even shift position, and she could feel some sort of thin metal bar keeping her balls pinned in place. "Who are you…?" she asked nervously, apprehension dawning.

"To answer your first question, we're in a maintenance closet in the basement of the hotel," her captor chuckled. "Paid Desmond twenty bucks to phase through the door and unlock it for me, told him I wanted a room for private meditation." A zippo lighter turned on, revealing her abductor's cruel grin. "But I was always planning to delight in your company, Flora."

Flora wrinkled her brow in shocked confusion when she saw who'd kidnapped her. "Quincy?" she gasped. The white dog was observing her with a manic hatred that felt entirely disproportionate, like it transcended even these Games. "I don't understand, are you seriously this mad about the silver medal…?" She trailed off as she closely examined the dog's face for the first time. Her eyes widened as she slowly recalled his piercing gaze and his hunched stance. "Oh, fuck…"

"Recognize me now?" The dog slinked forward, no longer hiding behind his posture, his mannerisms, and his higher-pitched voice. "I admit I've been rather addicted to plastic surgery since gaining access to the medical technology at Hawke Psionics, but even I would have expected you to remember me after our…checkered history."

"*Checkered history?"* Flora burst out, feeling a cold sweat break out as she struggled in vain. "You bullied me relentlessly throughout boarding school, even though I never did anything to you, and *then* you tortured me for a whole weekend at my sister's resort!"

"And you deserved every moment of it!" spat Quincy, whose real name was Oakes. "You tried to *kill me* after you broke free, and then you left me for dead!"

"I *saved you*!" Flora protested. "I dove in and dragged you to shore when I could have let you drown! You were completely unconscious after diving off that ocean cliff and hitting—*mmph*!" Abruptly he shoved something in her mouth; the end of a rope, one which grew

taut the second he let go. Flora's eyes bulged and she bit down to keep it in place, not sure what was happening but suspecting there'd be consequences for letting it escape.

"—hitting my nuts on that submerged rock?" Oakes finished her final sentence, venom dripping from his voice. "They were only able to save one, you know." He tapped his own dangling sac. "The other is *silicone.* That's why I can't stand partners touching them, and I've spent thousands on therapy trying to come to grips with being emasculated. Especially by a wimp who *gave up their manhood without a second thought!*"

With a flourish he hit the lights, and Flora finally got a good look at the terrible predicament he'd locked her in; the rope in her mouth threaded through several bait-and-tackle pulleys, ending in a heavy weight dangling from the ceiling. While she couldn't gauge the exact angle by sight, the fact that her nuts were pinned in place gave her an idea where it was probably positioned to land.

"I wouldn't let that rope fall if I were you." Oakes couldn't keep a smile off his face as he idly paced around her to admire his handiwork from every angle. "I wasn't initially planning on getting revenge, I promise. I was going to put the past behind us." He cast a hand out and groped her breast roughly, eliciting a wince. "Even when I learned you were at Sartonic, I didn't see much point in reconnecting. You were too protected, and there would be full teams of medical personnel on staff to repair any…injuries I'd give you." He laughed bitterly. "Even when you dared to show yourself at these Games, I would have left well-enough alone if you'd washed out like 80% of the other teams. I mean, I did ensure *every conceivable attack* from any combatant ended up hitting your balls…and that could have been punishment enough, right?"

Roughly he cast his hand back and smacked her across the spuds. Flora's eyes widened and she had to bite down hard to keep the rope from slipping as a fresh wave of pain sent her stomach churning. "But no!" he snarled, giving her a few more agonizing slaps with every sentence. "You just had to keep *qualifying*! Making it all the way to the final round! And *then* you received the *biggest mulligan of all time* and stole second place from me!"

Flora squealed desperately for mercy, tears streaming down her face as she dug her teeth into the rope. Her balls were taking the full brunt of every strike, without even the grace of free movement to disperse some of the force, and she could feel her vision growing dark as her body convulsed with dull, tortured throes.

"You might as well just let go and *end this now*!" Oakes spat, finally stepping back and leaving his victim spasming and sobbing through gritted teeth. "This room is completely soundproof, and you can't hold that weight up forever! Just accept that your balls won't leave this room intact. Suffer the same fate you cursed me with, all those years ago."

Flora squeezed her eyes shut and tried to focus on keeping the rope clamped securely between her teeth, but the strain of the weight was slowly making that harder and harder to maintain. Her body still felt wracked from Oakes' unexpected sucker punches, and it was already getting to be too much. But despite her frayed muscles, she resolutely dug her fangs deeper into the rope.

Oakes sighed, shaking his head. "You never make anything easy, do you…?" He temporarily left her field of vision, then returned holding a coiled electric cable like a whip. "You don't even understand what I sacrificed for this moment…" he noted somberly, unfurling his new instrument and causing Flora to squirm with renewed panic. "Anatoly said, in no uncertain terms, that I was rubbish and they won't be inviting me back. He didn't know I was distracted, using my powers to help every errant projectile find its way…right *here*." With a sickening *clap*, he cracked his whip across her battered orbs, causing her to scream her shrillest, highest-pitched yelp through gritted teeth. "If you hadn't been stealing my attention…" *Crack!* "…I could have led my team to victory." *Crack!* "So now, after all this…" *Crack!* "…I fucking

command you to give me the revenge I've sacrificed so much for!" he snarled, coiling his whip all the way and striking her across the stones with all the strength he could muster.

This final, mind-shattering blow finally pushed Flora past her pain threshold, and she screamed a full, unabated cry that quickly transitioned to one of terror as the rope zipped through the air. Oakes watched, eyes alight with expectation, as the rope slithered like a snake through every ring until it passed the last pulley and the weight plummeted, picking up speed as it fell…

…right into the empty ground between Flora's legs, as she urgently sat up and shoved it away with her freshly-freed arms. "What?" Oakes gasped. "How did—*aaaugh!*" He screamed with pain as Flora grasped the rope, swung the weight like a flail and sent it rocketing into his nuts, busting his last remaining babymaker and sending him careering into the far wall.

Flora winced gingerly as she shakily undid her leg bonds, forced open the restraint around her balls, and staggered weakly for the door. She only hesitated when she'd reached her escape and could safely turn to face her fallen captor, who was still crumpled in a pathetic huddle clutching his groin.

"How…" Oakes muttered, teeth gritted with pain as he tried and failed to find the energy to even stand. "*How* did you free yourself…?"

"After you tied me up at the resort…I decided I never wanted to be trapped in that position again." Flora leaned on the doorframe for support. "So I spent years psionically giving myself dislocatable thumbs." She was still clutching her stomach, and her legs were shaking too badly to do more than limp. "Thanks for being predictable where it matters, I guess…"

Slamming the door behind her, she limped urgently down the hallway to reach the main hotel and alert the authorities.

* * *

"*…and you're positive you don't want to leave as soon as possible?"*

"No way!" Flora shifted the hotel phone to her other shoulder so she could wave to Tobias and Brittany emerging from the elevator. "My…uh…'abused body parts' got an all-clear from the doctors, I'm already back at the hotel. And I wouldn't want to miss being awarded my medal in front of the cameras!"

"*Well, that's good. You earned that silver, it'd have been a shame if you didn't get the chance to wear it on the pedestal*." Van Der Merwe exhaled, sending static through the line. "*What happened to Quincy?"*

"He tried to escape into the night. Just like last time…" Flora sighed. "But he didn't get far. Someone recognized him and called it in, they've got him at the police station and he's being interrogated as we speak." Flora almost dropped the phone as Brittany buried her in a hug. "Listen, doc, I'll be home tomorrow morning, can we discuss this then? The closing ceremonies start soon."

"*Of course. Enjoy the festivities, and congratulations again on your victory. Everyone in Sartonic is ecstatic to see you three when you get back.*"

"—Flora, someone finally filled us in!" Brittany exclaimed as soon as the line was dead. "That's *terrifying* what happened to you!"

"Have you been awake all night?" Tobias asked, offering a black-and-orange soda can. "I brought you an energy drink, just in case."

"I'll probably need it on the flight, but right now I'm still pretty adrenaline'd up." Flora caught her balance as Brittany steered her towards the taxis. "Are you two excited to finally get your medals?"

"Of course, and did you hear the news about Hawke?" Brittany added. "They were disqualified from the whole tournament! Nachtigall got bumped up to third place."

“Oh wow! So Plum gets that medal she desperately wanted?” Flora gasped in delight.

“The committee does *not* fuck around when one athlete commits violent crimes against another,” Tobias nodded. “Hawke is gonna need to curry some favors if they hope to even be invited to the next one.”

“They should just ban those bastards for life!” Brittany exclaimed hotly as they hailed a ride and sped off for the stadium. “First they stage a corporate coup against Sartonic, *then* they sabotage us at the Psionic Games! The whole facility is rotten to the core.”

Ten minutes later, Flora couldn’t even focus on the president’s closing statements as the stadium tunnel opened to funnel the three winning teams onto the pitch to the cheers and shouting of the crowd. A red carpet led to three trios of staggered pedestals, one set for each classification of athlete. Garth, Karena and Zane were the first three to approach their platforms and receive their gold medals as Sweden’s national anthem played, and Flora’s team was next in line. Flora couldn’t repress a grin when Nachtigall took their places to complete the triad; Plum seemed happier than Flora had ever seen her during the actual games. Even Jamie flashed Flora a genuine smile as all nine athletes raised their hands in the air and the stadium erupted with victory music, confetti and deafening cheers.

* * *

“It always feels weird, wearing clothes again after all that,” Tobias noted several hours later while the team waited in the airport to fly home.

“I know, I can’t just turn invisible and walk away when I don’t want to talk to someone.” Brittany was snacking on an overpriced burger and fries from the food court. “At least, until I get my Sartonic jumpsuit back.”

“How exactly did they make that thing capable of turning invisible with you?” Flora asked. “I’ve always wondered.”

Brittany shrugged. “Honestly, I never asked. It just works.”

“Flora!” Someone came jogging up to her; Flora almost didn’t recognize Robyn in a hat and slim green blazer. “I just wanted to congratulate you one last time on your placement. And uh…” they bit their lip. “Plum wanted to say she’s sorry for almost ejecting you from the tower during the final event.”

“No worries! All’s fair in love and war,” Flora shrugged. “Congrats to you as well! Is Plum excited about her new medal?”

“She’s over the moon. She’d have told you in person, but you know how shy she gets.” Robyn smiled. “Speaking of love and war, both of us were wondering if you’d be interested in swapping phone numbers? And maybe coming to visit us someday?”

“Of course!” Flora added her contact info to Robyn’s phone. “I’d love to keep in touch. You three were definitely my favorite of all the teams we met.”

“Same!” Robyn’s eyes lit up as they gave Flora one last hug. “You’ll love Nachtigall, and we have a spare couch in our dorm room…” she winked, “…unless, of course, you’re comfortable sharing a bed.” They broke off as the intercom announced that Flora’s flight was now boarding. “Sounds like you need to go. I’ll pass your goodbyes to Plum and Jamie!” Robyn waved as Flora grabbed her suitcase and hurried after Brittany and Tobias.

Van Der Merwe had upgraded their seats to first class in recognition of their accomplishment, which Flora had never experienced before but immediately appreciated the privacy. Each seat could recline all the way back, and came with a privacy screen and two whole windows to see the endless sky. Flora fully expected her lack of sleep to catch up to her as she sank into the plushy seat cushion, but she was too excited about how everything at this event had exceeded her expectations. As the plane lifted away and the neo-industrial landscape

shrank below them, Flora played with the silver medal around her neck and simply enjoyed the view.

Until someone knocked on the privacy screen and the door opened of its own accord. Flora glanced over in confusion as the door quickly closed itself with seemingly nobody present…until Brittany suddenly wrapped her arms around her. “Oh good…” the human murmured in her ear. “I was worried you’d fallen asleep.”

“Mmph!” Flora’s eyes widened as Brittany rubbed her breasts against her face. “Brittany, did you seriously *strip down* and wander the airplane like that?”

“The aisle was clear! The captain hasn’t turned off the seatbelt sign.” Flora’s heart raced as Brittany’s hand slithered into her jeans. “And nobody’s going to interrupt us in here…if you keep your voice down.” Flora shuddered as Brittany found her mark and quickly massaged her to full mast. “I was just wondering if you were interested in joining the Mile-high club before we get home.”

“I…I’m not protesting, but…didn’t you say you have a personal rule against fooling around with teammates?” Flora stammered as Brittany delicately slid her pants off.

“I do…” Brittany tossed Flora’s panties aside while shimmying onto her knees. “But now that the Games are over, we’re technically not teammates anymore.” Flora locked her knees as Brittany took her into her mouth, lovingly giving the folf’s erection her full attention.

Flora couldn’t resist watching as the invisible forces of Brittany’s lips and cheeks stimulated her cock. She could see every ripple on her shaft, every indentation from Brittany’s tongue as it lovingly swirled around Flora’s tip. Invisible hands simultaneously fondled her balls, sending them bouncing and bobbing in the air, controlled by an unseen force.

“Get that shirt off,” Brittany finally commanded after her partner was good and riled up. Flora was quick to comply as her lover reclined the chair and climbed sensuously on top of her. “I like to be able to see these as we make love,” she whispered, removing Flora’s bra and cupping her pink breasts lovingly.

“Mmm, I’m generally of the same mind…” Flora admitted, relaxing her muscles as Brittany mounted her and began rhymically thrusting Flora inside her.

“If you’re sure…” Brittany’s eyes flashed mischievously as she shimmered back into view, revealing her skin was flushed hot with desire. “But warn me when you’re going to finish, cause most of my partners enjoy the unique opportunity to see their orgasm for themselves.”

This did pique Flora’s curiosity, but her immediate attention was more focused on Brittany’s inviting warmth. The vibrations of the plane added a very pleasing element to their lovemaking, and time seemed to stand still as they lost themselves in rhythmic ecstasy.

Hours passed as they drenched Flora’s seat in sweat, both wordlessly agreeing that it was a twelve-hour flight and there was little reason to hurry. The stresses of competition, the satisfaction of victory, and the energy they’d built through training together and fighting side-by-side in the arena…all of it seemed to fuel them as they forgot themselves, forgot about tomorrow and merely shared one mindless body of pleasure.

In time, the sun started to slip down the horizon as they flew timezone-by-timezone into the night, but it was still twilight when Flora finally felt the consequences of extended stimulation bubbling up within her. “Brittany…” she slowly moaned, gripping her lover’s thighs tightly, “I’m almost there…!”

Brittany grinned, hoisting herself to more of a cowgirl position and quickly flashing invisible. Flora arched her back as the contractions started, but Brittany cradled the folf’s head to ensure she was watching her ejaculation. It was indeed one of the most bizarre things Flora had ever seen; every spurt splashed against the walls of an invisible chamber, filling it up and

ultimately creating what looked like an oddly-shaped pouch of milky floating liquid. “Whoa…that is really weird…” she admitted.

“Isn’t it?” Brittany panted happily as she observed their handiwork for herself. “Man, you were pent up, I don’t normally get completely filled like that.”

“Yeah, so about that…” Flora was struggling to catch her breath. “What exactly was your plan for getting back to your seat? Cause even while invisible you’ve got a bit of a…telltale giveaway now.”

“It’ll turn clear…eventually.” Brittany shimmered back into view. “Guess you’re stuck in here with me for a while.” She wrapped her arms around Flora’s neck and gave her a light smooch, pressing her partner into the soaked cushions. “I’m sorry, I don’t normally act this clingy, but…when they told me you’d gone missing, I felt way more worried than I expected.” She rested her head lovingly on Flora’s chest. “I was really afraid I’d lost a chance to get to know you better. I know we weren’t really friends before this whole experience, and I’m not looking for anything serious…but would it be cool if we maybe hung out sometimes, even after this is over?”

“Sure…” Flora smiled, languidly tracing her fingers along Brittany’s hair. “But you might need to spend some time not at the gym, I never see you anywhere else.”

“Well, wait, aren’t you going to be training for the next Psionic Games?” Brittany glanced up. “I know we gave you something of a free pass for this one, but normally we take a month off, tops, before getting back on the grind.”

“Yeah, I’m not sure I’m cut out for that,” Flora admitted. “I’ve basically had no social life since signing up for this. Plus I don’t want to deprive Tylan of his opportunity to earn a medal, he’s worked just as hard as you and Tobias.”

Brittany pursed her lips. “That’s your call to make. We’re gonna miss you on the team.” She settled down sleepily, still keeping Flora trapped securely inside her. “I don’t know how you can quit before earning the gold, though,” she muttered as the last of the light disappeared outside. “There’s no fame in second place. Can you name a single athlete from *any* sporting event who won silver?”

“Nope…but some of us are happy to keep a low profile.” Flora shuddered. “The fewer people from my past finding me, the better…”

Brittany murmured something unintelligible, and Flora realized they were both finally feeling the after-effects of their marathon session. As the sky plunged their cabin into darkness, she lost herself to the plane’s soothing vibrations and the beating of Brittany’s heart against hers.

Welp….I finally did it, she slowly realized, feeling her deflated member still buried post-orgasm within Brittany’s warmth. *After all these years, so many close calls, so many loopholes and technicalities…I’ve unequivocally lost my virginity. And certainly not to the girl I was expecting…* She patted her lover’s hair, eliciting several sleepy murmurs. *I guess, in the end, I earned at least one ‘first’ at these Games.*

The plane flew on, carrying them closer and closer to home. There was still quite a lot of flight ahead of them, but for all intents and purposes Flora felt comfortable mentally closing the book on this adventure. Her last thought before drifting off to sleep was a peaceful contentment, and a bit of relief at it all finally being over.